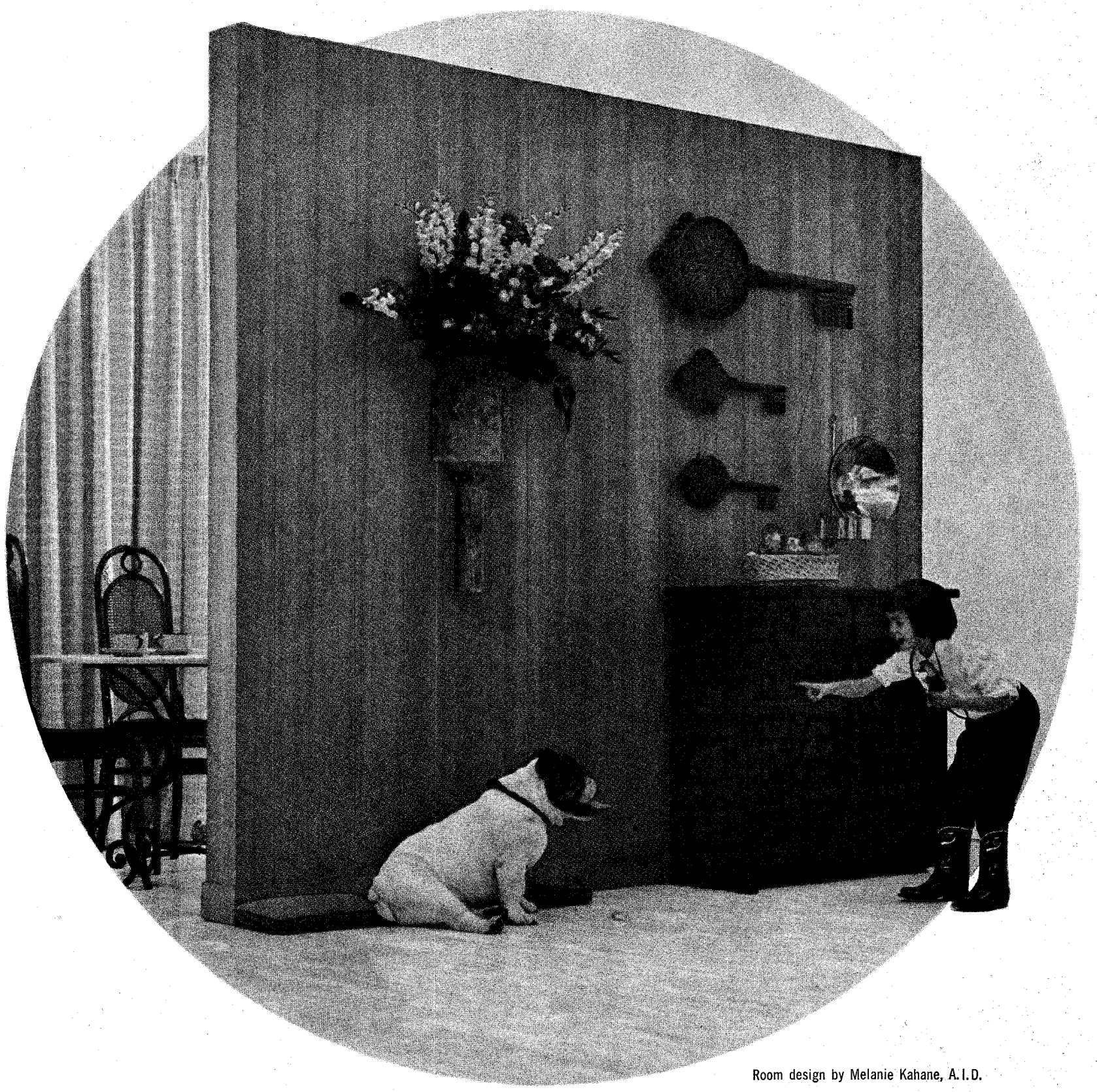
The Saturday Evening
# POST
June 13, 1959 – 15¢

JUN 8 '59
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

## How We Broke the Montana Prison Rio

### By an Officer Who Was a Hostag

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-59
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Room design by Melanie Kahane, A.I.D.

# Picture the Friendly Warmth of Simpson Redwood Plywood in Your Home

Redwood plywood and lumber assure permanent strength and beauty in Esther Williams' "Penthouse Pools."

For less than $40 per 8′ x 12′ wall, you can bring the natural beauty of redwood into your own home. Easy to install 4′ x 8′ x ¼″ plywood panels feature exclusive deep toasted V-grooves for a rich, random planked effect. The warm, handsome color and straight vertical grain pattern of Simpson rift grain Redwood enhances any room decor. Check with your Builder or Lumber Supplier and discover how you can build a better way of life with wood.

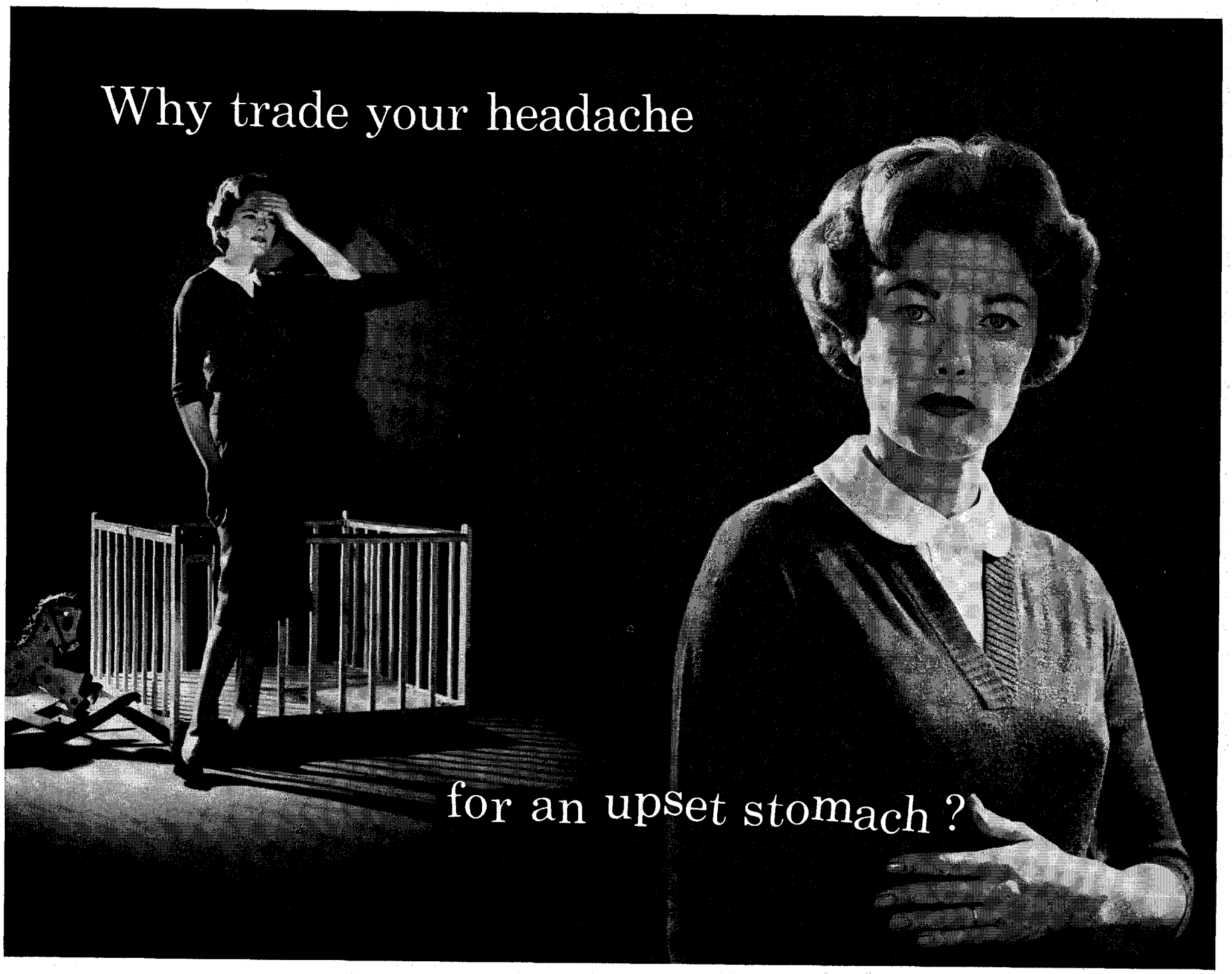
*For ideas on finishing redwood and other Simpson Plywoods, write for full-color, 36-page Plywood Finishing Book, only 25¢. Simpson, 1020F White Building, Seattle 1, Washington.*

RELY ON Simpson

*The finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products; Plywood and Doors; Wood Tanks and Pipes; Paper, and Paper Products.*

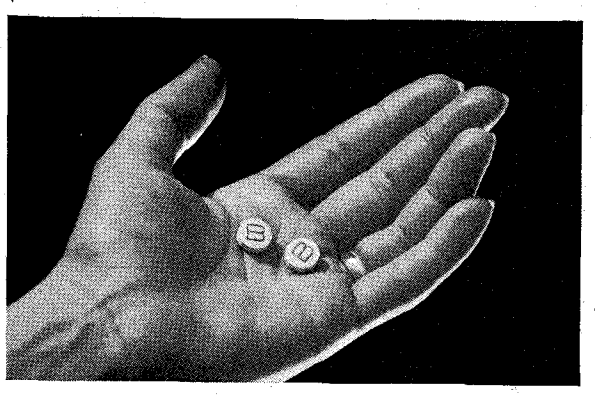
STP-93

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!

**1** **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, (a) Bufferin, (b) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and (c) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid.* It can increase stomach acidity, upset your stomach.



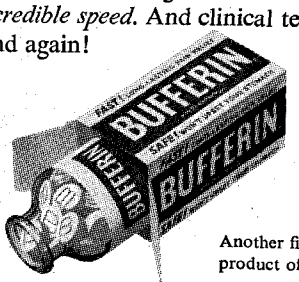
**2** **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of two special anti-acids, that protects you against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers.

**3** **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with truly *incredible speed.* And clinical tests prove it again and again!

**FOR SAFE, FASTER RELIEF** of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, take Bufferin, the modern pain remedy. It contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

**Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions . . . even faster for many others!**



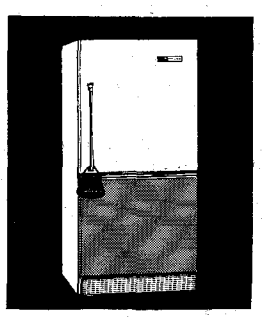

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

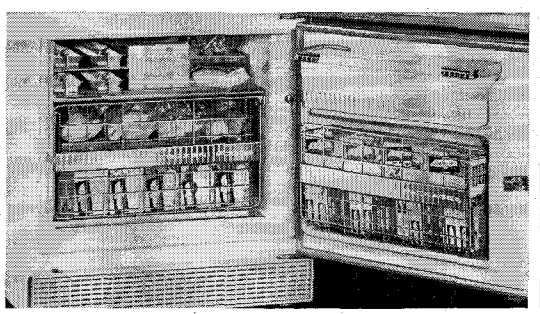
# Philco Quality makes the bargain...

## See... Touch... Compare!

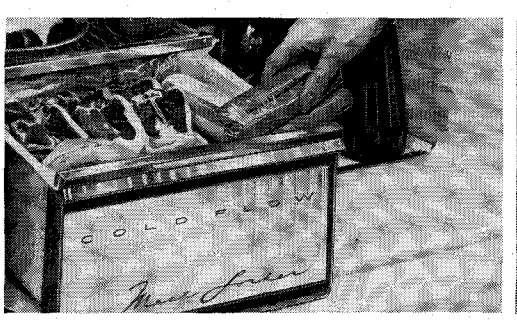
Before you buy, look for the red Philco Quality Comparison Purse on every '59 Philco refrigerator. It shows you how to compare, quickly and easily, in the store. When you compare, you'll see for yourself that nothing beats Philco's outstanding quality!



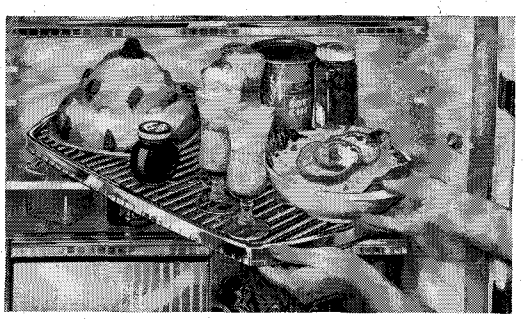
**COMPARE!** Only Philco gives you Tri-frigeration with cold zones for every food. Shown: Automatic RF-1498.



**COMPARE!** Zero Zone Freezer (over 5 cu. ft.) holds 181 lbs. of frozen foods, features metal glide-out baskets, exclusive portable Ice Keeper, special racks and guards for every kind of fresh and frozen food package you buy!




**COMPARE!** Philco had it first—and it's still the best! Cold Flow Meat Locker operates on its own cooling system, keeps a meat-perfect temperature always! Your precious meats stay fresh days longer without freezing! Porcelain.



**COMPARE!** New this year and absolutely the easiest-to-use shelf ever! Philco's Lazy Susan Pull-Out Shelf turns to the right, to the left and all the way around; lifts out for easy cleaning, holds plenty of food.

# PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*



Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

*Senior Editors:* E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

*Contributing Editors:* Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

*Associate Editors:* Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden.

*Editorial Assistants:* William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Patty M. Savage, Benton R. Patterson, Sherwood Harris.


## IN THIS ISSUE

*June 13, 1959* *Vol. 231, No. 50*

### 4 Short Stories


The Last Solo . . . . . *Paul Darcy Boles* 22
For Outlaws Only . . . . . *Charles A. Rawlings* 24
The Secret Raiders of Ploesti . . . . . *William Chamberlain* 31
War Party . . . . . *Louis L'Amour* 34


### 7 Articles

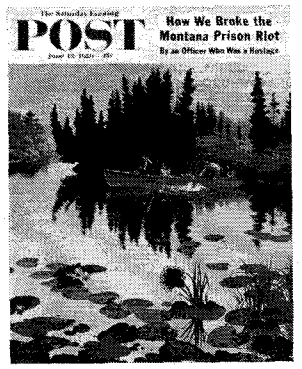

My Unprivate Life as Mayor . . . *Richardson Dilworth with Ashley Halsey, Jr.* 19
Taking a Family Vacation? . . . . . *Peg Bracken* 25
How We Broke the Montana Prison Riot *Walter B. Jones, Jr., as told to Bruce Lee* 26
Mlle. Chanel Comes Back . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 28
The Untold Story of Little Rock
Part IV: Situation Out of Control . . . . . *Virgil T. Blossom* 30
The Face of America: Ocean Race . . . . . *Photograph by Bob Smallman* 32
Adventures of the Mind, 29: The Tragic Vision . . . . . *Stanley Hyman* 36


### 2 Serials


Island of Hate
(Second of five parts) . . . . . *Ward Hawkins* 38
The Case of the Mythical Monkeys
(Seventh of eight parts) . . . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 42


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 40
Verse . . . 47, 54, 58, 72, 85, 91
Hazel . . . . . 102
Keeping Posted . . . . . 104


## THE COVER

Artist John Clymer theorizes that it is a bass making all that rumpus in the evening water. If papa muffs his chance to scoop the rumpus into the boat and if the bass, unhitching itself, takes off for home, everybody will feel like crying, including papa, but not including the fish. Fortune so far has beamed on Johnny, for a bass is a game fish, very athletic. When a bass gulps a reeled-in lure, things happen pronto; Johnny's fish might have wound up inextricably involved with a waterlogged log, or it might have unhooked itself so as to leave nothing on the line but a *lei* of water lilies. Well, fish or no fish, isn't the true joy of angling the glory of a rose-and-gold sunset, the soothing peace of a looking-glass lake, the—oh, never mind, papa, we want a bass, we want a bass!


**The Saturday Evening Post,** © 1959 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

**Subscription Prices:** U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

**Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

**How to read expiration dates** from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 26–59 or December 26, 1959; 36–60 or March 5, 1960.

**The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday; a subsidiary publishes The American Home.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

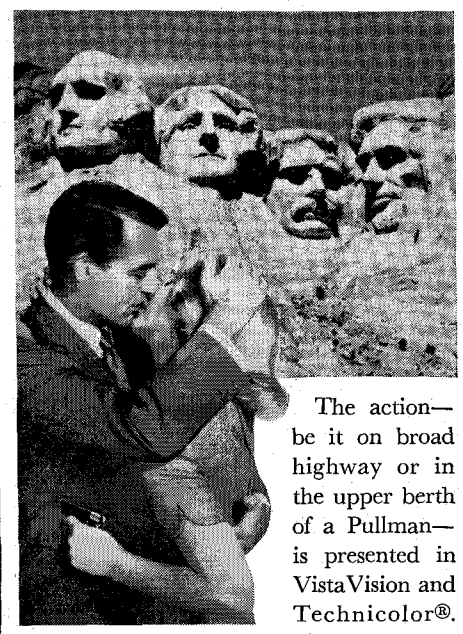
**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**
**INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.**

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.


# PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This month's selection has the chase of the year—any year! It's "North by Northwest", starring Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint and James Mason, and it's Alfred Hitchcock's latest thriller, his first for M-G-M, and certainly one of his best.

It starts with a case of mistaken identity, heads harrowingly "North by Northwest" and ends two thousand miles and several hundred thrills later with a terror-taut race amid the great stone faces of Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota.



The action—be it on broad highway or in the upper berth of a Pullman—is presented in VistaVision and Technicolor®. The excitement is all over the place. Other fine directors may shoot on location, Mr. Hitchcock also shoots the works!

The debonair Cary Grant is Roger Thornhill, of Madison Avenue, who finds himself abducted by two men, whisked away to a Long Island mansion, "force-fed" a fifth of whiskey, and shoved behind the wheel of a sports car. This is obviously not the work of business enemies. It seems to have something to do with the way they keep calling him George Kaplan.

Thornhill-"Kaplan" survives his wild ride, his arrest and other chicanery—only to encounter further mishap aboard the 20th Century Limited to Chicago which was "Kaplan's" next known rendezvous. En route, he runs into a beautiful trap. Eve Kendall (Miss Saint) is blonde, bewitching and very bewildering. Thornhill's interludes with her are a blend of the witty, the boldly romantic, and the eerie.

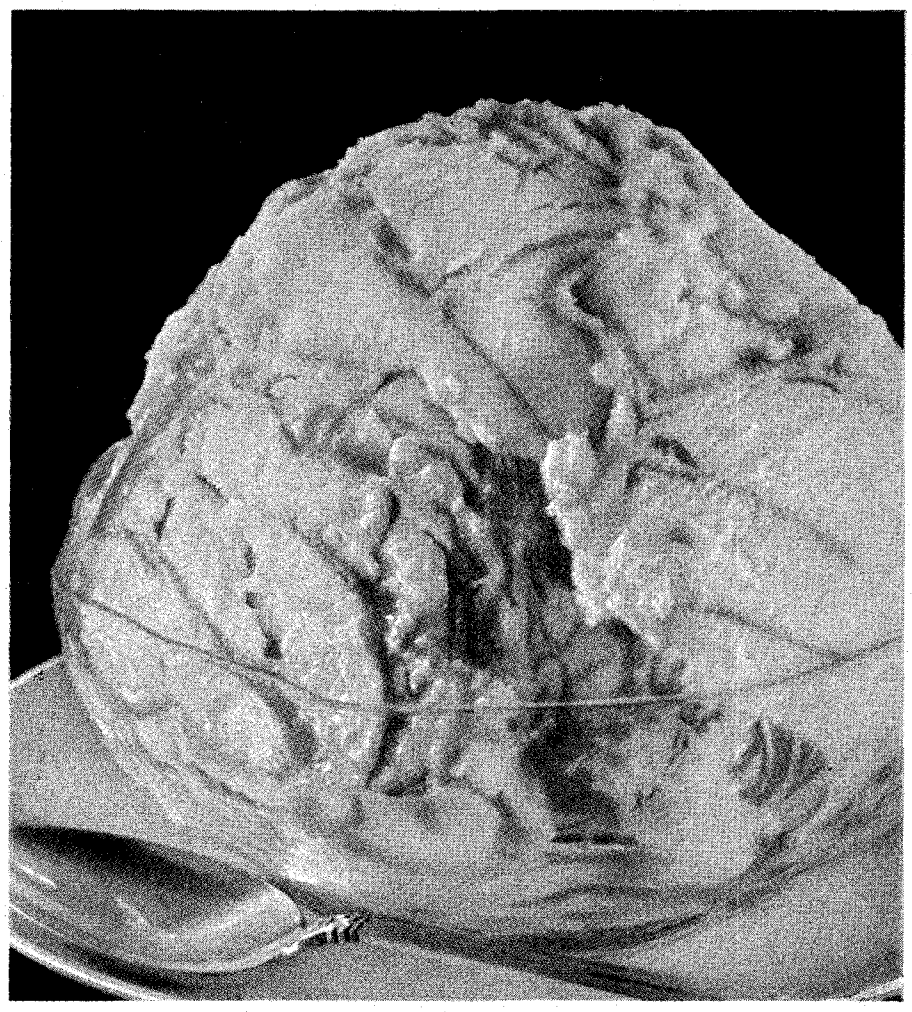
Director Hitchcock was also his own producer. Jessie Royce Landis heads a sleek supporting cast. The suave and tingling screenplay was by Ernest Lehman. The locations were by America. The spine up and down which all this races is yours.

Looking for superior suspense? Go "North by Northwest!"

©1959 Loew's, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Refreshing as a sun-sprinkled ocean breeze...



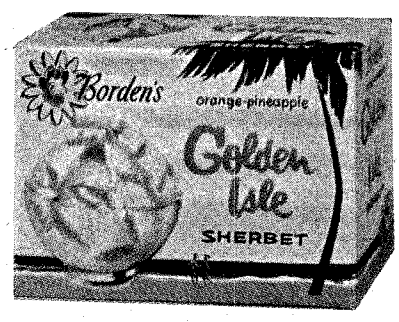
Borden's Golden Isle Sherbet!"

*says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

**On hot summer days,** there's nothing quite so appealing as a frosty sherbet ... and no sherbet as delightfully cooling as Borden's Golden Isle.

It's pineapple-flavored sherbet, sparked with waves of golden orange juice . . . a most refreshing combination of flavors. Vacation with Borden's Golden Isle Sherbet today!

Get it at your neighborhood store... look for Borden's Ice Cream sign.



*If it's* **Borden's**, *it's got to be good!*

You can buy Borden's Ice Cream in Ontario and Quebec, too!
See Borden's TV shows "Ruff and Reddy" and "Fury" over NBC.

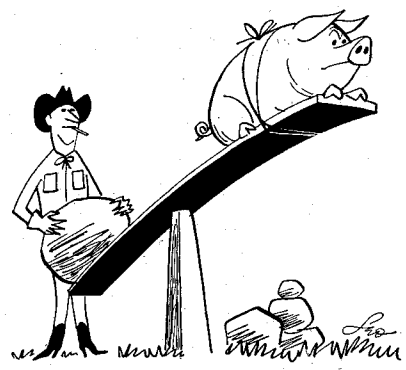
©1959, The Borden Co.


# Letters

## Hogs, Gumdrops and I.Q. Tests

Dear Sirs:

Re your article on I.Q. tests [WHAT DO INTELLIGENCE TESTS REALLY PROVE? by John L. Cobbs, May 9], I offer these words of John Dewey: "This intelligence-testing business reminds me of the way they used to weigh hogs in Texas. They would get a long plank, put it over a cross bar, and somehow tie the hog on one end of the plank. They'd search all around till they found a stone that would balance



the weight of the hog, and they'd put that on the other end of the plank. Then they'd guess the weight of the stone."

ANNE SNYDER
*Gainesville, Va.*

Dear Sirs:

One of my daughters, who precociously learned to read, write script and do simple figuring at the age of four by the simple process of pestering me to death, and who has since shown signs of a keenly analytical mind and mental brilliance, came home with the announcement that a ninth-grade test had shown that her ideal occupation would be that of a forest ranger.

MERLA MANOR
*Little Rock, Ark.*

Dear Sirs:

If this is John L. Cobbs' first venture into educational writing, he should be encouraged to do more. He has done a superb and highly accurate piece of writing about tests. Even his observations about the administrator's reaction to parents show unusual insight.

CHARLES H. WILSON, *Supt.*
*Board of Education*
*Highland Park, Ill.*

● *Author Cobbs' "outstanding critique of our present-day educational system" in Business Week recently won him the 1958 Sigma Delta Chi award for distinguished service in magazine reporting.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The sample college entrance test quoted in your article proves, at least, that those who make up the tests are not intelligent enough to assume responsibility for measuring intelligence in others.

In the sentence, "Iron rusts from ____, stagnant water loses its purity; even so does ____ sap the vigor of the mind," the correct insert is supposed to be "disuse, inaction."

Iron does not rust from disuse, but from chemical oxidation, which can take place only in the presence of oxygen, moisture, and/or certain corrosive chemicals. . . .

The second statement—"stagnant water loses its purity"—is also untrue. Pure water remains pure indefinitely, unless exposed to impurities, whether motionless or agitated.

To add insult to injury, it has never been scientifically proved that "inaction saps the vigor of the mind." However, I am beginning to wonder whether the person designing the test was not testing out this theory.

FORD SAMMIS
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

The galling thing about many questions on aptitude tests is that they don't measure one's ability to think. All they measure is whether or not you think like the professors who made them up.

Take question 7, the ointment-burn word association, for example. Ointment relieves a burn and sympathy relieves sorrow (the correct answer). Yet an intelligent person may well question whether sympathy actually does relieve sorrow. Quite often, it makes it worse.

JOHN L. BECKLEY
*Montclair, N.J.*

Dear Sirs:

The answer to Problem 12, when I rolled my mental dice, came out 7 and not 11.

Says Problem 12: "If gumdrops come in 5 colors, what is the smallest number of assorted gumdrops a child would have to buy to be sure of getting at least three of the same color?"

I say 7 because if you were to suppose, for example, that 1 gumdrop was blue, 1 red, 1 yellow, 1 green, and 3 orange—wouldn't that add up to 5 colors and 7 gumdrops?

GLADYS FOREMAN
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

P.S. How many others wrote in to give 7 as the right answer?

● *So far, forty-four readers have insisted that seven is correct. They're right—if they're assuming that the child is allowed to pick out his assortment. But if the gumdrops are scooped up at random, it's conceivable that the youngster could get ten gumdrops and still have only two of each color.* —*ED.*

## The Prospect of Nuclear War

Dear Sirs:

I am greatly troubled and shocked by your editorial entitled WHY SHOULD WE GRANT THE ENEMY A FIRST BLOW? [by Capt. W. D. Puleston, U.S.N., Ret., May 9]. . . . Such sentiments furnish ammunition to the Soviets in labeling the lot of us "capitalistic warmongers". . . .

This is not a contest between Carthage and Rome. We are not fighting with swords and spears. . . . The stakes are the highest in the history of the world, namely the very life of civilization itself!

REV. JOHN F. GARRAHAN
*Vineland, N.J.*

Dear Sirs:

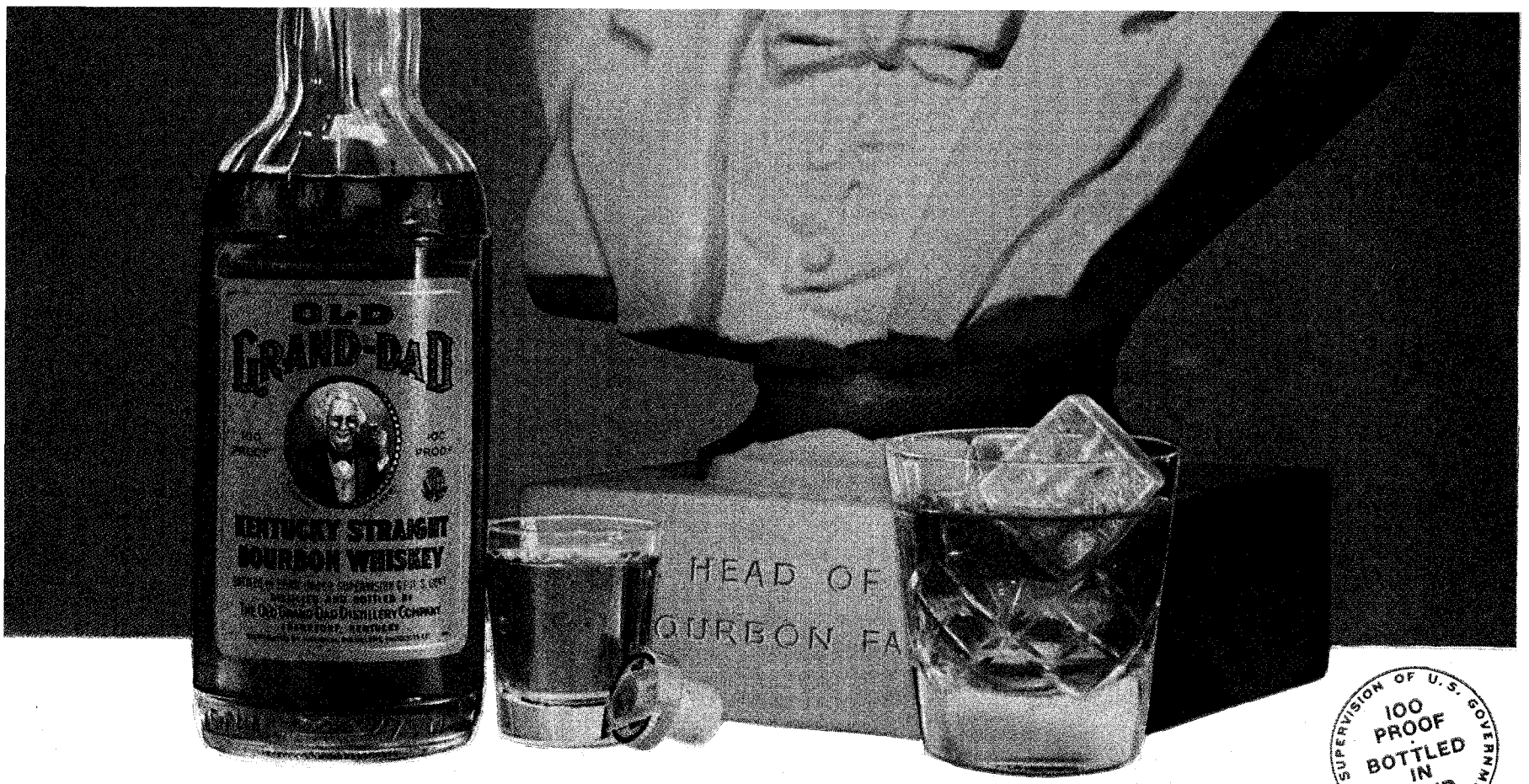
The captain is right! Was it not Stonewall Jackson who said, "Get there the firstest with the mostest"?

CLARENCE DURANT
*Pinebluff, N.C.*

● *No, it wasn't. "I git thar fustest with the mostest" is attributed to Confederate Gen. Nathan Forrest. But many historians claim he actually said, "I make it a rule to get there first with the most men."* —*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# The outward sign of inner good taste

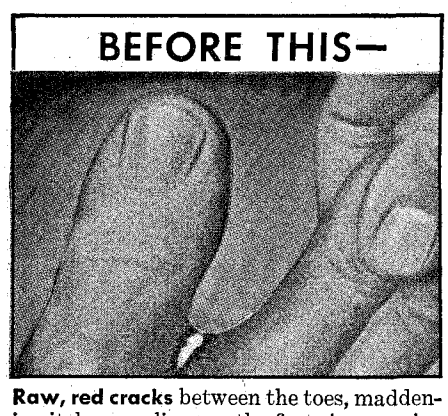
You dress well both for your own satisfaction and for your standing in your community. You choose bottled in bond Old Grand-Dad as your whiskey for similar reasons. The finest of all Kentucky straight bourbons, Old Grand-Dad is a source of pleasure to you and your guests, and unquestioned evidence of your good taste. Old Grand-Dad is now also available in 86 proof, for friends who prefer a milder bourbon of the same high quality. *The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky.*

**OLD GRAND DAD**

Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Straight Bourbon

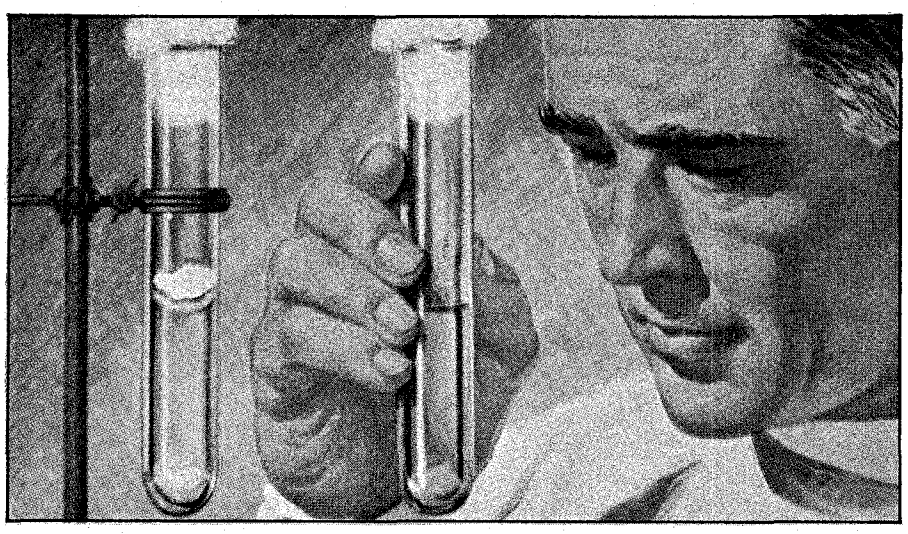
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*




**Raw, red cracks** between the toes, maddening itch or peeling are the first signs you've got Athlete's Foot

**Left untreated,** Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm, above, see your physician or podiatrist



**Live Athlete's Foot fungi grow** in the mold you see in the test tube, left. These fungi can lie dormant for months on the skin—flare up when it becomes moist and warm

**Athlete's Foot fungi killed fast!** When Absorbine Jr. was added to identical fungi, it killed *all* the Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes! (See tube on the right.)

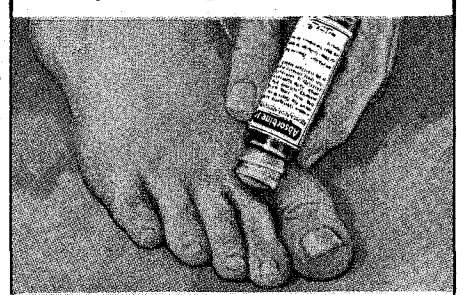
## Absorbine Jr. KILLS 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

**Famous laboratory grows millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes, and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.**

That tingling sensation tells you that Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches. Because it is a liquid, Absorbine Jr. gets into tiny cracks better than powder or salve.

Carefully controlled clinical tests on patients have proved how wonderfully effective Absorbine Jr. is. Doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Also comes in familiar family and hospital-size bottles.

***New applicator ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot***



**Now—treat Athlete's Foot without touching it!** Simply turn Absorbine Jr. bottle upside down, dab infected area with sponge tip. Applicator does the rest—no drip . . . no mess . . . no need to touch infected area with your hands

**Absorbine Jr.**

**America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot**

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping


# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Militaristic insanity. . . . On what omniscience does he base his premise, ". . . the initiator of the first attack in a nuclear war is very likely to win"? Win *what?* Has he visited Hiroshima lately? . . .

Moreover, just who is to be granted the power . . . to determine when "it is clear that an enemy is about to launch an attack"?

The dangers of a false alarm concerning an actual attack in progress are great enough; now a few men are to be asked to detect the hostile *intent* of other small groups of men!

DAVID R. SIMONS
*Berkeley, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

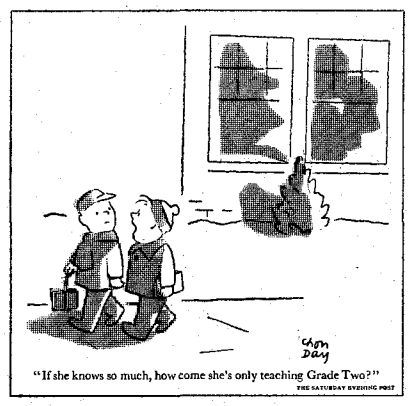
Those 500 or more Russian submarines most certainly were not built for defense. I love this country and I hate to think that our future generations will probably have reason to blame us for a second Pearl Harbor by permitting the Russian the first blow. May God prevent this.

CHRISTIAN DENZLER
*Roslyn Heights, N.Y.*

## Aha!

Dear Sirs:

[Re May 2 cartoon, below]: Strange activity going on in the schoolhouse, isn't

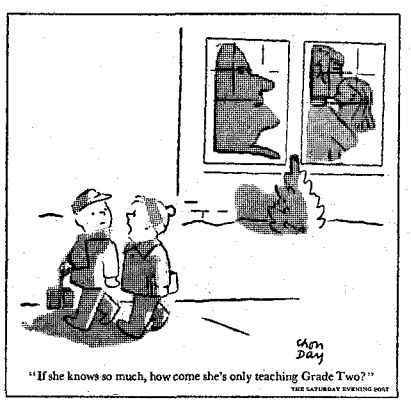



there? I take it that's the good principal looking on.

ED H. HENTGES
*Fountain City, Wis.*

Dear Sirs:

Is this the answer?




GERARD A. POTTEBAUM
*Ridgecrest, Calif.*

## Maryland, My Maryland

Dear Sirs:

Just "for the record," I would like to correct an apparent error that appeared in your May 9 edition in an article [BASEBALL'S MISTER MISCHIEF, by Myron Cope] about the success of Danny Murtaugh, the present manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Although I have the utmost esteem for Cambridge, Mass., I do not believe that Danny Murtaugh was playing for the Cambridge (Mass.) Cardinals in 1937. I think you will find that, at that time, infielder Murtaugh was playing very good Class D baseball in Cambridge, MARYLAND. I could not let this error go unchallenged since it would not only hurt my pride as a fan but also as a United States Senator, who is fortunate enough to represent the people of Cambridge, the county seat of our Dorchester County, and the many fans of the now-defunct Eastern Shore League. . . .

I would like to close this letter by mentioning that I am now an Oriole fan.

J. GLENN BEALL
*United States Senate*
*Washington, D.C.*

## Fightin' Words

Dear Sirs:

I retract all I said about the Post despite its miserable victimization of its readers through the agency of Mr. Forester's defective story of the Bismarck [See BISMARCK TORPEDOED BY BEEBE GUNS, Jan. 10 Letters]. Gerald Kersh's story of Colonel Bowie [COLONEL BOWIE'S GAMBLE, May 9] is one of the best short stories ever, a wonderful thing and the peer of the Post fiction in the days of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and Tish Carberry. I do hone and hanker for more like it.

LUCIUS BEEBE
*Virginia City, Nev.*

Dear Sirs:

The tale is well told and generally amusing, but Mr. Kersh is guilty of one grave error that cannot be overlooked.

That is, no Southerner speaking of the glorious Confederate victory at First Manassas would ever in this world refer to that engagement as the "Battle of Bull Run."

I must assume Mr. Kersh is well aware of this truism, and his only excuse for such rank inaccuracy has to be that, in order to edify that small handful of Northerners capable of reading, he used the designation familiar to them—coldly ignoring the effect such an outrage must have on Southern sensibilities.

DICK ELLIS
*Oklahoma City, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

Outstanding. . . .

Hoping for more of the same from Gerald Kersh.

JAMES E. HILLEY
*Jackson, Ga.*

**Post Picture Credits**

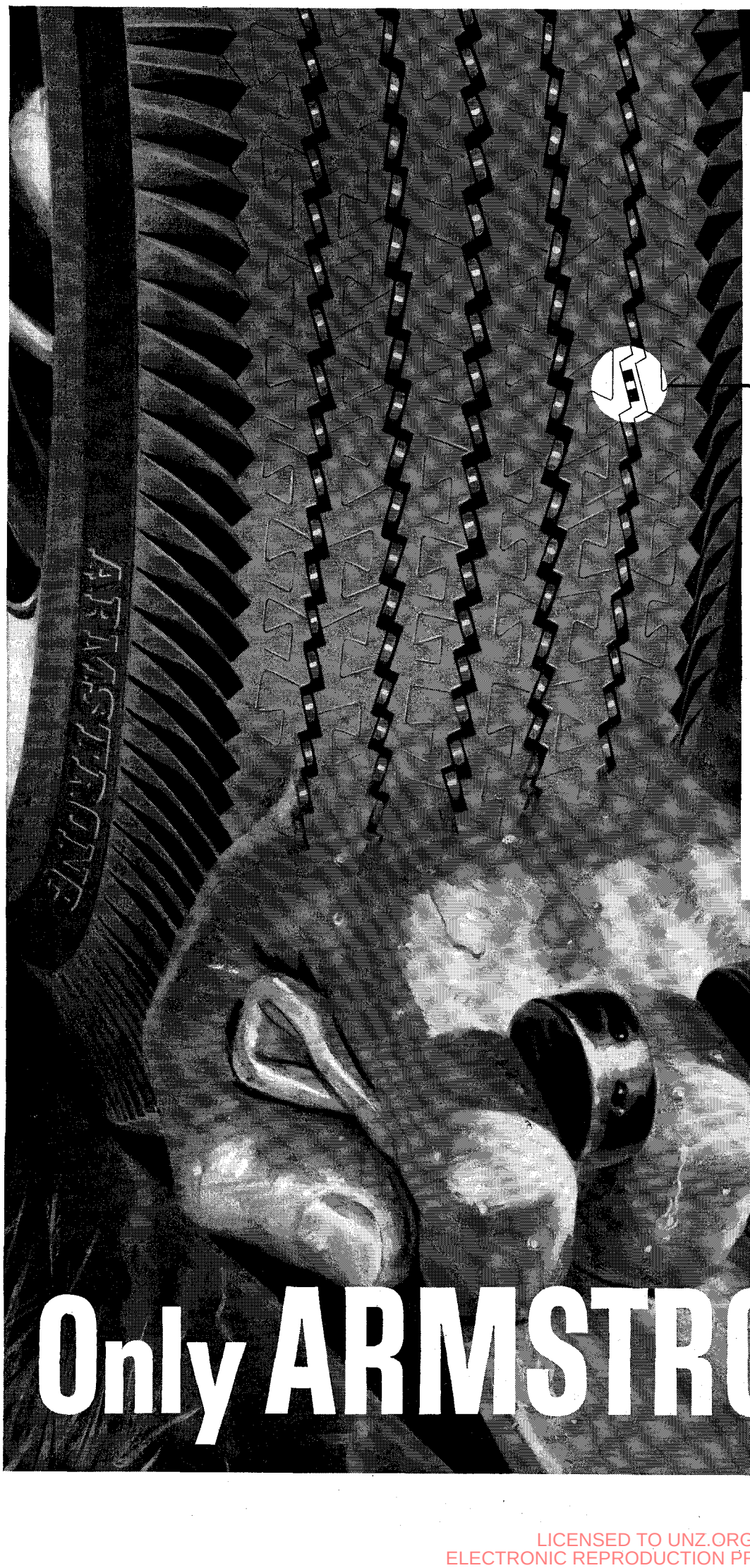
*Reading across pages, then down:*

19–Larry Keighley. • 20–Larry Keighley; Sam Nocella; Wide World. • 21–Charles Higgins–Philadelphia Evening Bulletin; Larry Keighley; John R. Wells. • 22, 23–Joe DeMers. • 24–Sam Bates • 25–Jack Fields. • 26–Wide World. • 27–Two by C. Owen Smithers; United Press International. • 28, 29–Eugene Kammerman. • 30–Burt Glinn from Magnum. • 31–Robert McCall. • 32, 33–Bob Smallman. • 34, 35–Stan Galli. 36–Philippe Halsman. • 38, 39–Austin Briggs. • 42–James R. Bingham. • 104–Eugene Kammerman; Curtis Photo; CBS Television; Jacob Lofman.

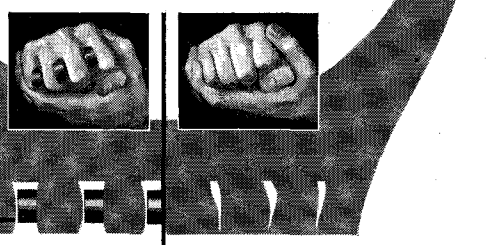
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ARMSTRONG TIRES'

## "Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



**See how Armstrong patented SAFETY DISCS prevent deadly skids as no other tire can**



**ARMSTRONG TIRES**
**Safety Discs Keep Tread Open**

Over 1,000 Safety Discs, molded between the tread ribs, keep the tread edges apart, always ready to grip, prevent skids. Like the fingers of the fist above, the tread can't squeeze shut, even under heaviest braking pressure.

**ORDINARY TIRES**
**No Discs—Tread Squeezes Shut**

Like the fist above, ordinary tires can squeeze shut under braking pressure. Tread's gripping edges are pushed together, can't "bite" the road. Even brand new tires can squeeze smooth and slippery this way — and suddenly you skid.

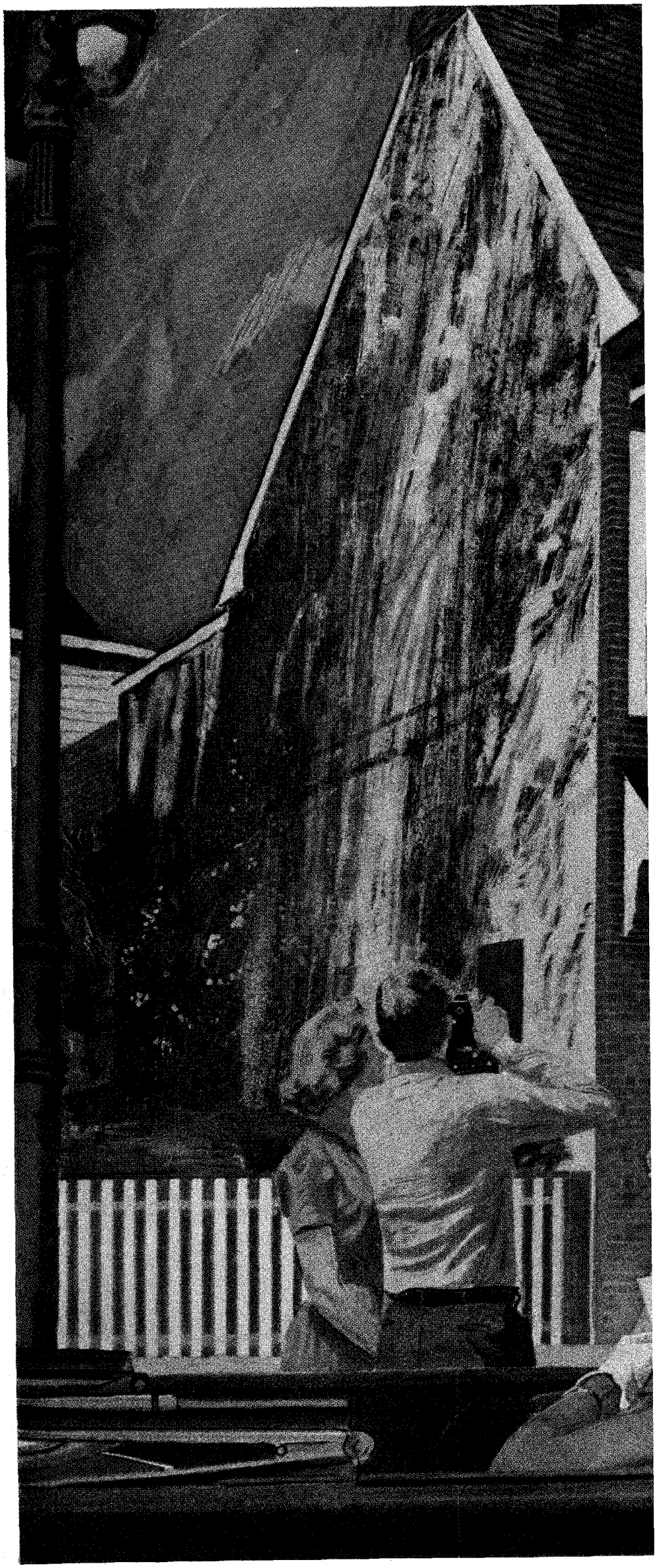
*EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST!* Armstrong "Miracle" Tires give you unmatched protection against today's commonest hazard, skids. They keep you safer on any road, at any speed, in any weather — yet cost no more. And compare the guarantee you get on these rugged tires! Look in the Yellow Pages for your nearest Armstrong Tire dealer. See him soon. Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven, Conn.

Makers of Armstrong Pure-Foam for furniture and bedding

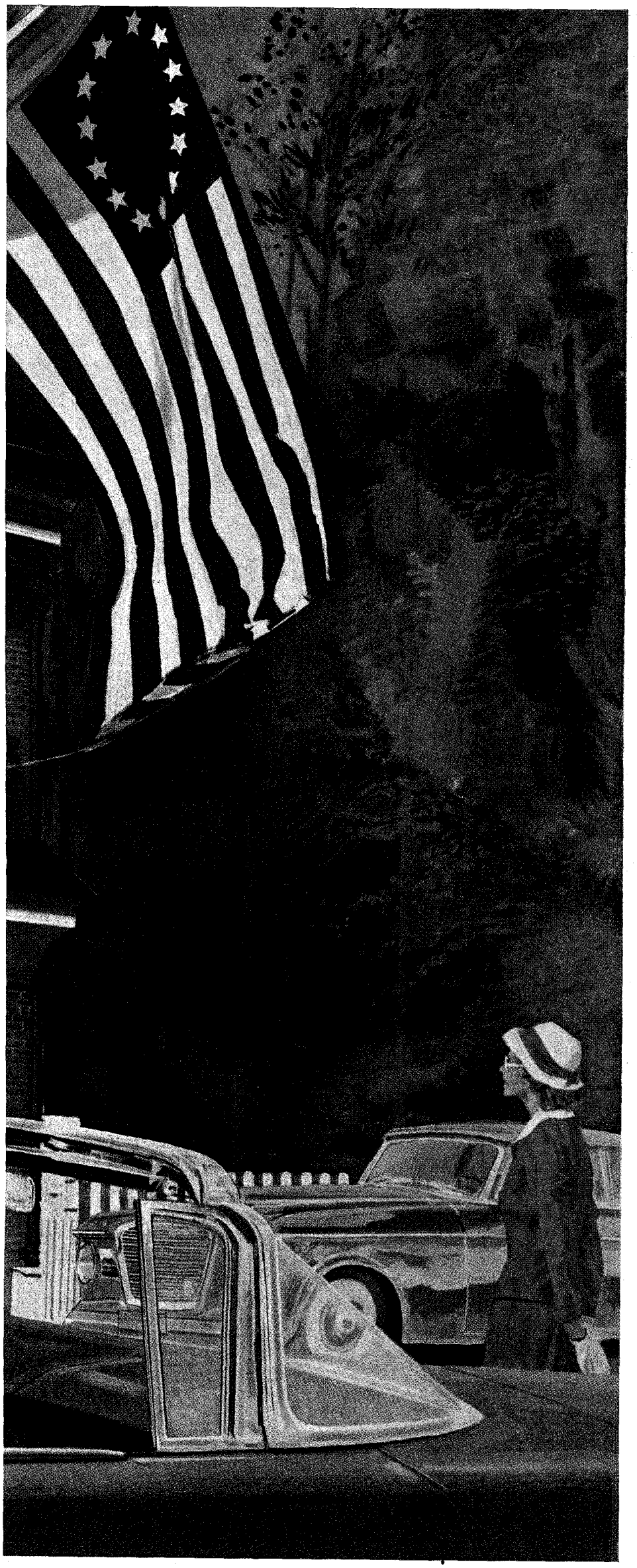
ARMSTRONG TIRES

# Only ARMSTRONG has it!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



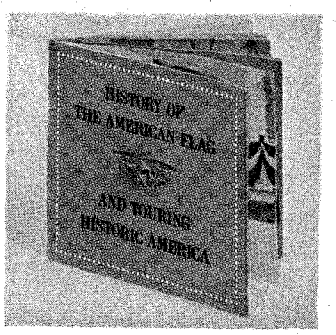
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE FIRST OFFICIAL AMERICAN FLAG FLIES *at the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia. This thirteen-star design was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777. Legend has it that George Washington commissioned the design from Betsy Ross.*

# The story of our flag and how to tour historic America

*Yours free at any Texaco Dealer*




*Know your America.* These colorful pages have been prepared as a helpful guide to take along on your trips. They picture and describe many historic points of interest and many famous national shrines all over America. Also included is a beautifully illustrated story of the origins and changing designs of our American flag through the years. This year why not plan your motor trips to stop at historic sites along your route? There are hundreds of these cherished spots that tell the story of our country's beginnings, and its growth into a great nation. Your trips will be more exciting and educational for the youngsters, too.

And—wherever you go, *tour with Texaco!* All along your route, you'll find Texaco Dealers to fill 'er up, to give your car the expert care it deserves, and to give you local travel information. You can be sure of clean, comfortable facilities—only Texaco Dealers have Registered Rest Rooms *clean across the country.*

Drive in today to any Texaco Dealer for your copy of this colorful and exciting "History of the American Flag and Touring Historic America." It's yours free.

*Throughout the United States and Canada—tour with*

TEXACO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Editorials

## Marxist Jargon Can Trap Unwary Negotiators

By EDWARD HUNTER

Communism is a language, as distinct as any other, except that it takes the form of a code. Communism's greatest asset is its use of the same words with the same spelling and the same grammar and pronunciation as in other languages, except that the words have special meanings to Communists.

The key to the code is dialectic materialism. This isn't a matter of mere semantics, but of fundamentally different definitions.

Practically everything the Reds say or do falls into place once we recognize this. Adlai Stevenson learned something about code language when he visited Khrushchev. He was informed by Khrushchev that the word "noninterference" means noninterference with Communist procedure or expansion. Thus Communist fifth columns in non-Communist countries are not guilty of interference. Khrushchev presented this hoax with a straight face.

Nasser blew his top because he said Khrushchev broke his word after pledging noninterference. Khrushchev didn't interfere with Communist activity in Egypt. That was what noninterference meant in Communist language. Nasser should have had the agreement translated into the two languages, Egyptian and Communist! The only way an American negotiator at a Summit Conference—or anywhere else—can similarly guard himself would be by insisting that agreements be translated into English according to Webster and into English according to dialectic materialism.

Dialectic materialism teaches that everything is in flux, everywhere in the universe, except one thing—the Communist line. Dialectic materialism presents new standards. What is good or bad is judged according to whether it is good or bad for Communism. What is a lie or what is truth is judged accordingly. If something conforms to Communism's needs, it is true; if not, it's a lie.

If Communist strategy required that Americans be said to have engaged in germ warfare, the extortion of fake confessions was good. They were the "truth"—in Communist language. The same applies to the bestial Red charges that the self-sacrificing American and Canadian nuns cracked the skulls of the babies in the orphanages they tended. That they did nothing of the sort has nothing to do with the case, once one accepts dialectic materialism.

Brainwashing has to be part of Communism; otherwise nobody would fall for it. It takes the clinical treatment of a twisted Pavlovian approach to madden a mind in this manner.

When a Red delegate in the U.N. rises, after a resolution has been carefully steered through every conceivable legalism, and calls it illegal, he is talking the Communist language. The seating of the Chinese Nationalist Government, or any other act opposed by the Reds, is automatically "illegal" once Communist language is accepted.

We know that our truce agreement with the Reds in Korea was violated simultaneously with its signing. According to the Communist language the truce was binding only on us. We neglected to have it translated. Use of this code language has trapped our diplomats and our intelligence officers consistently, and without such translation it makes our newspaper dispatches misleading.

Of course, the Reds would no more agree to such a translation of agreements than to mutual inspection of armaments. But insistence on it would show up the Red hypocrisy and at least inform our side of what the Reds are saying. This would be preferable to being taken for another ride.

A serious dictionary of the Communist language needs to be compiled. Some definitions that rise to mind are:

PEACE: A state of affairs where all sides accept Communism.

PEOPLE: Those individuals accepted as legal entities, excluding all not in Communist favor.

ILLEGAL: Not in accordance with dialectic materialism.

AGGRESSION: Interference with Communist activity or expansion.

DEMOCRACY: Communist Party activity in the interests of the masses, who don't know where their interests lie.

EDUCATION: Instruction in dialectic materialism, or from its point of view.

PATRIOTISM: Local nationalism focused against the Free World until Communism takes over, then loyalty to the "world Communist camp."

REFORM: Change in a wrong direction where opposed to Communist revolution; change in a good direction when focused on some one social or political field, taking its direction from dialectic materialism.

Every diplomat, intelligence officer and newspaper correspondent should be obliged to translate from the Communism accordingly. Every agreement with the Reds should contain a statement that the West is not accepting Communist double talk.

Mr. Hunter is the author of Brainwashing in China, The Black Book on Red China, and other books on Communist tactics.

—THE EDITORS

## Have Our Flaming Liberals Taken Over "McCarthyism" Under New Management?

Where were our flaming "liberals" during the fantastic bearbaiting which featured the proceedings of two Senate committees supposed to be determining the qualifications of two presidential appointees, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce as Ambassador to Brazil and Adm. Lewis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce?

In the past, liberals have been extremely critical of Senate committees which made witnesses uncomfortable. Perhaps congressional investigators sometimes shot from the hip. But what about Sen. Wayne Morse? He said of Mrs. Luce, "Is she honest? Is she reliable? I am satisfied that Mrs. Luce does not meet either criterion." Also: "I say: May God have mercy on her soul, so sinister and evil was that unpatriotic conduct on the part of this nominee." You could call that "witch-hunting" if you wanted to get touchy about it.

And what about the Senate Commerce Committee which, during its protracted foot-dragging in the hearings on Admiral Strauss, dug up a very, very "liberal" atomic scientist who testified that Admiral Strauss had dragged the intellectual freedom of scientists in the dirt? Fortunately, the witness, Dr. David R. Inglis, gave away the game by adding that Admiral Strauss' "narrow dedication to the single-track approach of modern weaponry" was responsible for our "national guilt" for getting ourselves into this unhappy fix "without looking seriously for acceptable alternatives."

If this meant anything, it meant that Admiral Strauss was guilty of pushing the H-bomb program, contrary to the advices of left-wing scientists, so that we got the big bomb at least as soon as the U.S.S.R. did! "Guilt" is a dandy word to describe this achievement. Dr. Edward Teller, who testified in support of the admiral, agreed that Strauss shares the credit for the defeat of a Communist effort to interfere with American atomic production.

In the long run the country takes the measure of such tactics and repudiates them. However, the smearing of Mrs. Luce had the effect of convincing her that her usefulness as ambassador to a Latin-American country had been destroyed. Thus, as has been demonstrated before, the irresponsible actions of a few senators can succeed even when the Senate as a whole has repudiated them. Admiral Strauss will suffer damage in the eyes of some. The reasoned reply never quite overtakes the canard. Like any official in so controversial a position, he has made many enemies, some of whom he may have made unnecessarily, but this hardly excuses a petty smear campaign against him.

But the liberals, the defenders of free speech, the critics of "witch-hunting" by congressional committees—where were they? Smugly silent, except for an occasional cheer for the witch-hunters—as if the right not to be smeared was their monopoly and not for everybody, conservatives included.

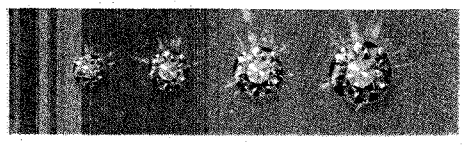
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love light . . . photograph by Donald Mack

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

## Love light . . . shining for you

*In dappled leaves and dancing shadows, the forest spins its sweet enchantments, repeating, inspiring your dreams of love. And to this magic, nature adds her gayest spokesman, the engagement diamond that was wrought in earth just for you. Ancient, new, and eternal, this light of love will shine to tell your happiness. Choose it for its purity and beauty, for it will be cherished always, by you and by your children's children.*



**FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS** When choosing a diamond, it is wise to seek the counsel of a trusted jeweler. He will explain how color, clarity and cutting (apart from size) contribute to beauty and value. And he will help you choose a quality that befits the occasion. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

¼ carat $75 to $240 — 1 carat $540 to $2000
½ carat $150 to $545 — 2 carats $1150 to $3800

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1959. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities (color, clarity, cut) offered. Remember, purity is significant, no matter what the size. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.

# A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FULL-SIZE CARS DON'T HAVE TO BE GAS HOGS

## and the Can Do Cars from Chrysler Corporation prove it

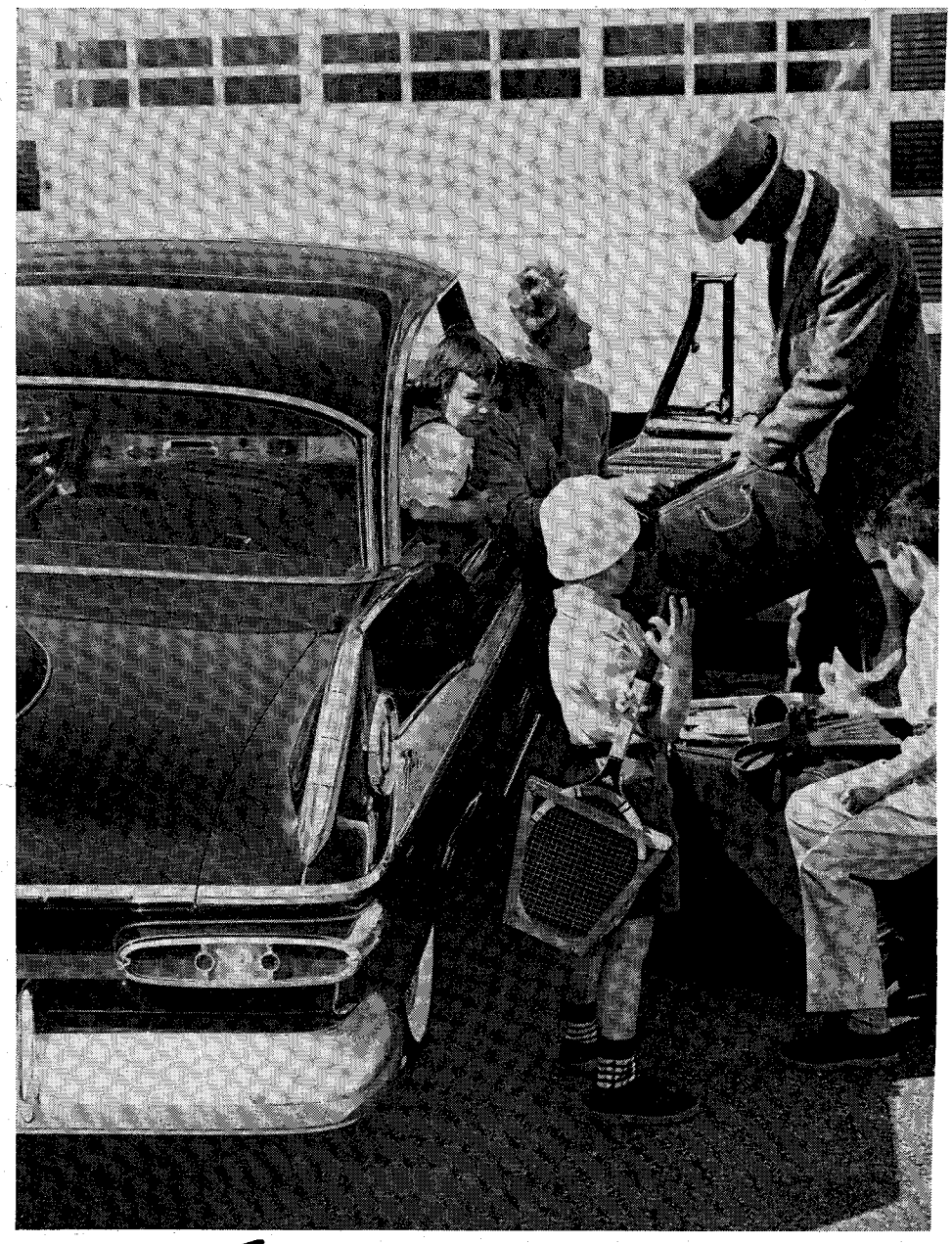
You may think the gas gauge is stuck, first time you drive one of our cars 100 miles or so.

They're generous with room and comfort, free-spending with power —but tight-fisted with gasoline.

They've proved they Can Do more on less gas than any other American cars. And in the past three years they've shown how in the Mobilgas Economy Run...winning more 1sts and 2nds than any other family of cars.

You get full-size comfort, safety, luggage room, convenience, performance, and superb handling with the most money-saving engines in their class.

Drive one this week, and *see* how much fun there is in a gallon of gas. Your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, or Imperial dealer will furnish the car *and* the gas!



A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more

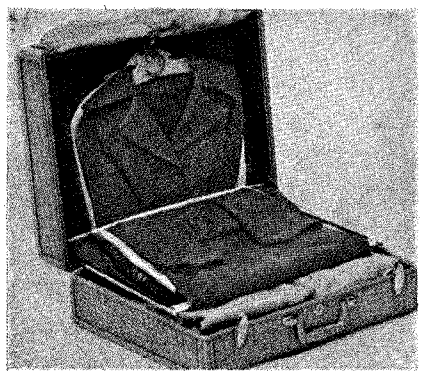
**PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIA**

The Can Do Cars—Quality-built from Chrysler Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

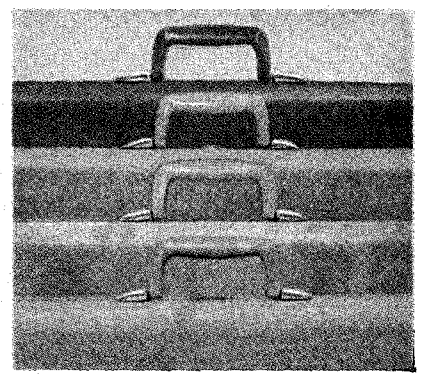
# Samsonite Streamlite

## Triple-strength construction...scuff-resistant coverings! Won't show wear!



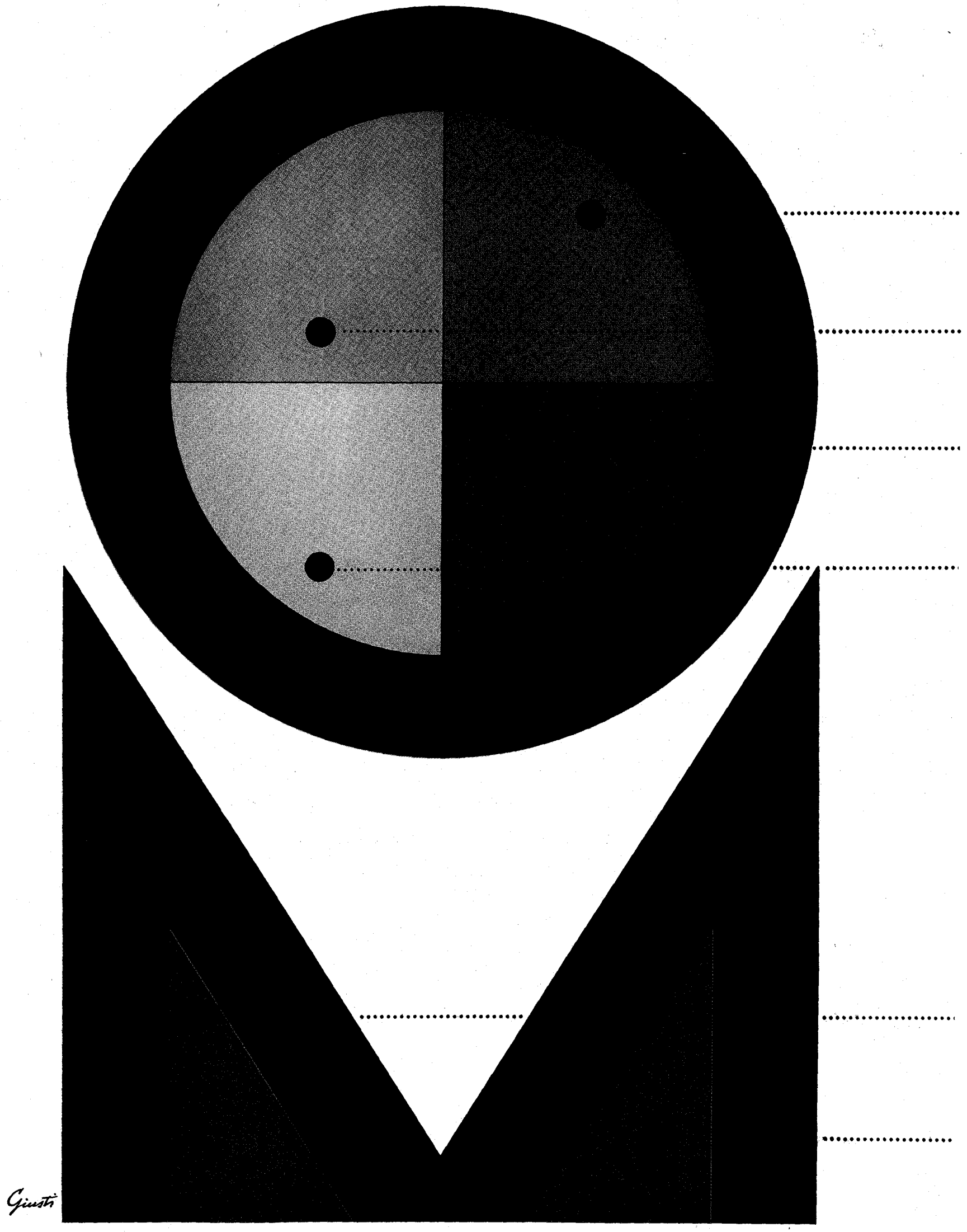
Knock it about all summer long—you can't hurt Samsonite Streamlite! Take it along, season after season—it can't go out of style! This is the luxury luggage that keeps its first trip look. Designed to pack more clothes in less space...this handsome Streamlite luggage keeps everything neat and fresh-pressed. See Ladies' Wardrobe at left, shown open and packed. Choose yours from a rich range of colors: Crystal Green (shown), Colorado Brown (shown), Saddle Tan, London Grey, Rawhide Finish and Hawaiian Blue.

©1959 SHWAYDER BROS. INC., LUGGAGE DIV., DENVER. MAKERS OF SAMSONITE FOLDING FURNITURE. PRICES PLUS EXISTING TAXES. IN CANADA THRU SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., STRATFORD, ONTARIO. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER.



LOW-PRICED TWO-PIECE COMBINATIONS. MEN'S COMPANION CASE, $19.95; TWO-SUITER, $25.95; LADIES' O'NITE CASE, $19.95; HAT BOX, $15.95; WARDROBE, $25.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

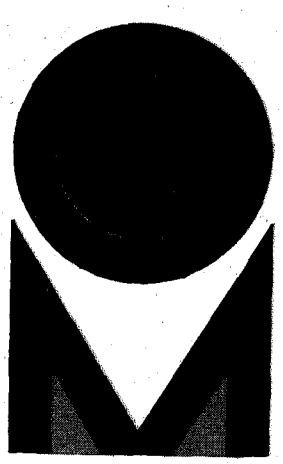



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GROWING IN SERVICE TO A GROWING WORLD ...this is the work of OLIN MATHIESON

Olin Mathieson now manufactures 700 million dollars of products a year in its six major fields...operates 62 plants in the United States, and has subsidiaries, affiliates and distribution facilities in practically all major nations of the free world. These vast industrial resources, coupled with Olin Mathieson's emphasis on research and development, mean new and improved products—and higher standards of service—for industry and the public. Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, 460 Park Avenue, N.Y.

- CHEMICALS INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL
- ENERGY FUELS, COMMERCIAL EXPLOSIVES
- METALS ALUMINUM, BRASS
- PACKAGING CELLOPHANE, PAPER PRODUCTS
- SQUIBB MEDICINALS, VITAMINS
- WINCHESTER-WESTERN SPORTING ARMS, AMMUNITION




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HOW "PUBLIC POWER" ADDS TO YOUR TAX BURDEN

One of the most unnecessary government spending programs you could imagine is adding to your tax load every year. It's the multi-billion-dollar spending for federal "public power."

About $5,500,000,000 from you and other taxpayers has already gone for federal government electric power systems. Yet this is just the *beginning* of your tax burden if the lobbyists and pressure groups for federal "public power" have their way. They want at least $10,000,000,000 more.

What's more, it's *unnecessary* to go on spending more of your tax money to put the government farther into the electric power business. America's hundreds of independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to provide all the low-price electricity people need—*without* depending on your taxes.

These companies have doubled the supply of electricity in the past 10 years, and will double the present supply in the next 10.

Then why does this needless tax spending continue? Only because most people don't know about it. So spread the word among your friends. As soon as enough people realize how "public power" adds to their tax burden, they'll put a stop to it.

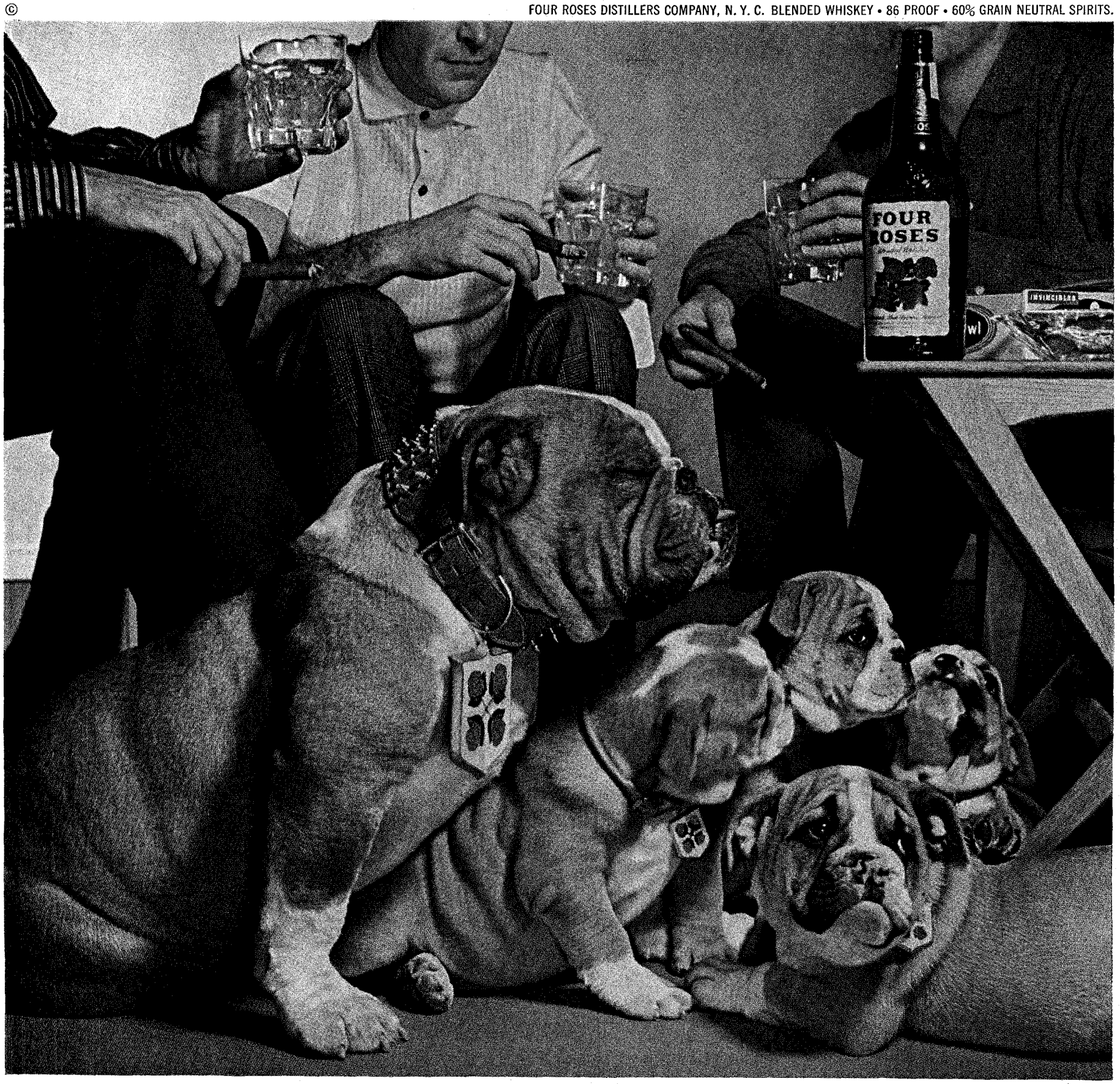
WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE! *Every time another federal "public power" proposal goes through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.*

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

*Company names on request through this magazine*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.




# It's Father's Day in the FOUR ROSES SOCIETY

*( Members, remember your dad )*

Now's the time for all good members to think about their own proud poppas.

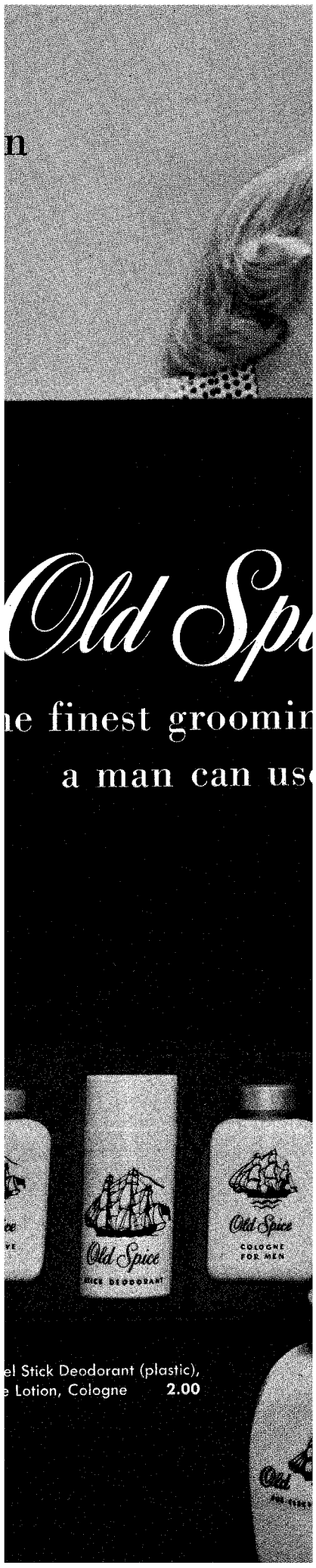
Father's Day is just around the corner—and, fortunately, so is the store that sells full-strength, smooth-tasting, man-pleasing Four Roses. It's the perfectly blended whiskey, and Four Roses was the favorite when you were just a pup.

Rise to the occasion, men—and give Dad the flavor that founded a Society! One taste and he'll become a lifetime member of the FRS.

**FOUR ROSES — *Same great quality...new popular price!***

*No other full-strength whiskey is so smooth. 86 proof.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

# My Unprivate Life as Mayor

By RICHARDSON DILWORTH
MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA
with Ashley Halsey, Jr.

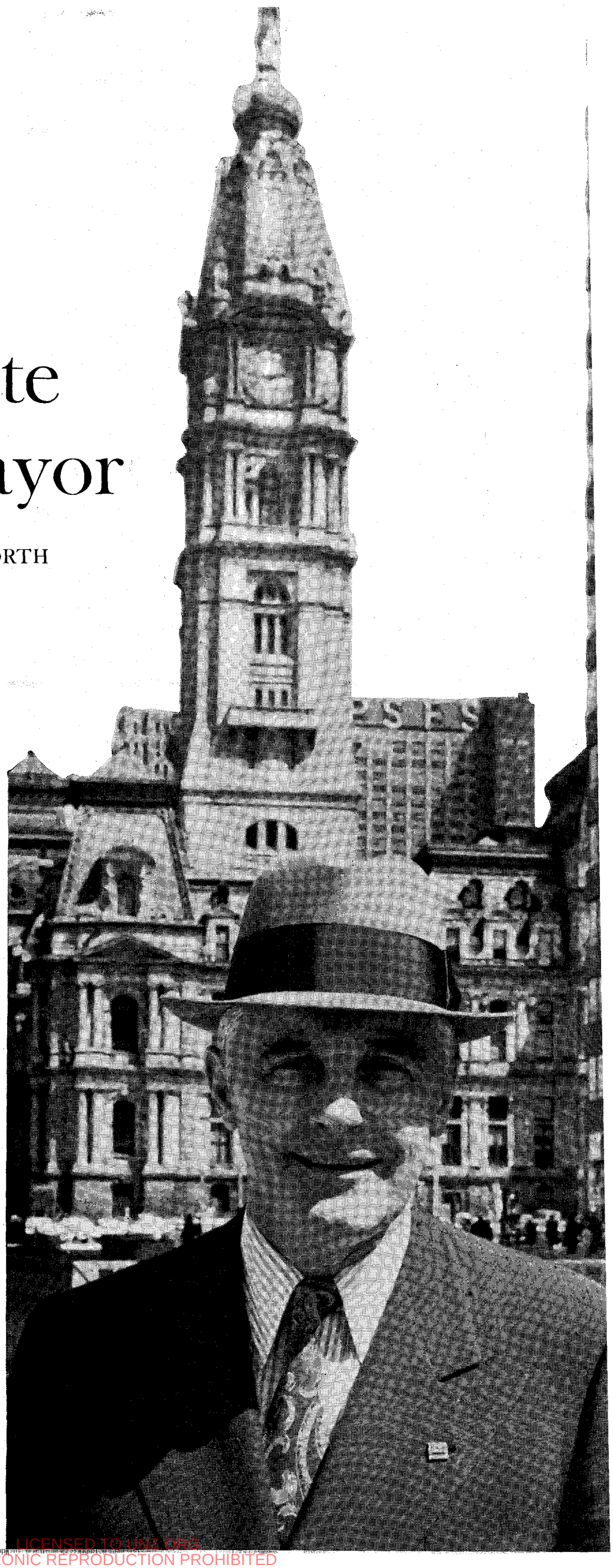
The chief executive of one of the nation's biggest cities discloses the strange demands that some of his unpredictable constituents make on his public and private life.

Not long ago some school children visited my office during an educational exploration of City Hall. One alert youngster asked me a probing question: "Is it fun to be mayor?" I gave him a sound political answer: "Yes—and no." Perhaps he is still pondering that answer when he should be doing his homework. He may even be wasting precious moments that he could spend watching television Westerns. So for him and all other interested parties, let me explain both the "yes" and the "no."

Often in the life of a big-city mayor, there come soul-searching moments. When I must face these, I prefer to do so during working hours in broad daylight. But there are times when I am not given a chance.

Take the momentous question of whether the mayor of a city of 2,100,000 is subject to sudden draft as a baby sitter. My home telephone, a listed number at the time of this incident, jangled unexpectedly at nine P.M. The call came from a physician whom I did not know, but placed as living nearby. He explained that he and his wife wanted to go to a late movie, but the baby sitter would not stay with their two small daughters after ten P.M. So would we mind if the baby sitter left the children at my house until midnight?

I asked jokingly whether he intended to pay me the overtime baby-sitter rate. He replied with some heat that this was a serious matter, and that in view of my attitude he never would vote for me again.

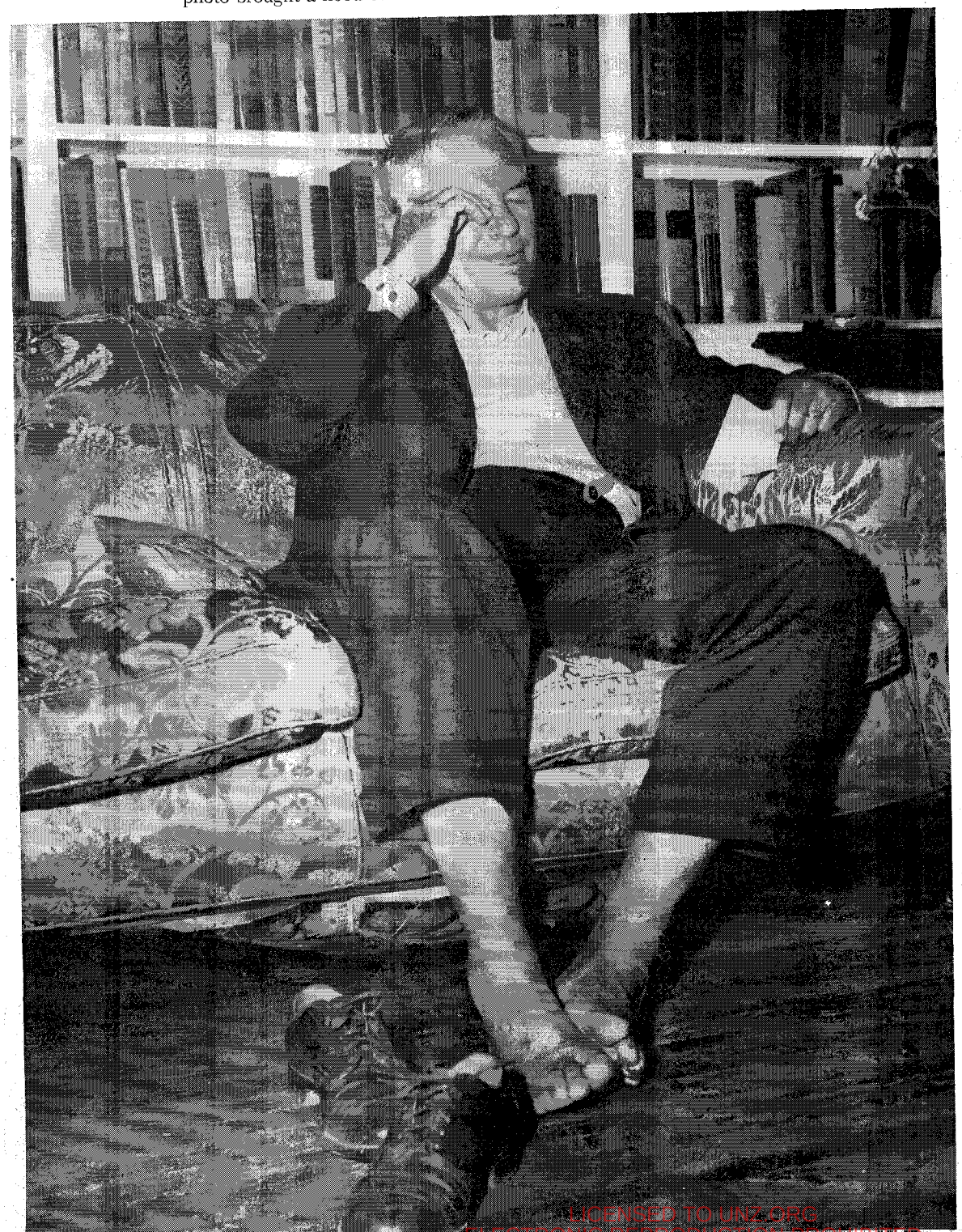


Behind Dilworth the battlements and tower of Philadelphia's baroque old City Hall. At right, part of the new Penn Center development.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his office the mayor is questioned by two University of Pennsylvania undergraduates studying Philadelphia politics. The shoe on the bookcase is a memento of his World War II service with the marines.

Dilworth on his arrival at home after being rescued from the sinking Andrea Doria. This photo brought a flood of letters from constituents who thought his busted sofa "disgraceful."



Before I could say that I was sure he never had voted for me in the first place, he hung up.

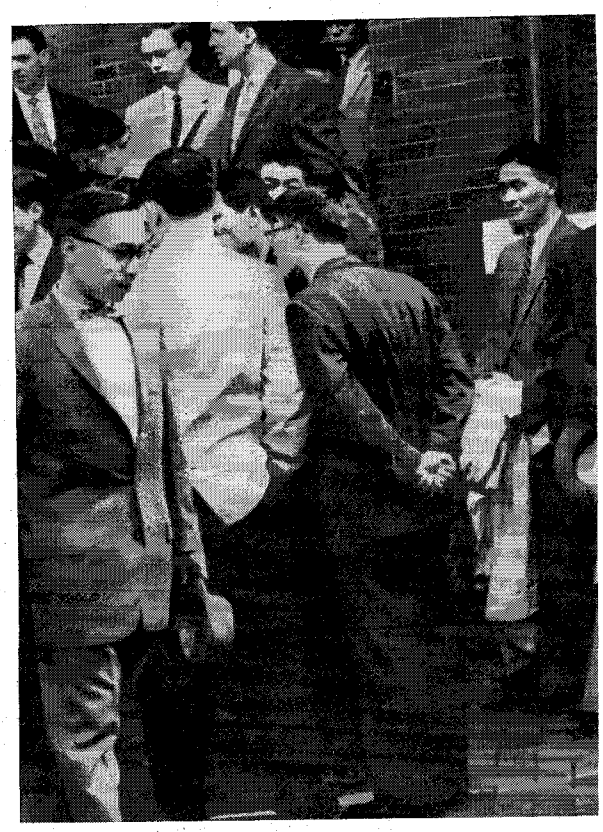
Within seconds the phone rang again. This call obviously came from a taproom in full blast. "I'll show you right now," the caller bellowed to someone by his side, "that I do know the mayor and by his firsht name too." I promptly informed the caller that I didn't know him on a firsht-name basis or even a shecond-name basis.

That time I hung up. The pair of calls left me so flabbergasted, however, that I forgot to muffle the telephone before turning out the light and going to bed. In the dark of night the phone began ringing again in peals that seemed loud as church bells.

I sat up, switched on the light, reached for the phone and glanced at the clock. It was 2:30 A.M. "Are you the mayor?", a voice demanded. I admitted that I was. "Well," said the voice, "I just wanted to see whether you are at home where you belong at this time of night, you bum." And click went the phone.

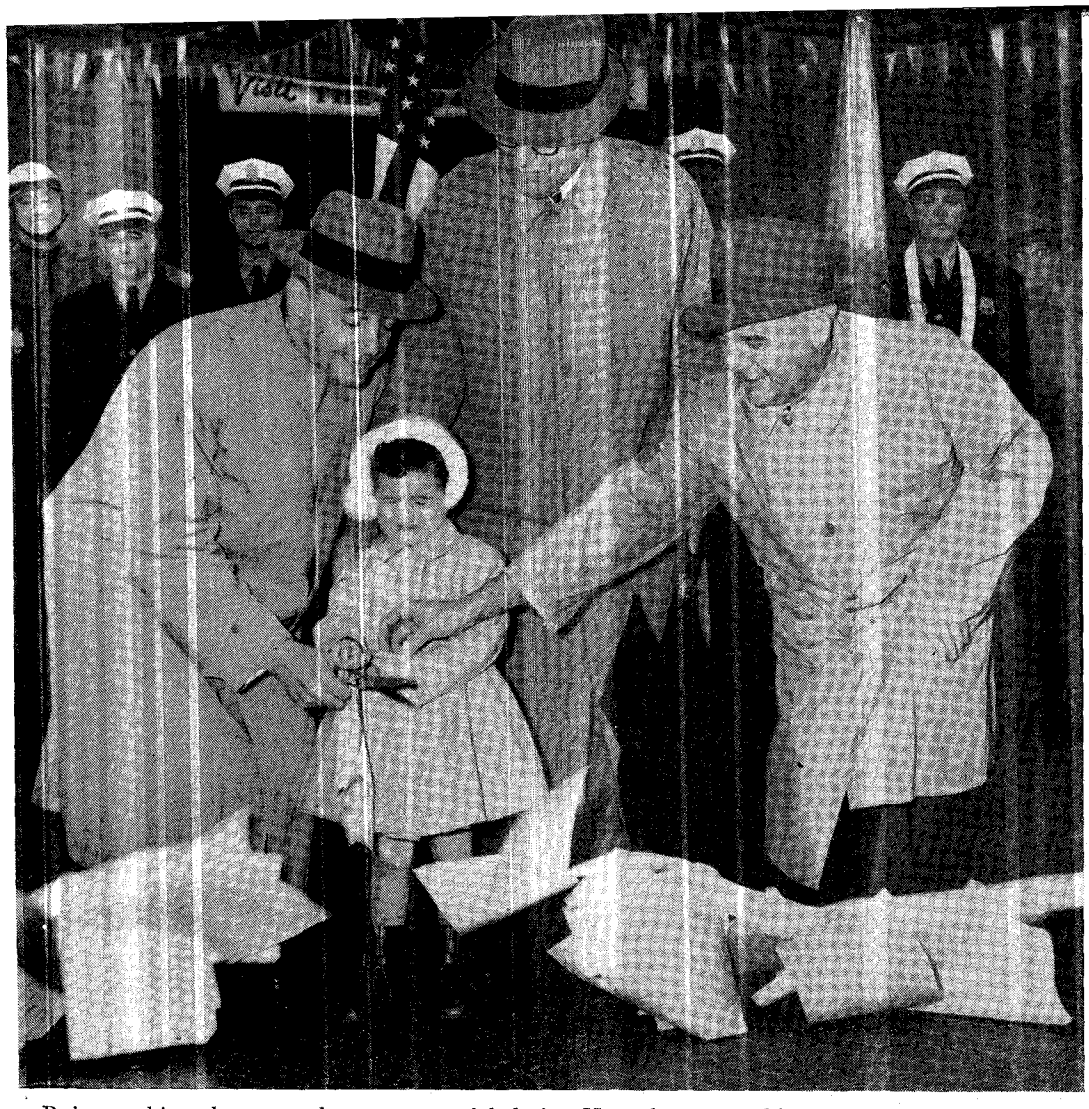
The ear beating that I suffered on that memorable night explains why you will no longer find in the Philadelphia directory a personal listing for Richardson Dilworth. I took office nearly four years ago with a firm belief that a mayor should always be accessible to the humblest citizens. It was the unhumble ones who changed my mind. Even so, anybody can write me. And many do.

My office receives and acknowledges an average of 125 letters every weekday. As far as I know there is no patron saint of letter writing. If there were, I'd certainly like to have him on my side. Reading and answering some of the letters I receive comes close to martyrdom. Now let me explain: I genuinely welcome legitimate gripes. They are one of the surest ways that a mayor can find out what is wrong within his city. It is in relation to such civic issues as sex warfare, pigeon protection and Elvis Presley, however, that the mayor's office occasionally finds itself groping for words for a safe-and-sane reply. All of these and many more, please understand, are vital and delicate subjects to some of our citizens. A reply which

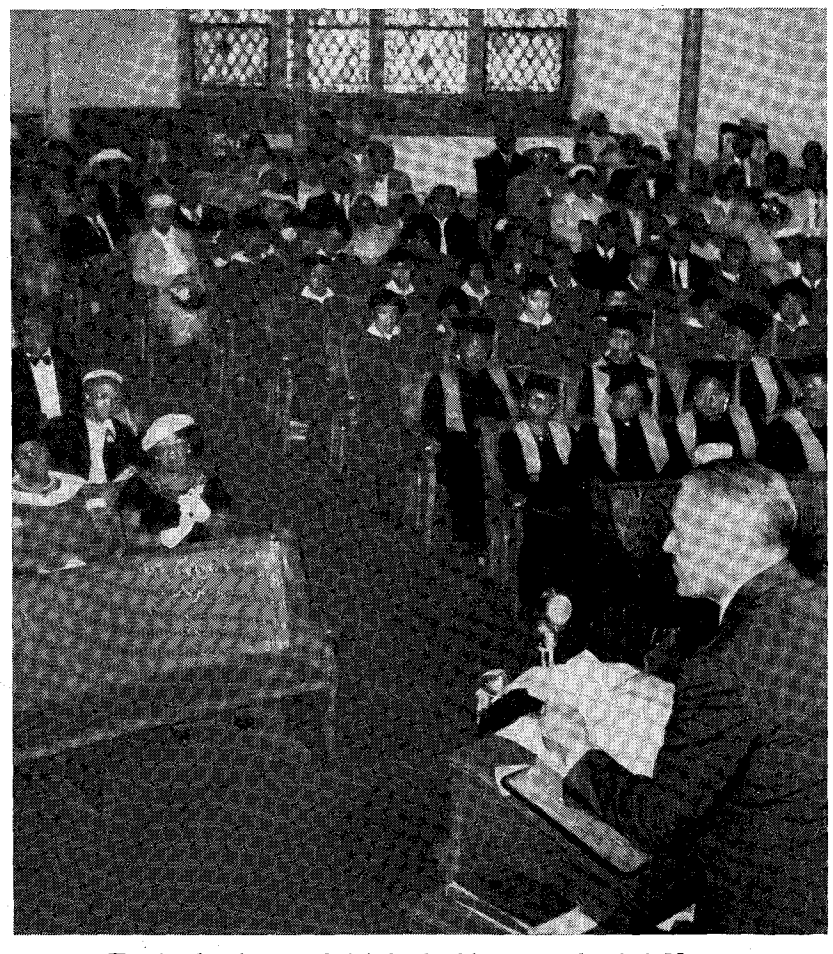


The tearful mayor (right) attempting to regain his composure after the funeral of In-Ho Oh, a Korean student slain last year by Philadelphia hoodlums.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rain or shine there are always ceremonial duties. Here three-year-old Debbie Hanlin helps Dilworth (left) open the City Government Fair.



To stimulate increased civic leadership among the city's Negroes, the mayor often speaks during their Sunday church services.

even faintly appears to laugh or sneer at them may incur deadly wrath.

A man dedicated to achieving permanent world peace sent me his formula and asked my public indorsement of it. He wrote me that peace could be assured simply by abolishing relations between the sexes, because "we all know that the male-female relationship is the true, basic cause of war." I was tempted to refer his letter to James Thurber.

When we attempted to discourage flocks of pigeons from roosting all over City Hall, literally hundreds of pigeon lovers criticized our callousness. One wrote me: "I hereby protest your trying to rid pigeons from their roosts in this cold weather. I would like to tumble you from your warm bed and give it to the pigeons."

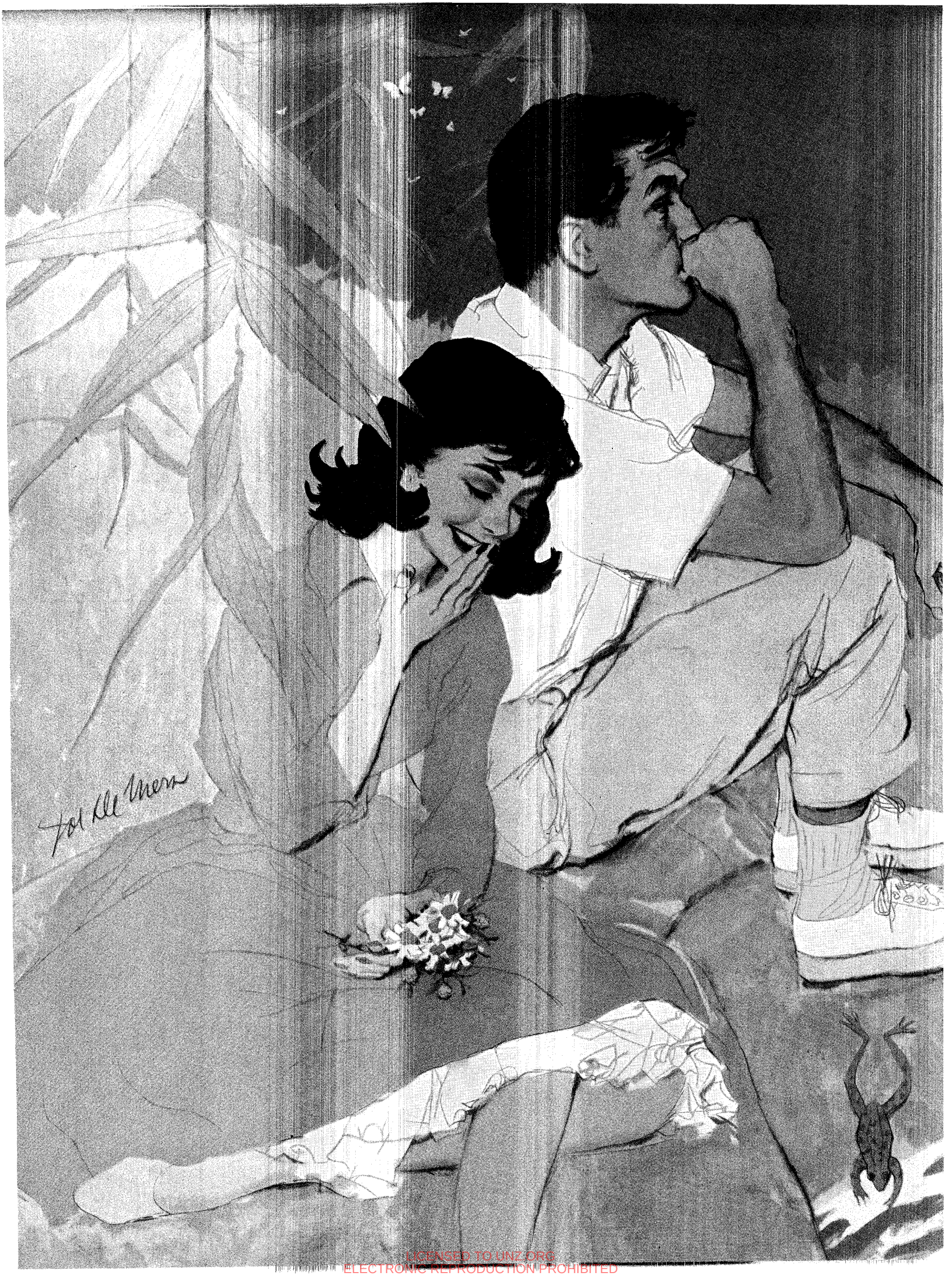
Then there was the judge who spoke slightingly of Elvis Presley during a juvenile-delinquency hearing. In no time I received twenty-one letters from offended young ladies who insisted that it was my mayoral duty to make the judge "apologize to Mr. Presley." I explained in vain that it was no part of my job to censor the remarks (Continued on Page 56)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richardson Dilworth is a product of St. Mark's School, at Southboro, Massachusetts (seven years), Yale University (A.B. and LL.B., seven years), the United States Marine Corps (six years, two World Wars, Silver Star, Purple Heart), and practical politics (twenty-five years). Born and bred a conservative Republican, he became a liberal Democrat soon after reaching voting age. Defeated for mayor of Philadelphia in 1947, he was elected city treasurer in 1949, district attorney in 1951 and mayor in 1955. He has six children—four by a first marriage and two by his second—and all are now grown. Despite his youthful appearance, he will be sixty-one on August twenty-ninth. —THE EDITORS

Below is the Dilworths' $150,000 house near Independence Square. Although they built it with their own money, the Dilworths still have to cope with citizens and sight-seers who feel they have a right to inspect the mayor's home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

It took more than mortal power to stop the old lady's horrible horn playing.

# The Last Solo

By PAUL DARCY BOLES

It was Friday afternoon before the reunion; a nice day. I saw Malon Spiker standing over under the awning of the Moose Point barbershop, motioning me across the street to talk. I knew what he wanted. But nobody can just not look at Malon. After all, too, he is my cousin. So I crossed over.

Like I said, it was fine—edge of summer, with the fall just about to come and the air tasting like the best elderberry wine, leaves, and sweet grass. Malon looked long-faced—more than ever like a handsome horse. "Listen, Buck," he said, collaring me. "I hear it's true, and we haven't got much time."

"True what? Not much time what?" I asked, as if I hadn't known. "Let go my shirt front, you'll rip off some buttons."

"You know what," Malon said. All of us look a great deal alike. There are various combinations of features and degrees of weight, but you can tell a Spiker a long distance off. There might be family reunions with bigger attendance, but our reunion holds more look-alikes than any other. Malon shook me. "You've got tonight, tonight only," he whispered. "You've got to spirit away that horn of Miss Moira's."

He was talking about my grandmother and her *Flügelhorn*. Everybody calls my grandmother (the sprightliest member of the Spiker clan, she will be eighty-five next year) "Miss" Moira; I don't know why; maybe because of her independence.

"It is very true," Malon said, low-voiced, "nobody has talked her out of playing her solo tomorrow before lunch at the reunion, as she has done for twenty years. Since"—and he gave my shirt front a shake—"you are the one nearest her, it's up to you. Buck"—he looked at me with this intense sorrow—"you have got to steal that horn."

"Why is it," I asked him, taking his hand off my shirt, "every time the younger Spiker element decides on action, I'm it? Kindly answer."

"Because," Malon said, "you live in the same house with Miss Moira. Everybody knows you are her favorite grandson. The rest of us shine in her eyes O.K.; if one of us got to be President of the U, S, and A, no doubt she would even get in her electric car and drive to the inauguration. But when you so much as take thirty-second place in a soft-drink company's contest for naming a Shetland pony, and win yourself a case of the stuff—why, it seems Miss Moira will never get done talking about how witty and gifted you are. She trusts you."

"Miss Moira trusts nobody but herself in the long run," I said. "She likes me. She says I have the same nose grandpop had. But liking isn't trust. And I have asked you not to mention the pony-naming contest. I entered it just to please her—not to be needled forever."

I had named the pony "Ralph." It had seemed the name least likely to win or to get me notoriety. I mean any more notoriety than I am always getting through being a Spiker—which is not my fault, but an accident of birth—and through living under the same roof with my grandmother.

"All right," Malon said kindly. "Forget about the pony. But I want you to steal that *Flügelhorn*. George and Sam and Peter-Dandy and Grady and Wellington and Ruth and Farraday and Justine and I have decided; we can't bear another reunion solo. We are not unkind," Malon said. "It's just we can't stand it. Besides, everybody outside the family is amused at us. We are sick and tired of Miss Moira insisting on it every year."

"She doesn't care what people think, inside or outside," I said. "You'd ought to know that, Malon."

"Buck, it's why we have to act forcibly. Here we are, first family in the county, maybe even this part of the state. All laughingstocks the year 'round simply because she plays her

(Continued on Page 82)

Then the first note came.
Sal-Grace quivered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mister," the warden said,
"you're coming with us to see the judge."

# FOR OUTLAWS ONLY

By CHARLES A. RAWLINGS

He was considered a social outcast—until he got himself arrested.

Obadiah Speaks, just out of county jail after serving his latest sixty-day sentence, began again his life as a citizen. He had no especial emotion about it save possibly a touch of loneliness. He enjoyed jail. He appreciated the change of routine he found there and the regular, good meals cooked by someone besides himself. He played his mouth organ and knitted his year's supply of boot socks from wool yarn supplied by a lady's club somewhere and made many friends and grew plump and sleek.

But now he was home and life had to be resumed. Things were just where he had left them. He knew exactly what to do, he had done it before usually about this same time of the year. He used the kindling he had left in the woodbox last December and started a fire in the black iron range that cooked for him and heated his small one-room cabin. It needed a swab of deer tallow to cover its rust, so he found the rag he used for that and hurried before the iron got too hot. Then he opened his two windows to clear the room of its shut-up stale smell and the tallow smoke, and while this was in process he checked his dirt cellar for the ravages of time and his bachelor cellar rat. Both had kept within reasonable limits. The rat had eaten, on estimate, no more than a peck of potatoes from the bin, and the six oversized turnips left for him on top of the sawdust cover that hid the main store were all that had been disturbed there.

"All right, ratty boy," Obie said to the creature glowering off somewhere in his cranny in the rock foundations, "I'm proud of you. You stay single and you're welcome."

He shoveled the rat's leavings of bits of turnip top and dried potato skin into a cardboard box, tossed in a dozen potatoes and a small turnip for his own larder and, making a quick swing of his lantern for a look at his shelves of canned beans and tomatoes all neatly standing in their glass jars, and at his cider barrel, he went topside again and closed his windows. The stove would take a fill of heavy beech chunks now, so he fed it and felt its warmth filling the cabin. He jangled his two galvanized kitchen buckets right side up from their stand beside his soapstone sink and went to his well. Creaking the hand pump there, he studied the sky. It was going to snow in an hour. The sky was gray late winter southeast, soft and heavy with snow.

(Continued on Page 69)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the pretrip ordeals is loading up. Hard at work here are the author, her husband and their daughter, Johanna, while a young neighbor at right watches the fun.

# Taking a Family Vacation?

If you plan to pile your offspring into the car for a two-week holiday this summer, you probably know what you're in for—or maybe you don't. . . .

By Peg Bracken

The family vacation trip is a many-splendored thing, but getting through one is harder than it looks. You still run into problems which are as yet unsolved, even by credit cards and guidebooks.

People don't talk much about these things; we all tend to keep our mussier moments to ourselves. But my neighborhood research indicates that these problems are general, and so I think it won't hurt to follow them down the road a little, first pushing aside that handsome stack of travel folders which makes Creeping Fescue, Nebraska, look hotter than Las Vegas—"and don't miss Jimson Park, 9.2 mi. S. of city center, abounding in birds and small mammals."

Right here, and with commendable speed, we've come to one of the prime problems the vacationing family has to grapple with—sight-seeing. One of the main troubles with sight-seeing is the sights.

The fact is, most chambers of commerce have a real knack for making anything sound like something. In my own home town I've often watched an out-of-state, eight-cylinder litterbag pull to a stop and unload a family of sight-seers, and I've wondered what in the heck they came this far to see. But all the same, I know that a couple of months and a few hundred miles later, when they're back home, they'll be wondering the same thing about us. We all take in one another's washing at a great rate, and a question that puzzles me is whether oriental folk, for all their celebrated manners, go to the trouble we do to admire one another's rice paddies.

Now, of course, any place you go for a vacation is apt to have some pretty bang-up sights. Usually these (Continued on Page 75)

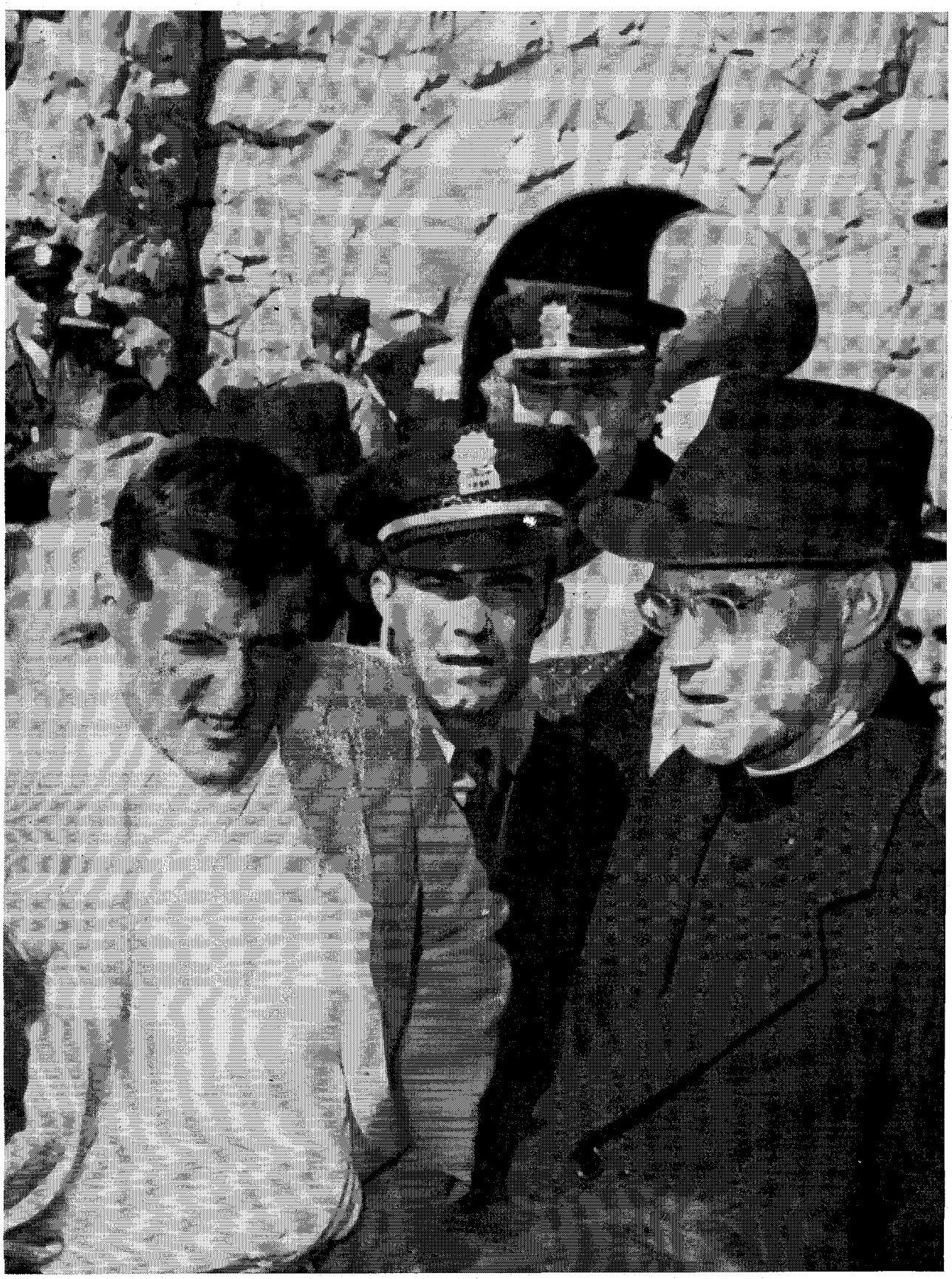


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

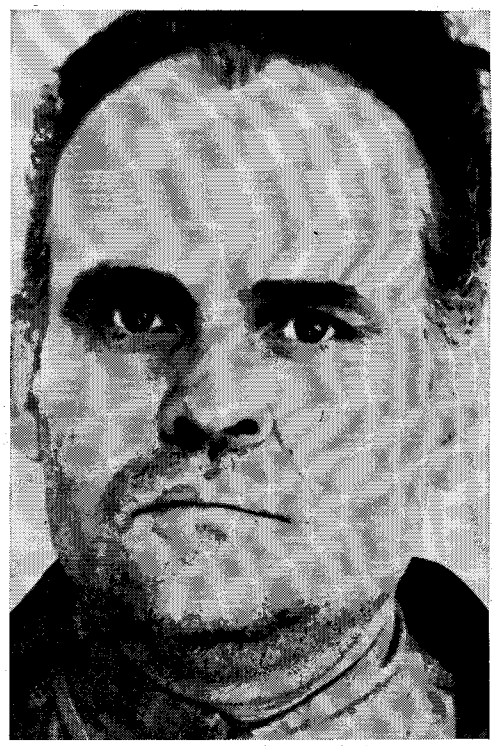
# How We Broke The Montana Prison Riot

By WALTER B. JONES, JR., as told to Bruce Lee

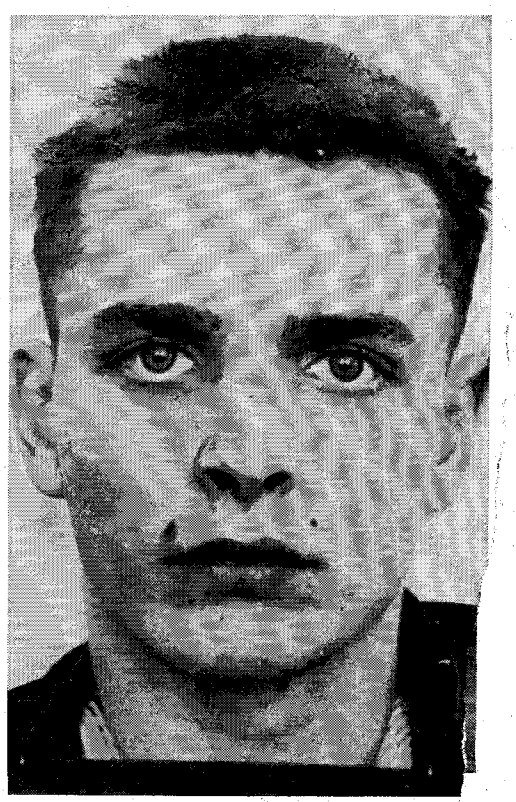
The convicts took 25 hostages, including the author, and all of them faced what seemed to be certain death. Here is the inside story of those two hate-filled days.



Author Jones (left) after the convicts first released him to parley with the warden. They warned Jones that if he did not return they would kill the hostages. So he went back into the prison again.

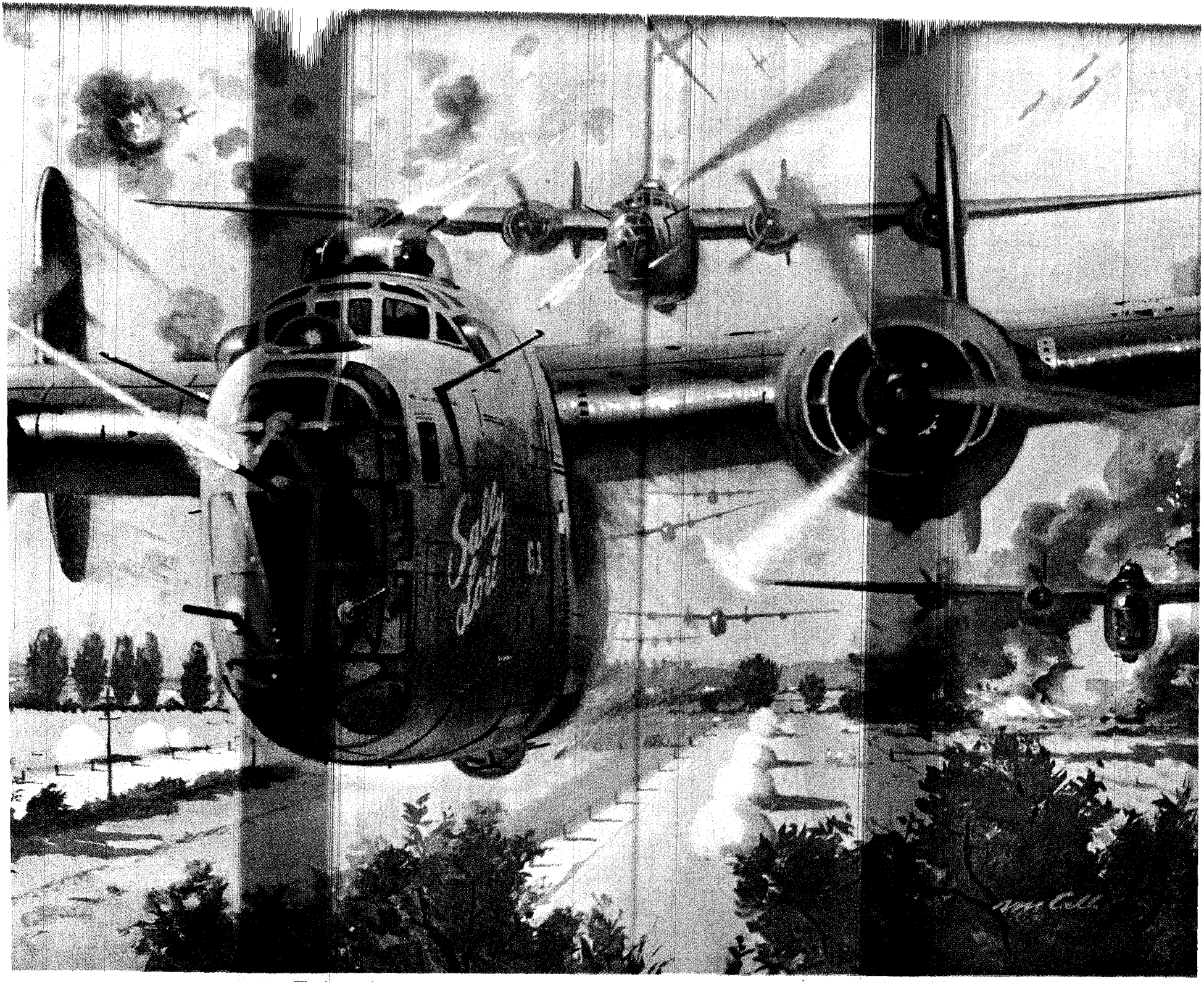


Jerry Myles, 44, the power-mad convict who masterminded the riot. He swore he'd kill Jones for breaking his authority as con boss and causing him to be sent to solitary confinement.



Lee Smart. A 19-year-old murderer, he kil Deputy Warden Theodore Rothe at the outset the violence. After the riot failed, the evider indicated that Smart shot Myles and then hims

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The heavy ship plunged and bucked in the tricky air currents coming off the ground.

# The Secret Raiders of Ploesti

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

## The story of two A.W.O.L. airmen who went on one of the war's most dangerous raids.

The official report of the Ploesti raid—for it was only a raid, although a magnificent one—is terse and factual. It makes dry reading, for official reports are not noted for their literary quality. Its gist may be given as follows:

On 1 August, 1943, five groups of B-24 heavy bombers, flying from airfields in the vicinity of Bengasi, made a low-level attack on enemy oil installations at Ploesti, Rumania. One hundred and seventy-seven bombers were dispatched on the mission. Fifty-four failed to return. Approximately forty per cent of the cracking and refining capacity at Ploesti was destroyed. . . ."

If you dig deep enough you may learn that five Congressional Medals of Honor were earned that day for ". . . gallantry and intrepidity . . . above and beyond the call of duty. . . ." It is doubtful, however, that you will find mention of Cass Bolivar or his ship, the Sally Lou, or of First Lt. Claude Bearpaw. Officially, neither Claude nor Cass Bolivar was at Ploesti at all.

Not, of course, that the omission of Bearpaw from the reports bothered Claude. In the first place, he never read official reports; in the second place, since he'd been A.W.O.L. at the time, he felt that the less said about the matter, the better.

Claude was twenty-two—a tall, rangy youth with his Cherokee ancestry showing in the high cheekbones of his face and the copper-bronze cast of his skin. Back in Oklahoma his father owned more oil wells than he could count, and Claude had been going to a football college until the Air Forces had lured him away to learn to fly war planes. Since he was the grandson of a chief,

(Continued on Page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

# Ocean Race



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knockdowns in yachting can be as sudden and spectacular as in boxing. Here the big yawl Ondine staggers heavily at the start of the classic Newport-Bermuda race last June. Just as her crew set her huge, curving spinnaker, the fastener which held the spinnaker pole to the mast broke. The enormous sail, instead of filling out directly ahead, bellied around to one side. Ondine reeled in the thirty-five-mile wind. The sail dragged her relentlessly down, down. Water flooded the cockpit and almost rushed below decks. By sheer force and skill, skipper-owner Sumner A. Long, at the wheel, righted his fifty-three-foot craft. Even so, the mishap cost Ondine precious time. So close a scientific game is ocean racing that the yawl finished tenth in her class instead of eighth—by a difference of only three minutes, eleven seconds, in a four-day race. That race, which brought out 111 white-winged starters, will be sailed again next year across 635 miles of open sea. This month, the hardy amateur salts gallivant up the coast under canvas from Annapolis to Newport. Fun? Sure, if you like endless hours of wet, sleepless sailing—the real rock-'n'-roll.

©Photograph by Bob Smallman



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She rode right up beside us, and when she drew up she started to talk, and she was speaking the Sioux language.

# WAR PARTY

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

## Was she trying to save—or to betray—the wagon train?

We buried pa on a sidehill out west of camp, buried him high up so his ghost could look down the trail he'd planned to travel.

We piled the grave high with rocks because of the coyotes, and we dug the grave deep, and some of it I dug myself, and Mr. Sampson helped, and some others.

Folks in the wagon train figured ma would turn back, but they hadn't known ma so long as I had. Once she set her mind to something she wasn't about to quit.

She was a young woman and pretty, but there was strength in her. She was a lone woman with two children, but she was of no mind to turn back. She'd come through the Little Crow massacre in Minnesota and she knew what trouble was. Yet it was like her that she put it up to me.

"Bud," she said, when we were alone, "we can turn back, but we've nobody there who cares about us, and it's of you and Jeanie that I'm thinking. If we go west you will have to be the man of the house, and you'll have to work hard to make up for pa."

"We'll go west," I said. A boy those days took it for granted that he had work to do, and the men couldn't do it all. No boy ever thought of himself as only twelve or thirteen or whatever he was, being anxious to prove himself a man, and take a man's place and responsibilities.

Ryerson and his wife were going back. She was a complaining woman and he was a man who was always ailing when there was work to be done. Four or five wagons were turning back, folks with their tails betwixt their legs running for the shelter of towns where their own littleness wouldn't stand out so plain.

When a body crossed the Mississippi and left the settlements behind, something happened to him. The world seemed to bust wide open, and suddenly the horizons spread out and a man wasn't cramped any more. The pinched-up villages and the narrowness of towns, all that was gone. The horizons simply exploded and rolled back into enormous distance, with nothing around but prairie and sky.

Some folks couldn't stand it. They'd cringe into themselves and start hunting excuses to go back where they came from. This was a big country needing big men and women to live in it, and there was no place out here for the frightened or the mean.

The prairie and sky had a way of trimming folks down to size, or changing them to giants to whom nothing seemed impossible. Men who had cut a wide swath back in the States found themselves nothing out here. They were folks who were used to doing a lot of talking who suddenly found that no one was listening any more, and things that seemed mighty important back home, like family and money, they amounted to nothing alongside character and courage.

There was John Sampson from our town. He was a man used to being told to do things, used to looking up to wealth and power, but when he crossed the Mississippi he began to lift his head and look around. He squared his shoulders, put more crack to his whip and began to make his own tracks in the land.

Pa was always strong, an independent man given to reading at night from one of the four or five books we had, to speaking up on matters of principle and to straight shooting with a rifle. Pa had fought the Comanche and lived with the Sioux, but he wasn't strong enough to last more than two days with a Kiowa arrow through his lung. But he died knowing ma had stood by the rear wheel and shot the Kiowa whose arrow it was.

Right then I knew that neither Indians nor country was going to get the better of ma. Shooting that Kiowa was the first time ma had shot anything but some chicken-killing varmint—which she'd done time to time when pa was away from home.

Only ma wouldn't let Jeanie and me call it home. "We came here from Illinois," she said, "but we're going home now."

"But, ma," I protested, "I thought home was where we came from?"

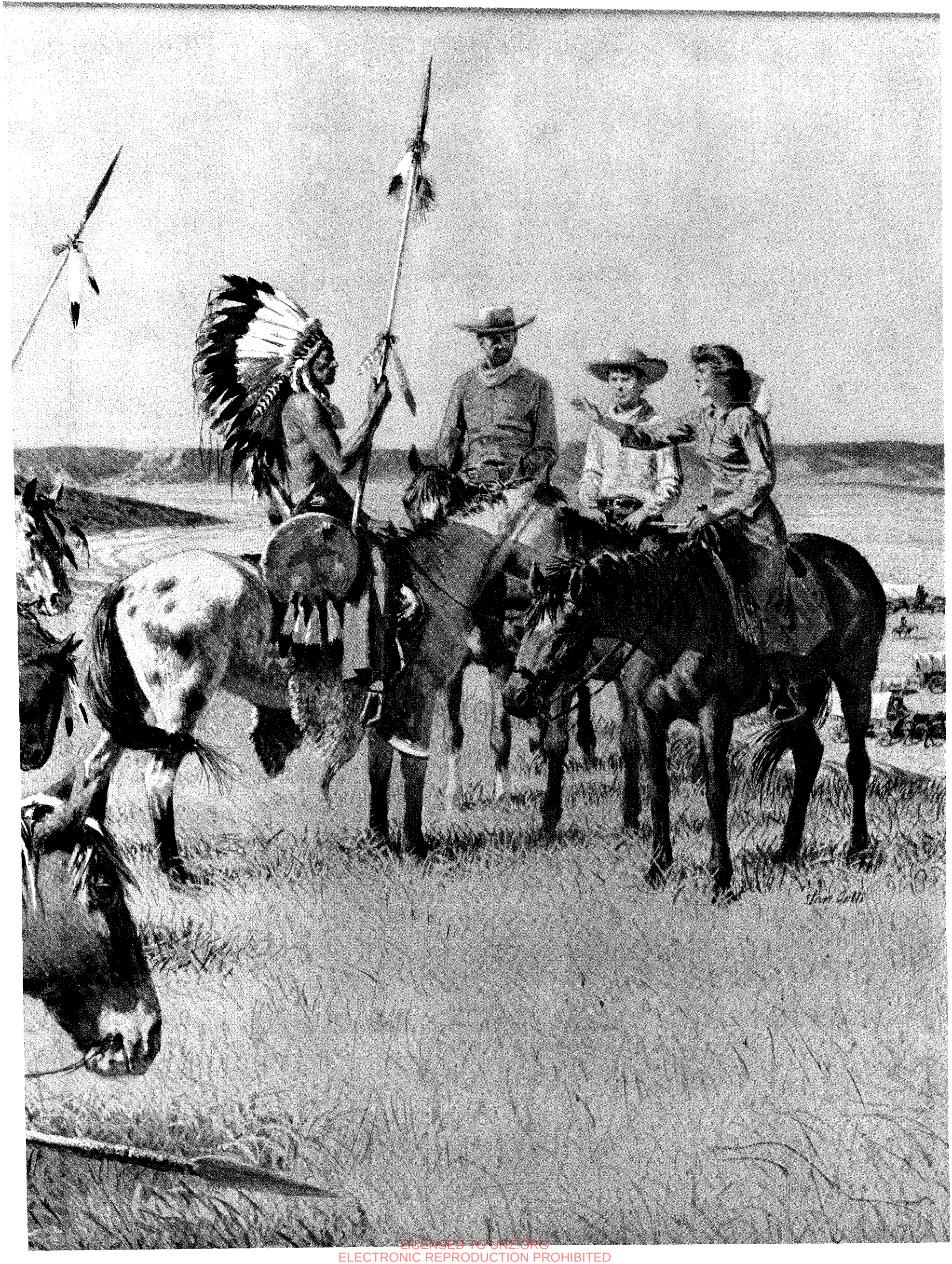
"Home is where we're going now," ma said, "and we'll know it when we find it. Now that pa is gone we'll have to build that home ourselves."

She had a way of saying "home" so it sounded like a rare and wonderful place and kept Jeanie and me looking always at the horizon, just knowing it was over

(Continued on Page 59)

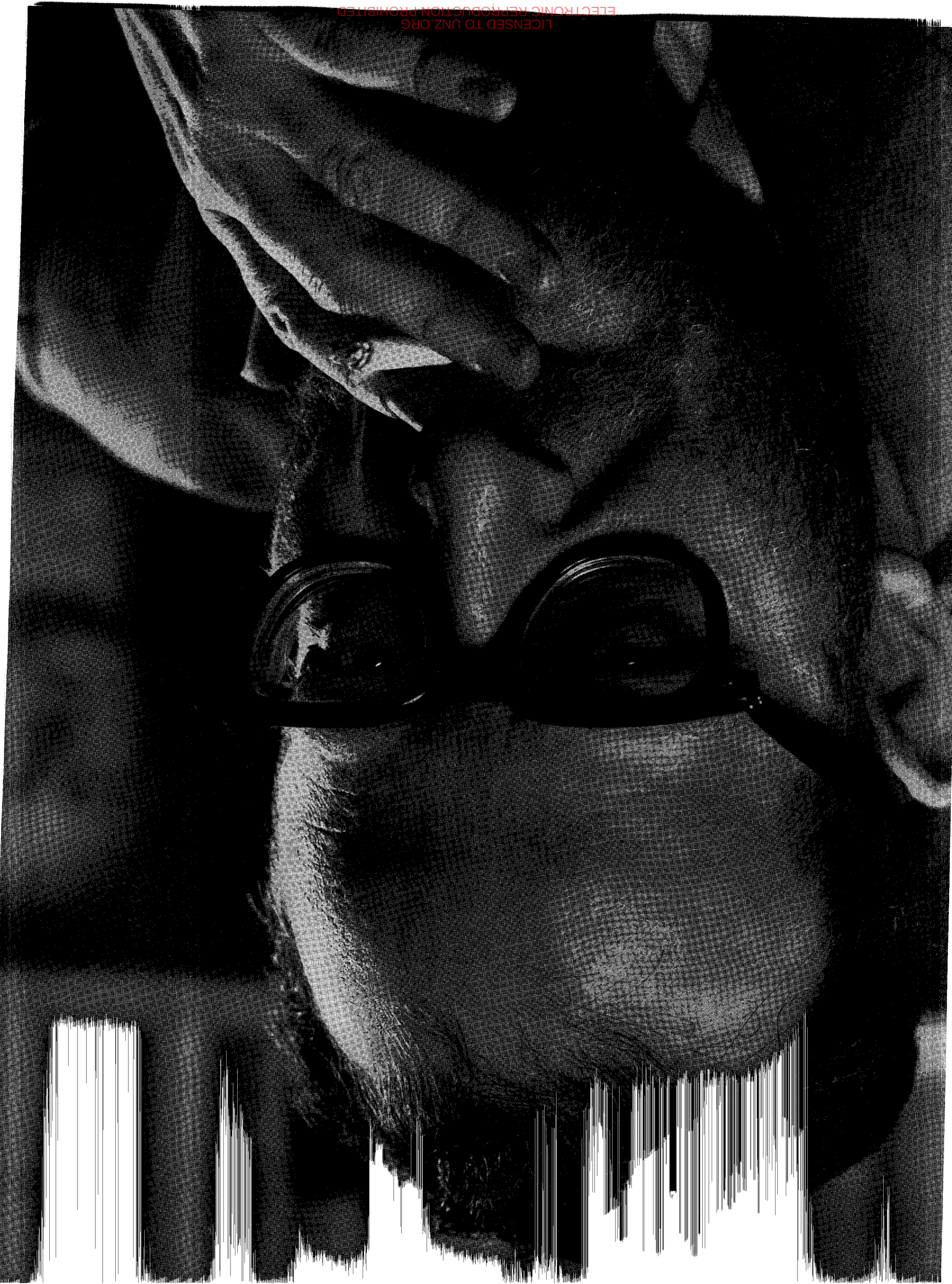
Illustrated by Stan Galli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The Tragic Vision

*By STANLEY HYMAN*

A great financier sits in the Chicago courtroom, his face haggard. He is bankrupt, and worse, exposed to the world as a criminal. A short while ago he stepped out of his limousine like a king emerging from the royal coach, soon he will be doing all his stepping in the prison yard. In Hollywood, an old actor, the matinee idol and foremost lecher of his time, now hopelessly alcoholic, ends his days friendless in a shabby rooming house. A few blocks from Madison Square Garden in New York, a punch-drunk fighter, once the most arrogant of champions, begs from saloon to saloon.

These falls from great heights engage our emotions peculiarly. More than fifteen hundred years ago, Saint Augustine raised the question of that peculiarity. "What is the reason," he asks in his Confessions, "that a spectator desires to be made sad when he beholds doleful and tragical passages, which he himself could not suffer to endure?" That is still the important question about tragedy: Why do we enjoy the portrayal of suffering? Trying to answer it, we have to look back at the history of tragic drama, watch tragedy spread into other forms, then take note of whatever special sorts of tragedy we might have today, in a best-selling novel or a political downfall. Our values and literary styles are as far from those of ancient Athens and Elizabethan England as neckties are from Spanish ruffs, or atom bombs from Greek fire. Our tragedies, however, would be as understandable to them as their Oedipus and Hamlet are to us. There seems to be something about the tragic vision, some essential affirmation of the human spirit, that remains timeless and universal however much its superficial appearance changes.

The ancient Greeks might be said to have invented tragedy, as they invented so much of our culture, although there are anticipations of it in the earlier literature of the ancient Near East. The story of Saul and what the Lord calls "his bloody house" in the books of Samuel in the Bible looks very like tragic drama, as do the fates of David's descendants in the books of Kings. Even earlier, in the Babylonian epic of Gilgamesh, we hear the authentic voice of tragedy in Gilgamesh's awful mourning for his *CONTINUED ON PAGE 52*

## About the Author

Since 1940, when he was graduated from Syracuse University, Stanley Edgar Hyman has been a staff writer for The New Yorker and a contributor of critical reviews and articles to many other periodicals. His penetrating study of modern literary criticism, The Armed Vision, was widely acclaimed. At present he teaches literature at Bennington College. He is married to the distinguished short-story writer and novelist, Shirley Jackson. Their home in North Bennington, Vermont, contains four children, 12,000 books, a collection of blues records, and a cabinet of ancient Greek coins. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Island of Hate

By WARD HAWKINS

**To save the girl, O'Brien disobeyed orders. Now his defiance might cost him his life.**

"We have bought ourselves a bad one, Vilar," O'Brien, the American soldier of fortune, told the Caribbean rebel leader after they had ambushed the government convoy. "When the others hear nothing from the truck, they will come."

The rebels then escaped back into the hills with the two prisoners they had taken earlier—Captain Córdova, of the government army, and Jill Corby, an American tourist. Córdova's fate was already sealed, but O'Brien, with the aid of the rebel girl, Angela, had so far saved Jill's life by defying the unpredictable Vilar.

II

Vilar was the first to reach the top of the slope. He was panting heavily, and his shirt was dark with sweat, but he was as strong as when he began. He did not look at Angela. He stood at the edge of the slope and shouted down at the men for more haste, counting them as they filed past him.

Angela counted them too. Seven reached the path, and the eighth was Captain Córdova. His face was swollen, dark with old blood, bright with new blood, and he was staggering with exhaustion. He lurched across the path and fell to the ground in the shade of a palmetto. The corporal, who had followed him with the knife, stared at him a moment, then sheathed the knife and moved to sit with the other men. The captain was soft. He would not move until driven.

After the corporal, Angela counted three more men. The four who had helped with the American woman—O'Brien, the sergeant and the two men—did not come. Angela's legs began to shake uncontrollably. She looked at Vilar and found that he was watching her, grinning. She said, "Where are the others?"

"The mutineers?" Vilar inquired. "You expected them?"

Angela's face went white. Her eyes widened with near insanity, and she advanced on Vilar, her fingers becoming claws. "If they are dead," she began hoarsely.

"They are not!" Vilar said quickly. And then, when Angela stopped, he said less quickly, "Though they should be, for what they have done. And so should you be, my cousin's widow. I gave an order, and you disobeyed. That is mutiny, punishable by death, and you still have the accounting to make."

Angela had been holding her temples. Now she dropped her hands, the madness gone, her eyes holding only a blazing anger. "I did not mutiny!" she said. "Nor did they! We are not the president's troops. The reason we fight is because we are sick in our stomachs of murder! We fight to prevent it! To do the thing we have sworn to do is not mutiny!"

Vilar said, "An order is obeyed first and debated later."

The sound of O'Brien and the others climbing near the top of the slope drew Angela to the edge of it again. She looked down and saw they were unharmed, then moved away so that she would be at a distance when they reached the top.

O'Brien came to the path, blowing hard, his legs shaking with exertion, his face dripping sweat. The sergeant and his men followed him and dropped quickly to the ground. O'Brien removed his hat and wiped his face with a shirt sleeve. He tried to steady his breathing. "We saw nothing and heard nothing," he said to Vilar.

"We will rest five minutes," Vilar said. "To recover from the slope." He walked away to see about the men.

The jets came upon them from the rear.

O'Brien's eyes found the American girl. She was sitting up now, staring at him. That she had been cruelly mistreated was clear; that she was here and alive was also clear—and O'Brien was grateful, but in a strange and vacant way. She was not much better off for what he'd done. He went to Angela, who was sitting against a tree, absorbed in the task of shredding a bit of palm leaf between her fingers. He sat on his heels beside her and offered her a cigarette. She took it.

"You have my thanks," he said, lighting both cigarettes.

Surlily she said, "For what?"

"You know," he answered.

"I know only that I saw a great stupidity," she said. "Two of our best men about to die needlessly. Julio is worth much to us, and you even more. We cannot spare you. And what is the life of one woman, one way or the other? Nothing! She is the price we had to pay for you and Julio. I was willing to pay it."

"I see it another way," O'Brien said.

"Deceive yourself—it is nothing to me."

They were silent. After a moment, with less surliness, Angela said, "She was not hurt badly. It was necessary to bring her quickly. I could not explain it to her."

"I understand," O'Brien said.

"I did not spoil her beauty."

"Not in the least."

"Though the thought occurred to me," Angela said. And then she got up and walked away from O'Brien.

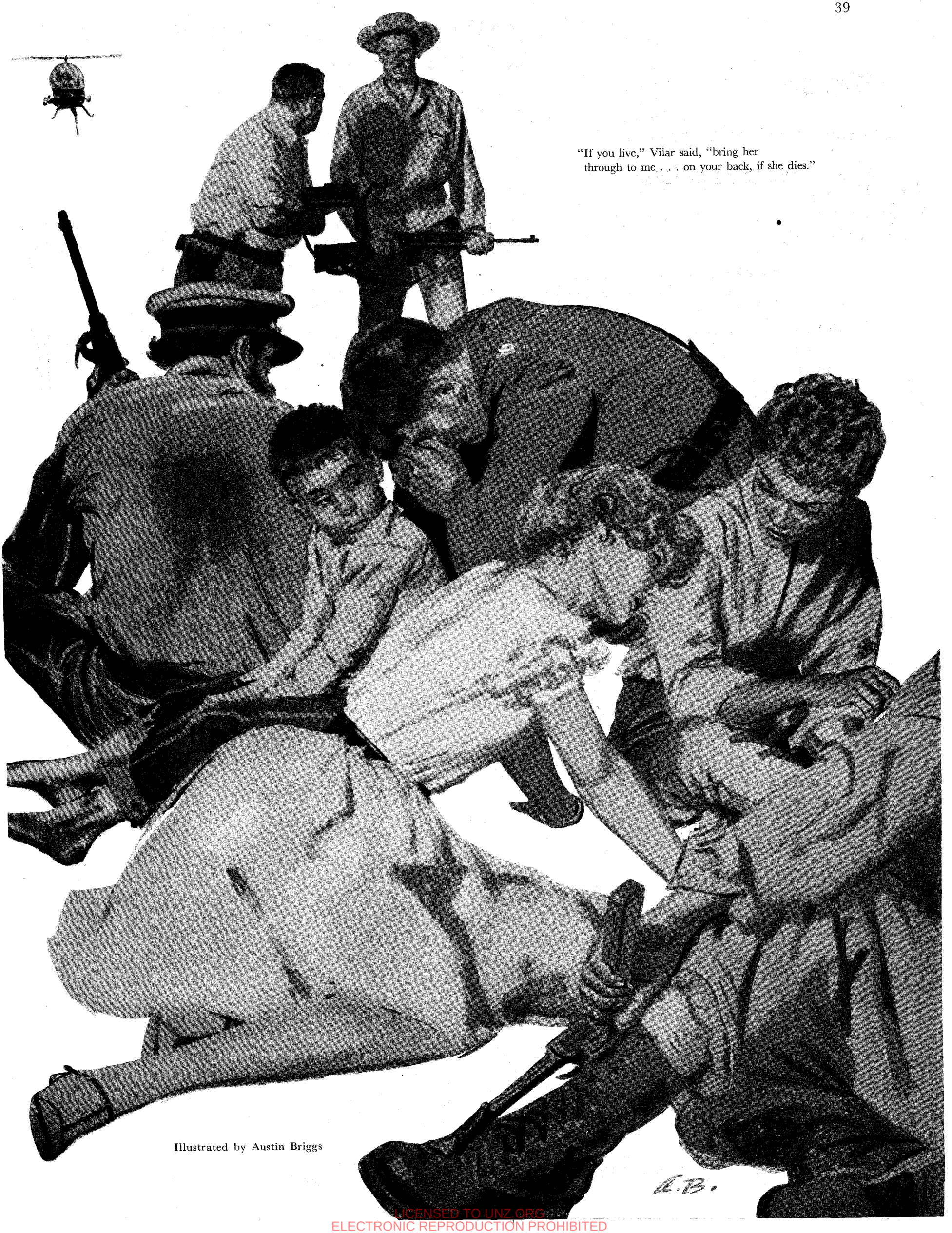
O'Brien tipped his soiled Panama low over his eyes and looked after her. He continued with his cigarette, his face expressionless.

Jill Corby had regained much of her mental balance. The frightful pain was still in her head, and lesser pain throbbed in various parts of her body, but the great fear and the utter confusion were gone. She had begun to think again and, with thought and reason, courage had returned. She got to her feet, took the canteen from the small boy and went to where Captain Córdova was lying, his chest on the ground, his forehead cushioned on crossed wrists. She knelt beside him and spoke to him gently. He turned to lie on his back. The sight of his broken nose and the dark old blood and the bright new blood made a surge in Jill's stomach. The captain's eyes looked at her soberly and without fear.

She whispered, "Speak to me only in English."

He raised himself to his elbows and drank from the canteen, then dropped to his back again. "It's unwise. (Continued on Page 95)

LICENCED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"If you live," Vilar said, "bring her
through to me . . . on your back, if she dies."

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Post Scripts

## Here's the Pitch

**The long slow curve:**

"Here we are, Marj. How's the Old Pioneer Lodge and Campground for a real family vacation spot? Two hundred miles from anywhere, the whole outdoors for the kids to explore, a mile-deep lake with the trout jumping like popcorn—and even though you're not too fond of fishing, it's like you tell the children, there's always plenty to do if you only use your eyes!"

"Say, hon, I wouldn't count on reading that stack of books you brought along! It's like you always say—people always take more reading material on a vacation than they ever actually get around to reading!"

"You know something, baby? Maybe you'll think the old man's getting sentimental or something, but you've sure been a wonderful mother to those kids of ours. I really mean that, Marj! As you've always said, there's just no substitute for a mother's companionship!"

"I was thinking, hon, it's really surprising, the money you save on an outdoor-type vacation like this, and I'll bet I can squeeze enough out of the old savings account when we get home to order that wall-to-wall carpeting you've been wanting for the downstairs. How about that!"

**And the fast break:**

". . . and the manager was just telling me, when he took our bags in, that the cook and the kids' play counselors quit yesterday because of the isolation, so he's sort of organizing all the mothers to sort of pitch in and . . ."

PEG BRACKEN

## A Brief Account of Our Latest State

Hawaii was settled by the Polynesians and promptly unsettled by the missionaries, who insisted that the girls put something around them. They did—*leis*.

It is probably due to the New England invaders, too, that the Hawaiians eat poi for breakfast. They also eat it for lunch and dinner. It tastes like library paste, but can always be washed down with liberal potions of *okolehau*, which tastes like—well, the way it sounds.

Captain Cook, who got there first and discovered the ukulele, thought the Hawaiians were simply wonderful. Frankly, they killed him. Other tourists followed in due course, and the *aloha* shirt was invented. Most of its wearers, even though male, give the impression of impending motherhood.

Hawaii was neither conquered nor bought; it was annexed. Queen Lilio—Liuilio—Lilyko—the queen was peacefully deposed and a can of pineapple put in her place. It didn't weigh nearly so much.

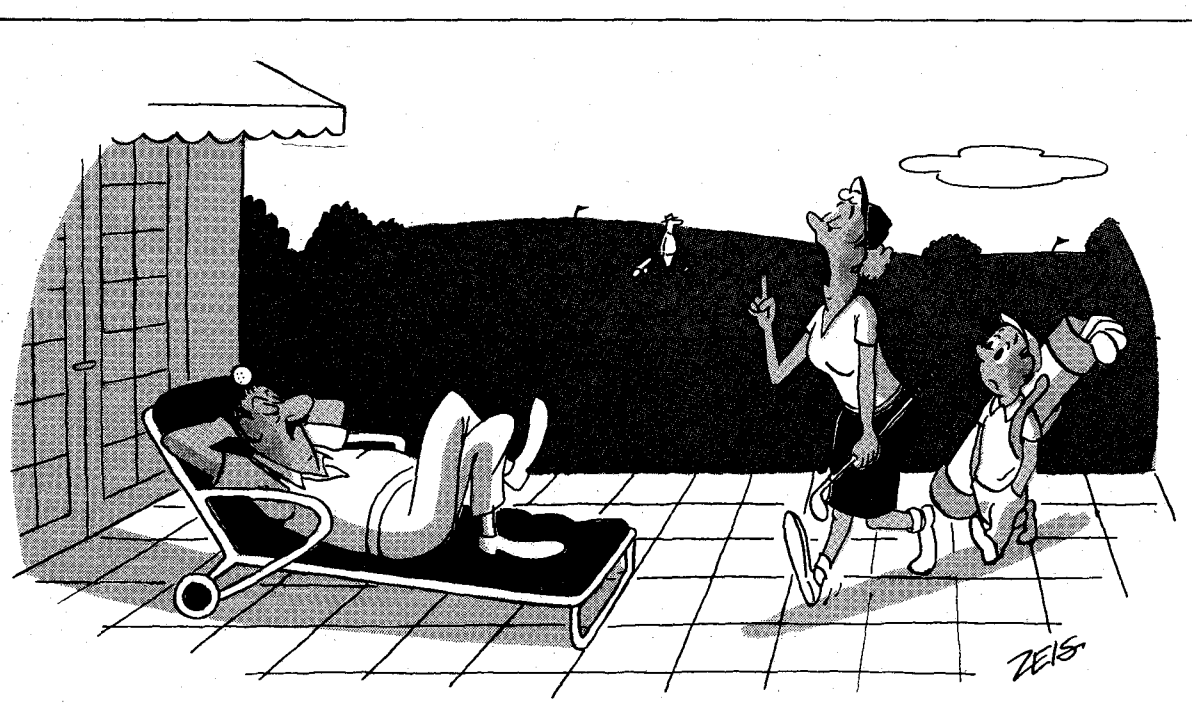
Everybody in the islands has to do the hula. The hula is a graceful hip swish rather than a dance, and the idea is to get the grass off the launching pad. The movements of the hands are supposed to tell the story; maybe they do—I'll never know.

Hawaiians always seem to be on the crest of the wave. Inexperienced newcomers, however, usually find themselves underneath it, being banged on the head by their surfboards. The outrigger canoe had to be invented to keep them from destroying themselves. You paddle way out, see, till you get a real comber; then you ride it in, pay the boys, change clothes and go to a *luau*, where they roast a suckling pig. It makes things a lot safer.

A word more about *leis*. These are draped around your neck on every possible occasion until you begin to look like the target in a game of quoits. The plot is to overload the recipient to such a degree that he is brought to his knees, whereupon the poi is forced down his throat. His hotel bill is then presented to him, and he says *aloha* to his bankroll. And so we say farewell to these lovely islands, where the *nukunukunukunuku* goes swimming by; we say good-by to Charlie Chan, the little grass shack and that girl we met on the beach; all that's left to us now is to bore the pants off our friends by showing them our colored films.

All of them, alas, came out.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY



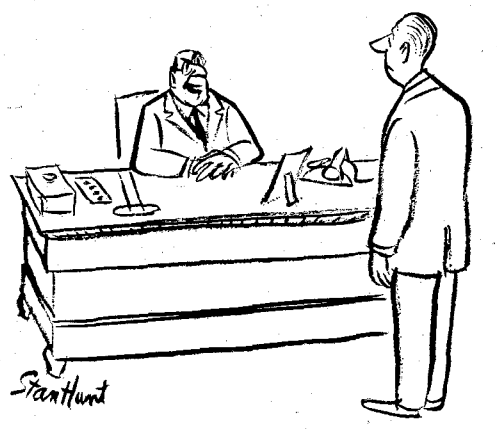

"Don't move!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## I'm a Fiend!

The year I take off when you
ask me my age
Will not go to waste, for I
fully intend
To add it the very next time
I am asked
The age of a friend.

ELEANOR RYDBERG




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I understand you do a very good take-off on me, Tomlinson. Let's see it."

## Apartment-House Aria

Oh, my hopes to sleep each morning
Are fated to die a-borning.
For the dawn comes up like thunder,
And so do the folks I live under!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

## Why Family Chatter Bores Me Stiff

"You didn't hear about Aunt Clarice, eh? Well, I got a letter—gee, I guess it must've been a week or more ago—from Ted Briskin, who's—well, of course, he's your cousin, too, and Ted said his nephew was telling him that Aunt Clarice, who, as you know is about eighty-four years old, hopped on an airplane several weeks ago and flew clear out to . . ."

"Now, then, here's a picture of George Atkins—he'd be a sort of a cousin and a half to you—and Oscar—that's Nettie's son—taken in front of the old house on Mulberry Street. And here's one you might be interested in. This is of Cheryl Brewster and Freddie Culver—that's Uncle Don's daughter-in-law and her brother—taken in 1949 or thereabout up at Yellowstone National . . ."

"Grandpa sure was a good old scout, wasn't he? I mean, you could always depend on him to be cheerful and—well, he always had a good word for everybody and maybe a joke or two that was always good for a howl. You may've been a little too young to remember this, but I'll sure never forget the time that good old grandpa saw some kids trying to steal some watermelons out of his back yard. Well, sir—and this was so typical of his good-natured ways—grandpa up and marched right out. . . ."

"I think that, in some ways, you favor that side of the family. It must be your smile more than anything, I guess. You also have the Perkins' eyes, but, of course, you don't have the Perkins' ears—you know, the rather large lobes? However, in a way, you do have the Perkins' . . ."

CHARLES MATTESON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A dramatization of the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Pontiac Star Chief Vista

# Resists the years-beautifully

## *BODY BY FISHER WITH "MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH"*

Never before was visible evidence such a sure promise of comfort and long life as in the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher.

You enjoy a luxurious new depth of color in its "Magic-Mirror Finish," with an unprecedented range of hues. It stays lustrous without waxing or polishing, remarkably resistant to stains.

Everything that greets your eyes, that cradles and protects you, is designed to keep its beauty and to banish noise and vibration. Rich contour-molded carpets and lock-stitched fabrics resist wear and tear and suggest the ease, quiet, and living-room comfort of your home.

Wherever you turn your head—toward *every* window—you look through Safety Plate glass. You get more seat room, more entrance room, longer legroom. The luxurious upholstery is "inlaid"—deep-embossed by a Fisher Body-developed dielectric process.

All this—and more—is yours for longer than ever in the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the "GM Five"—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

## Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

**"THE MAGIC-MIRROR FINISH" THAT TIME CAN'T TOUCH**

After 12 months' exposure to sun and weather, a test panel with Fisher Body's exclusive acrylic-lacquer finish (right) retained its brilliant color and mirrorlike gloss without polishing. The reflection of the famous Fisher Body Coach proves it. Conventional lacquer (left) lost much of its color value, was dull, cloudy and shows almost no reflection.

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

## Mason found his key witness—a witness who wouldn't talk.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Paul, you're worried about something," Perry Mason said to Drake. "What is it?" Private detective Drake and his operative Kelton were present when Mason found a box of bullets and a scarf under the cabin where Mason's client, Gladys Doyle, found the body of one Joseph Manly. The detectives protested as Mason pocketed the objects, on the grounds that he was exposing them all to prosecution for withholding evidence.

Gladys had come across the cabin in a storm, after her car bogged down on a muddy road nearby. In the cabin was a tall, gray-eyed man who allowed her to spend the night there. Next morning he was gone; in another bedroom lay a corpse. Gladys was then arrested for Manly's murder and brought to preliminary hearing, with Harvey Ellington as prosecutor.

Now, during the court's recess for lunch, Mason sensed that Drake had new, troublesome facts. "Come on, Paul," he said. "Let me have the worst."

### VII

Well, it may be that there's no necessity for it," Drake said. "That's what bothers me, Perry. Let me ask you something. Ellington has rested his case?"

"That's right."

"He doesn't intend to put on any more evidence?"

"Gosh, no," Mason said. "He's put on more evidence now than he wanted to. He's trying to get just enough evidence to get the defendant bound over and not enough to tip his hand. Of course, my strategy is to try and find out everything I can. There's no question about the outcome. Judge Bagby has indicated his mind's made up, but he's leaving the door open for the defendant to take the stand."

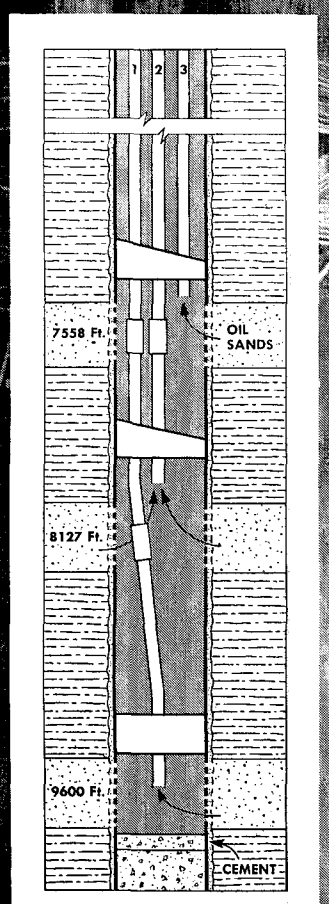
"Would it do her any good to take the stand?"

"Not a bit," Mason said. "Even if the judge believed her story, he'd still bind her over. You see, for the purposes of a preliminary hearing, a judge is inclined to take the evidence presented by the people. He isn't a jury and he isn't called on to make the decisions that a juror is called on to make. Therefore, a judge is pretty apt to reason that the prosecution has made out a good case, that the evidence presented proves the defendant guilty, that the story told by the defendant is at the very most only an explanation. If the story is true, it's consistent with her innocence. But the question is, is her story true or is it false?

"Now, there are some judges who will try to determine whether the explanation would satisfy a jury and give the defendant the benefit of the doubt. But, for the most part, once it appears there's a real conflict in the evidence and the district attorney wants the defendant bound over, the judges bind the defendant over and pass the (Continued on Page 86)

It was just as the man was opening the door to get in that Mason tapped him on the shoulder.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Three pipes produce oil at *three different depths*—from the same hole

# PURE sets up a "triple play" in the middle of the Gulf

## We drilled one hole and brought in three producing oil wells

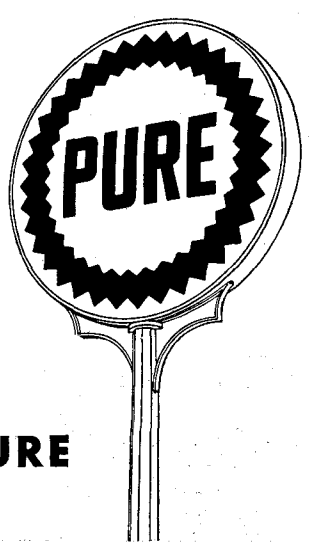
Here, at Eugene Island field, 12 miles offshore from Louisiana, PURE has three oil wells in one, producing from three different depths.

Only recently have oil companies developed the techniques and equipment necessary to accomplish a triple completion. But the time and effort have been worth it; it's a lot less expensive than drilling three separate holes, particularly over water.

When you're fortunate enough to find three oil-bearing zones, one beneath the other, tests may show the reserves in one or more of the zones to be of only modest size. In such instances, a triple completion permits recovery of oil from these smaller reservoirs that would not have been a worthwhile drilling objective using the more expensive single-well technique.

PURE's "triple play" is another example of the lengths to which we go to do our many jobs more efficiently. As a result, you can be sure of better products at reasonable prices—at any of the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.




**BE SURE WITH PURE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Secret Raiders of Ploesti

(Continued from Page 31)

Claude had taken to flying—and to war—as a hound dog takes to a rabbit.

It was this zeal, coupled with a happy disregard for such things as regulations, that landed Claude in the hospital, suffering from an acute overdose of flak, early in July of 1943. His squadron—he was flying medium bombers for the Northwest African Strategic Air Force at the time—had been enjoying a one-day stand-down. The inactivity had bored Claude. Instead of reasonably heading for a binge in Constantine, as had the rest of his fellows, he had thumbed a ride up to Sicily with a neighboring squadron which was going to bomb the railroad yards at Palermo.

Coming back, they'd run into an unplotted AA battery manned by Germans whose shooting was considerably better than that of the "Eyeties." As a result, the plane in which Claude was riding had been pretty thoroughly ventilated with flak, and Claude himself had arrived home with a dozen chunks of assorted metal in parts of his anatomy.

His C.O., a rough type, had given Claude a chewing out; then he had remarked piously that it was doubtless Allah's will—and now maybe he'd get some sleep of nights—and had consigned Claude to the hospital for repairs. That had been better than three weeks ago, and now boredom was again beginning to ride Claude. He mentioned that to the man in the next bed.

"Either I get out of here or I go nuts," Claude said darkly. "As long as they were picking iron out of me with the flak clippers it wasn't so bad—at least it passed the time away. Now these monkeys say I got to stick around here for observation—whatever that is."

The man sitting on the edge of the next bed made no answer as he lighted a cigar with meticulous care. He'd been moved in here this morning, and this was the first chance Claude had had to get acquainted. *A harmless, pappy-looking old guy,* had been Claude's first impression. A middle-sized man with mild eyes, crow-footed at the corners, and hair that was patched with gray at the temples. Most likely, Claude thought, the other was some sort of a staff wallah in here to rest his ulcers. The other had that look.

However, Claude was a person who liked to know. "What you in here for, dad?" he asked, grinning to show that there was no offense meant.

The older man gave Claude a thoughtful stare; then he took the cigar from his mouth and inspected its burning end. "Observation," he said finally.

Claude said disgustedly, "Well, that makes two of us. You know what I think? I think this here is a nut ward they got us cooped up in." He paused to tap himself moodily on the chest with a forefinger, then introduced himself. "Bear-paw, here. Claude, first loot. You got a name, dad?"

The other said, his tone indicating it was of no great consequence, "Bolivar. Captain Cass Bolivar."

"Glad to know you, cap," Claude said, his grin coming back as he put out a hand. "What they got you doing in the white man's war? Working at the base section, maybe?"

"Flying," Cass Bolivar said. "At least that's what I was doing until they shipped me here to the hospital, lieutenant."

"Well, I be damn," Claude said, squinting at Bolivar with new interest now. "Flying, huh? You must be new out here—I ain't seen you around before."

Cass didn't answer that at once. He was thinking, *How little these brash kids, just out from the States, know of what war really is. Well, it's not your job to tell them, Cass. They'll find out for themselves all too soon.*

Cass Bolivar was ten years older than Claude, but measured in terms other than years, he was already an old, old man, for he had learned of war the hard way. He had his first lesson of war while he'd watched impotently as the core of the Far East Air Force had died on Clark Field in the Philippines amid the crash of bombs and the howl of strafing fighters. That had been a little over a year and a half ago as days went; reckoned on a starker scale—the scale of heartbreak and forlorn missions against impossible odds, and running—they took eons from a man's life that he could never get back.

Not that Cass Bolivar thought of things that way—he was not an imaginative man. He just knew that after Clark Field there had been the futility of Mindanao and the Dutch islands and India. Then, finally, Egypt where the hastily formed United States Army Middle East Air Force—later to become the 9th Air Force—was helping to beat back Rommel's Afrika Korps; then the months of war in the desert after that. There had been too few pilots and too few planes in those days; some—not many—of both were left now, but they were old and war weary far beyond their time.

Cass Bolivar was one of those. He didn't know it, but his squadron commander—himself one of the old ones—

New LAWN-BOY QUIETFLITE ... it whispers while it works!

**Shhh . . . There's a new soft sound in power mowing.** And only LAWN-BOY *has it!* Here is the exciting new LAWN-BOY Quietflite . . . the first power mower you can use *anytime*, *anywhere*, without disturbing *anybody*.

The secret? New fiberglass-insulated "bonnet" traps engine noise. The industry's largest muffler cuts exhaust to a whisper. Rubber shock mountings cradle the purring 2½ hp LAWN-BOY engine, isolating vibration from handle and your hands. You relax as you mow . . . and enjoy the Quietflite's smoother-cutting precision and smoother-running power.

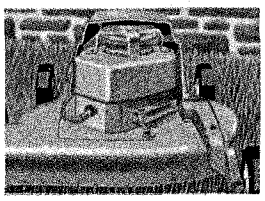
**And there's still more!** Hottest spark of any mower engine gives LAWN-BOY's famous one-pull starting. Guaranteed non-bendable crankshaft. Close trim design *and* side trim slot. FREE 1-year factory warranty and proven top resale value.

Got a balky, noisy mower? One that's hard to start? Or trouble prone? Then step up to a level-cutting LAWN-BOY Quietflite now. There's not a mower that can match it for whispering quietness, or matchless performance. Yes, it costs a little more . . . but lasting quality always does. Try the new LAWN-BOY Quietflite . . . this week.

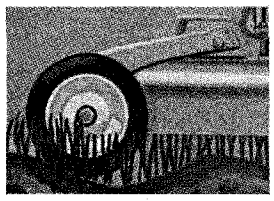
For the long run, get a
**LAWN-BOY**
It pays you back in performance

Lamar, Missouri. Division of Outboard Marine Corporation.
Makers of *Johnson* and *Evinrude* Outboard Motors.
In Canada: LAWN-BOY, Peterborough, Ontario.

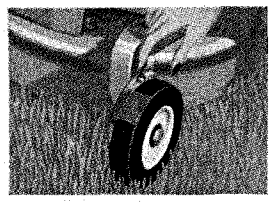
**For a FREE demonstration on your own lawn, call your nearby LAWN-BOY dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Or get his name and number by calling Western Union and asking for Operator 25. Do it now.**



**Easiest starting, coolest running** engine of all! Famous LAWN-BOY Balanced Power Engines start with one pull, run cooler, run longer. Full-time lubrication.



**Exclusive Activated Pilot Wheel,** plus staggered front wheels, deliver the levelest cut your lawn ever had. The cutting plane stays level always. No scalping.



**Instant, individual wheel height adjustment** has five separate settings for 1 to 3-inch cuts. Simply hand-dial the adjustment lever to desired cutting height.

**Turns on a dime, handles like a dream** . . . the whispering new LAWN-BOY Quietflite is a rugged champion. For the first time, you can mow anytime, anywhere, without disturbing anybody. Try out the new level-cutting Quietflite for yourself. Never before has there been a power mower like it!


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had seen and had understood too well. He'd put the thing into words in the late afternoon three days ago, after Cass had come in for a bad landing. Cass had ground-looped the Sally Lou in the dust of the desert field, and Bull Holliday had waited until the rest of the Sal's crew had moved off out of earshot before he'd given Cass the business.

"You've had it, Cass," he'd said quietly then. "I've been watching since we started practicing on this low-level strike. It's no dice. I'm sorry, but I'm pulling you off flying."

It had taken a minute for that to sink in. "You mean I'm not going on the Big One?" Cass had asked then, disbelieving.

"That's right," Bull had said in a flat, hard voice because that was the only way. "Young Stahl will take the Sal. I'm sending you back for a rest. That way maybe you'll live long enough to fly again before this damn war is over."

Probably Bull Holliday hadn't realized that he was delivering Cass into the eager clutches of the medics, but that was the way it had worked out. Presently Cass had found himself on a C-47 consigned back to the base section; here at the hospital this morning he'd been gleefully welcomed by a medical major named Micklejohn—a bulgy little man with a toothbrush mustache and eyes that glittered with a bird-dog look behind shiny pince-nez as he hastily scanned the papers that Cass had brought with him.

"Hah!" Micklejohn said to the medical lieutenant with him. "A perfect case of battle fatigue, Jensen—it's all here. Clearly a subconscious withdrawal from reality in the subject's actions. That ground loop, for example."

"That ground loop was because the damned rudder stuck," Cass had growled. The major had paid no attention.

"Put him in Ward Three, Jensen," he had said. "We've got another interesting case in there—a lieutenant who thinks he likes to fly combat missions. Got wounded over Sicily when he wasn't even supposed to be there. Screwy, eh?"

Cass, with an effort, brought his attention back to Claude. The latter, he saw, was squinting a little suspiciously while he tried to digest the fact that Cass was a flier.

"You wouldn't," Claude asked, "be one of those Air Transport boys, would you, cap? What kind of flying you been doin'?"

"Different kinds," Cass said.

"Been on any combat missions?"

"A few."

"How many?"

"After a hundred I lost count," Cass said.

Claude's jaw dropped as he stared back; then he stood up and batted Cass enthusiastically on the back. "Well, I be damn!" he said. "Let's us do a sneak out of here, cap. Any guy that's flown a hundred missions, I got to buy a drink for!"

"I could do with a drink," Cass said thoughtfully. "Don't suppose that the medicos would approve, though."

"They won't even know about it," Claude said. "I know an orderly around this dump that likes money—he'll sneak us out our clothes if I wave a few francs at him. How about it?"

Cass started to refuse—then changed his mind. What did he have to lose? "When do we go?" he asked.

Claude gave him a wide grin. "Meet me in the can in five minutes, cap," he said. "I'll have the duds with me."

He fished an oversized roll of paper money from beneath his pillow, explained obliquely, "Got into a crap game with the Navy last night. Navy'd never heard of the Cherokee luck—it cost 'em, cap," and departed down the aisle between the beds. Cass Bolivar stared after him. Cass was beginning to like Claude Bearpaw.

Presently the two of them left the hospital unchallenged; Claude hailed a ramshackle cab and gave the Arab driver an address. Cass's old uniform felt slack and comfortable as he lighted a fresh cigar and looked at his companion through the smoke. Claude's uniform was on the informal side. He wore wrinkled khaki trousers and a khaki shirt with the sleeves chopped off above the elbows. A long-billed baseball cap was canted on the back of his head, and his pilot's wings had been pinned to the breast of his shirt upside down.

"Distress signal, cap," he explained to Cass. "Lo, the pore Injun has shore been distressed in that damn hospital."

"I see," Cass murmured. He was liking Claude better.

Presently the taxi stopped before an establishment that had CAFÉ GEORGETTE painted on a window. Claude hopped out, pushing a wad of paper money at the driver and beckoning to Cass. He led the way into a dim room empty except for three sailors, sitting broke and glum at a far table, and a woman, grossly fat, who stood behind a bar.

"Set, cap," Claude commanded. "This is on me. Hey, Mamma, you remember the Injun boy from Oklahoma?"

The fat woman squinted, then smiled broadly. "Ah," she said, "it is thee Lieutenant Bearfeet, no? *Allo, mon ami.*"

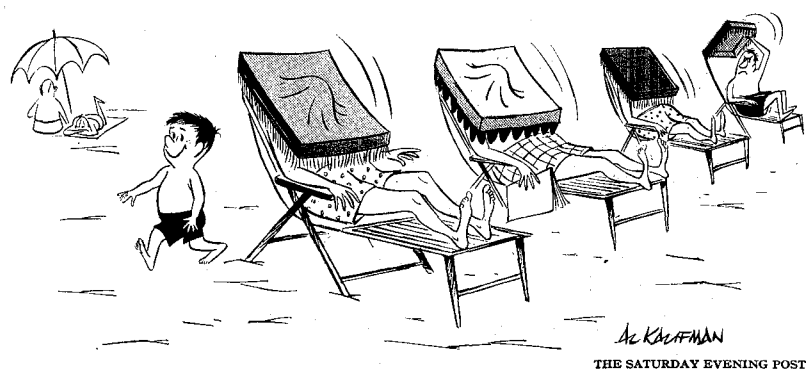
"Paw—not feet," Claude corrected amiably. "'Bout the same difference though, I guess. You remember how to mix them Oklahoma Specials like I showed you last time I was here, ma'am?"

"Those dreenk," Mamma said piously, "I don' forget."

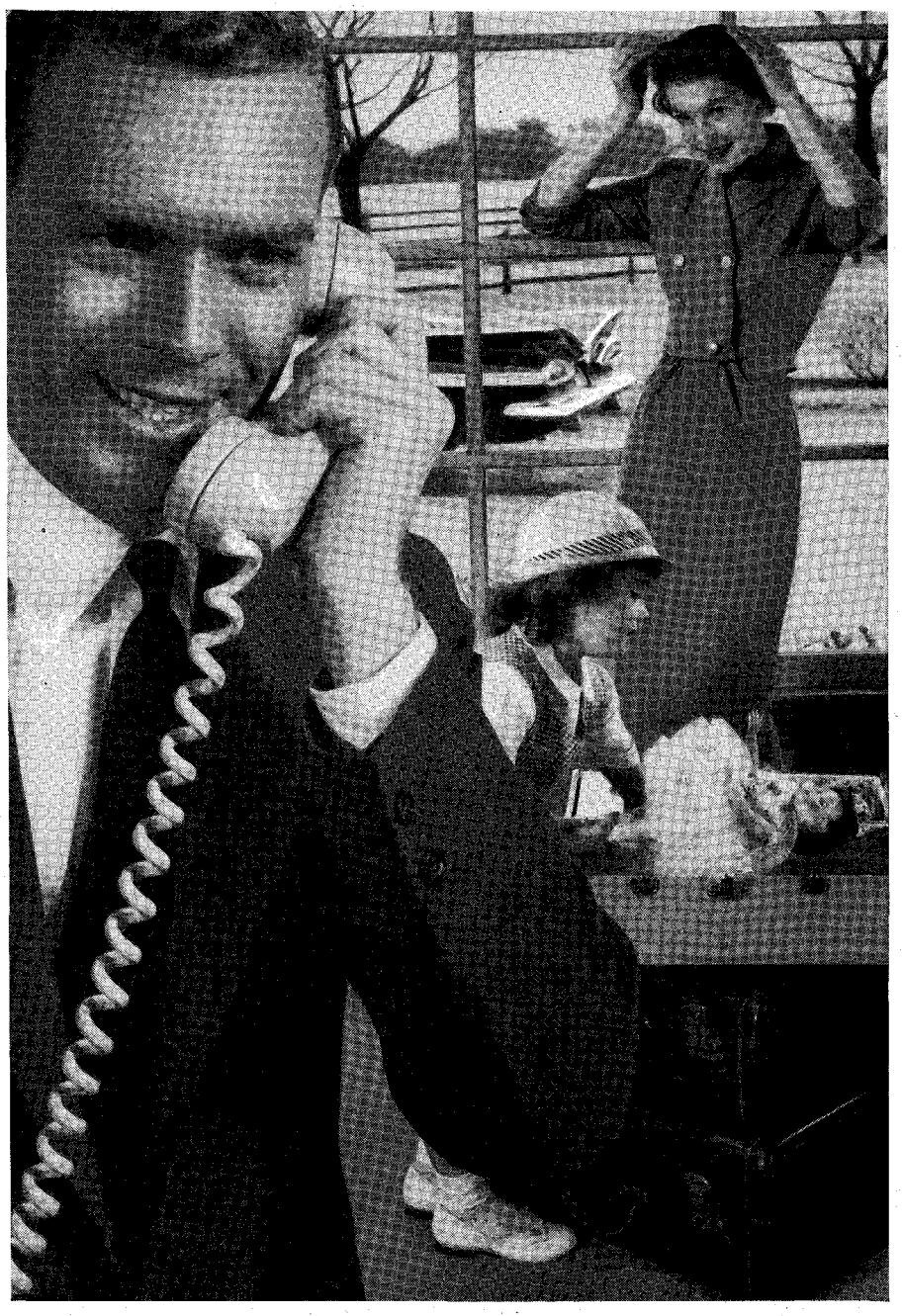
"Then mix up a couple for me and the cap," Claude told her. "Come to think of it, dearie, better mix five and we'll treat those swabbies in the corner. They're our allies, sort of."

Mamma waddled out; returned presently with glasses filled with a murky-looking liquid She placed two down on the table, carried the others to where the sailors sat. The latter accepted enthusiastically. Claude lifted his own glass. "Mud in your eye, cap," he said.

Cass sipped. His first thought was that the concoction had a flat, insipid taste;




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST




# "OK, then, we'll be there about 4 on Wednesday!"

Invited to visit relatives or friends this summer? Call them Long Distance before you start on your trip. They'll appreciate hearing from you before you leave.

Calling ahead is such an easy, pleasant way to settle all the details of a visit. And it's a friendly, considerate thing to do. When you travel, use Long Distance.

**Long Distance rates are low**

*Here are some examples:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Cleveland to Pittsburgh | 45¢ |
| Des Moines to Chicago | 75¢ |
| Washington, D.C. to Boston | 85¢ |
| Miami to St. Louis | $1.35 |
| San Francisco to New York | $2.00 |

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his second thought was that someone had suddenly aimed a lighted blowtorch down his gullet. He choked violently, and tears ran down his cheeks as he tried to get his breath.

"My ole grandpappy's recipe," Claude explained. "He was a Cherokee chief. After the first jolt, it goes down easier."

"Oof!" Cass said in a husky whisper. "Wha' ——"

"Cognac, bay rum, dago red and cayenne pepper," Claude explained in a matter-of-fact voice.

The second swig did go down more easily, and a warm, comfortable glow began to run through Cass. They had two more Specials, Claude dispatching refills to the grateful sailors each time. The latter had perked up and were singing now.

"You don't look like a nut to me, cap," Claude said, peeking owlishly at Cass after the third Special. "What they observin' you for, anyway? Or did you just get in the glue with some of the high brass?"

The Specials had thawed Cass's customary reserve, and presently he was telling Claude about the events that had led up to his relief from his squadron. He spoke, keeping his voice low, of a coming operation which he referred to only as the Big One; it was to be a low-level attack—for days now his group had been practicing on simulated targets laid out in the desert. Tricky business—very tricky—for a B-24 was never meant to bomb at treetop level. It was hard enough just to fly such a mission in practice; it would be hell on wheels to take such an attack in against fighters and flak.

Claude's eyes were bright with interest now. "This Big One, cap—where's it going? You know?"

Cass shook his head. "That's security stuff that I can't tell. But it'll be big and it's coming soon."

"I got a grapevine around these parts," Claude said, frowning thoughtfully. "This morning I hear that a bunch of the big brass is flying east tonight. Going to see the show, you think?"

"I wouldn't know," Cass said heavily. "I think we've got trouble coming through the door, Bearpaw."

Claude turned his head. The street entrance had opened and a bulgy major, a lieutenant at his shoulder, had just entered. The major paused for a moment, blinking his eyes behind his pince-nez to accustom them to the gloom. It was Micklejohn and his assistant, Jensen; now he stalked forward, smiling as a cat smiles at a mouse.

"I had a hunch we'd find our two flown birds here," he chortled triumphantly. "All right, you two, are you coming quietly or do we have to send for the net?"

He reached a pudgy hand for Cass Bolivar's arm. Over in the corner the three sailors had stopped singing and were watching, dark scowls on their faces. Inspiration suddenly moved Claude.

"Hey, give us a hand, Navy!" he yelled. "These are the two nuts that stole officers' uniforms and escaped from the hospital this morning! There's free beer for anybody who takes 'em back!"

Claude's grandpappy, the Cherokee chief, had dreamed up the Oklahoma Specials in order to condition young braves for the warpath. It worked about the same on the Navy. The smallest of the trio, a bullet-headed and much-tattooed man, started across the floor purposefully; his two companions followed. Major Micklejohn's eyes glittered fiercely behind his glasses as he backed away.

"We're not the lunatics!" he yelped shrilly. "We're ——"

"That's what they all say," Claude said in a severe tone.

"Grab 'em, boys!" the tattooed sailor said. He lowered his head and butted the major in the belly. His mates closed in and the room was suddenly filled with salty language and flying arms and legs. Claude dumped paper money onto the table as Mamma screamed behind the bar.

"Let's get out of here, cap," Claude said practically. "Looks like the United States Navy has got the situation in hand."

He hauled Cass toward a side door, and the two of them went along a winding alley at a gallop to come presently to a wider street. Here Claude flagged down a passing cab and piled in after Cass, shouting orders to the Arab driver in pidgin English.

Cass Bolivar recovered his breath enough to ask, "Where are we going, lieutenant? Back to the hospital?"

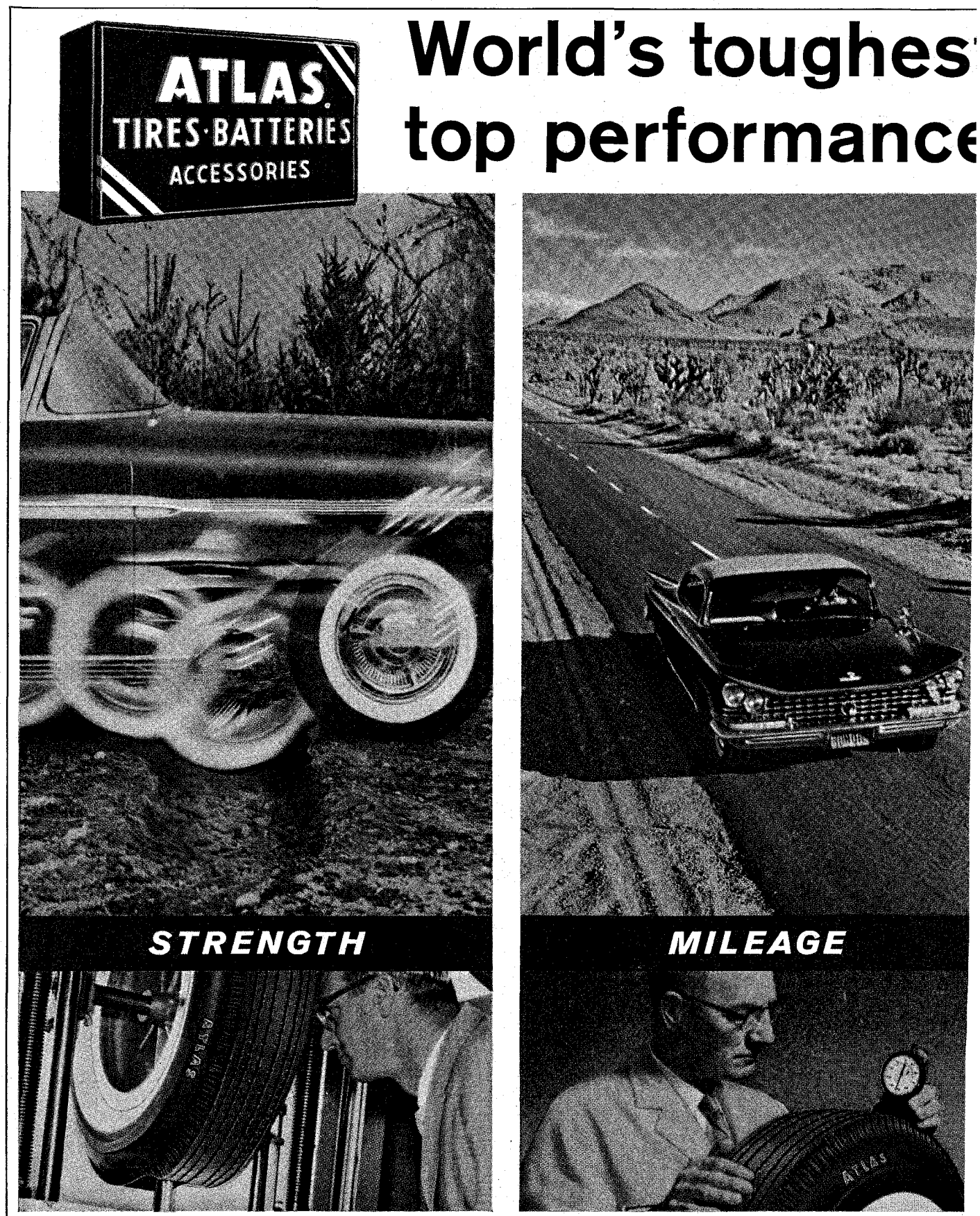
Claude shook his head and looked at the other out of the corners of his eyes. "Be just as well if we're not around when those swabbies show up with their escaped nuts, cap," he said. "Why don't we just go to Bengasi, instead?"

Cass blinked, beginning to wonder if possibly Claude was a mental case after all. "Bengasi?" he asked blankly.

"Yup," Claude said, but the levity had gone out of his voice. "You were telling me back there, cap, about how you've been drilling the Sal's crew for this low-level strike—even with all that drill you figure it's going to be rough deal, huh?"

Cass nodded. "Rough as a cob."

"O.K.," Claude agreed in a flat voice. "So I want to ask you something. You figure that copilot of yours—Stahl was his name, wasn't it?—can take the Sal


**YOU CAN COUNT ON** Atlas Plycron Cushionaire* Tires to shrug off bone-jarring holes and rough roads. To make sure they do, Atlas Specialists put them through 87 torturing tests like the "tire rupture test" above. Buy Atlas, it's your guarantee of proved top value.

**IN TESTS, ATLAS TIRES** consistently average better mileage th even the tires on factory-new cars! Here, after abrasion testing, tre wear is checked to make sure tire meets Atlas Standards. Atlas co pares all brands to make sure none is better.

**RECOMMENDED AND SOLD AT 38,000 SERVICE STATION**


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wherever she's going and bring her back?"

Heaviness settled into Cass Bolivar's face. He knew the answer to that question; it was an answer that had kept him awake for the past two nights. Because he knew too well that young Ed Stahl had too few missions behind him to be ready for this one.

"No," he said to Claude now. "I don't think he can."

"So we go to Bengasi," Claude said, as though that clinched it. "Somebody has got to fly the Sal, don't they?"

Cass rubbed fingers slowly across his chin. "And you've got some idea how we can get to Bengasi, lieutenant?" he asked, wondering if he, too, were really nuts.

"Oh, shore," Claude said, his good nature returning. "Like I said, cap, I got spies around. One of 'em is at the airfield that we're headed for. Give him a few francs and he'll smuggle us onto that plane that is taking the brass up to Bengasi tonight."

"What'll the brass say to that?"

Claude flapped a hand. "Shucks, they won't even know we're there. We'll get us some fatigues and smear grease on our pusses and make like we're along to help hold the ship together."

Claude, squatting on his heels beside the squat shape of the Sally Lou, shivered in the gray dawn. The desert can be cold before the sun comes up. Cass Bolivar had finished his inspection of the ship; now he stood a little apart talking with the crew chief of the Sal's ground crew, a lanky sergeant who had not questioned the captain's return. Trucks were jouncing across the sand in the growing light, and Claude lounged to his feet; one of the trucks stopped a little way off and men climbed down. Cass Bolivar went to meet them.

That would be the Sal's combat crew, Claude knew. They had halted to stand in a little huddle, and Claude grinned tightly as he heard the little murmur of surprise that ran through them. An incautious voice carried from the rear. "Holy smoke, it's the skipper!"

Cass Bolivar seemed not to hear, and he spoke with the tone of a man who had never been away. "Morning, men," he was saying. "Sorry to have missed the briefing. . . . You can fill me in after we get in the air, Ed. You'll ride copilot, as usual."

"Yes, sir." That would be young Stahl, Claude guessed. The kid had a high, reedy voice, and there was no mistaking the relief that was in it. "What about York, captain? He was to ride copilot."

"Sorry, York," Cass said, his voice clipped. "You won't be going on this trip, son. With the load that the Sal's carrying today, there'll be no room for an extra passenger. Any other questions?"

Across the field now the morning was filled with the roar of warming engines, but here by the Sally Lou a pregnant silence held the crew for a moment. Then a gunner's voice broke the tension. "Me, I'm happy," he said.

Claude heard the murmur of approval that followed; then Cass Bolivar was saying, "Load up, men," and a new thought struck Claude, so that he scowled and ducked beneath a wing.

If Cass Bolivar meant to leave that extra copilot behind, it was a pretty good bet that Claude Bearpaw could get left behind, too, if he wasn't careful. The hell with that, Claude decided, and climbed through a hatch into the Sal's belly.

The Sal was air-borne before the tail gunner, a sergeant named Hortha, spotted Claude. Hortha's mouth dropped open a little as he saw Claude's lieutenant's bars and the wings worn upside down.

"Ain't you kind of new around here, lootenant?" Hortha asked then. "Or maybe I just got a bad memory?"

Claude grinned. "I came along for the ride."

"Cripes," Hortha grunted, "the skipper will blow his top for sure does he find we got a passenger."

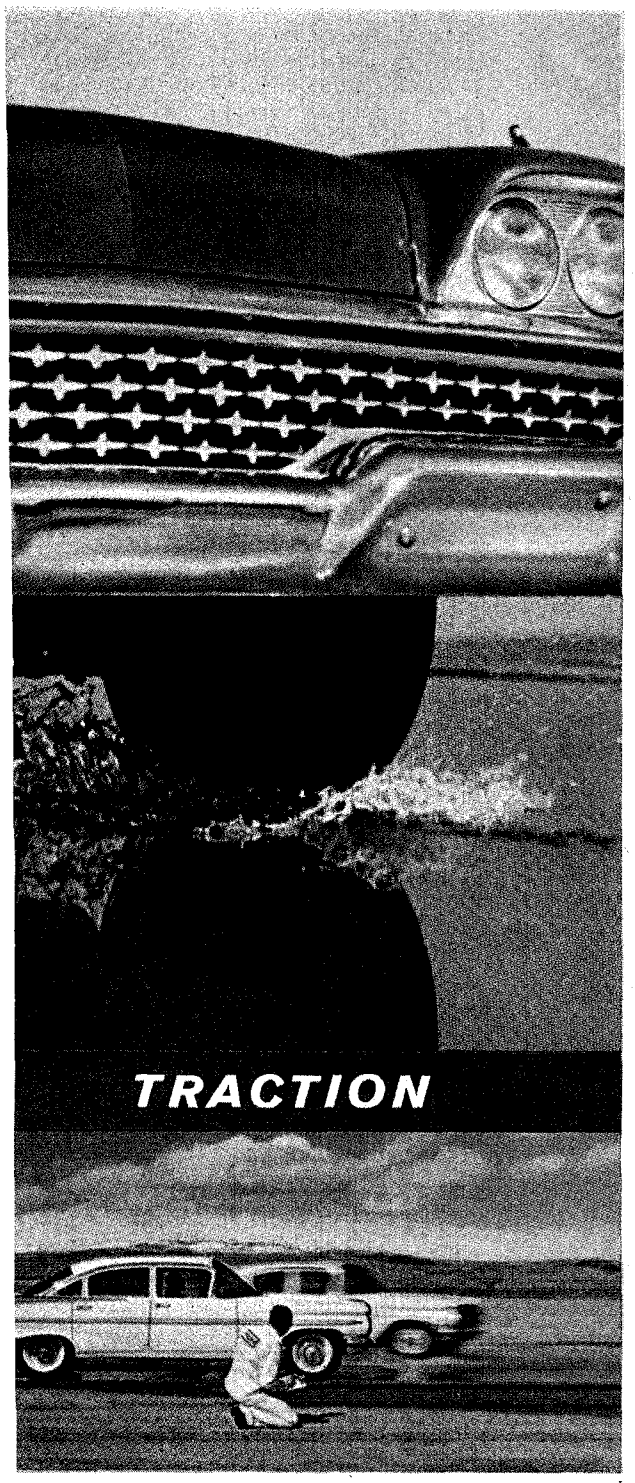
"He ain't a passenger—not if he can shoot a waist gun, he ain't," a sergeant named Moss said. "Barney went sick at the briefing, an' no replacement for him showed up."

"I'm murder with a machine gun," Claude said modestly.

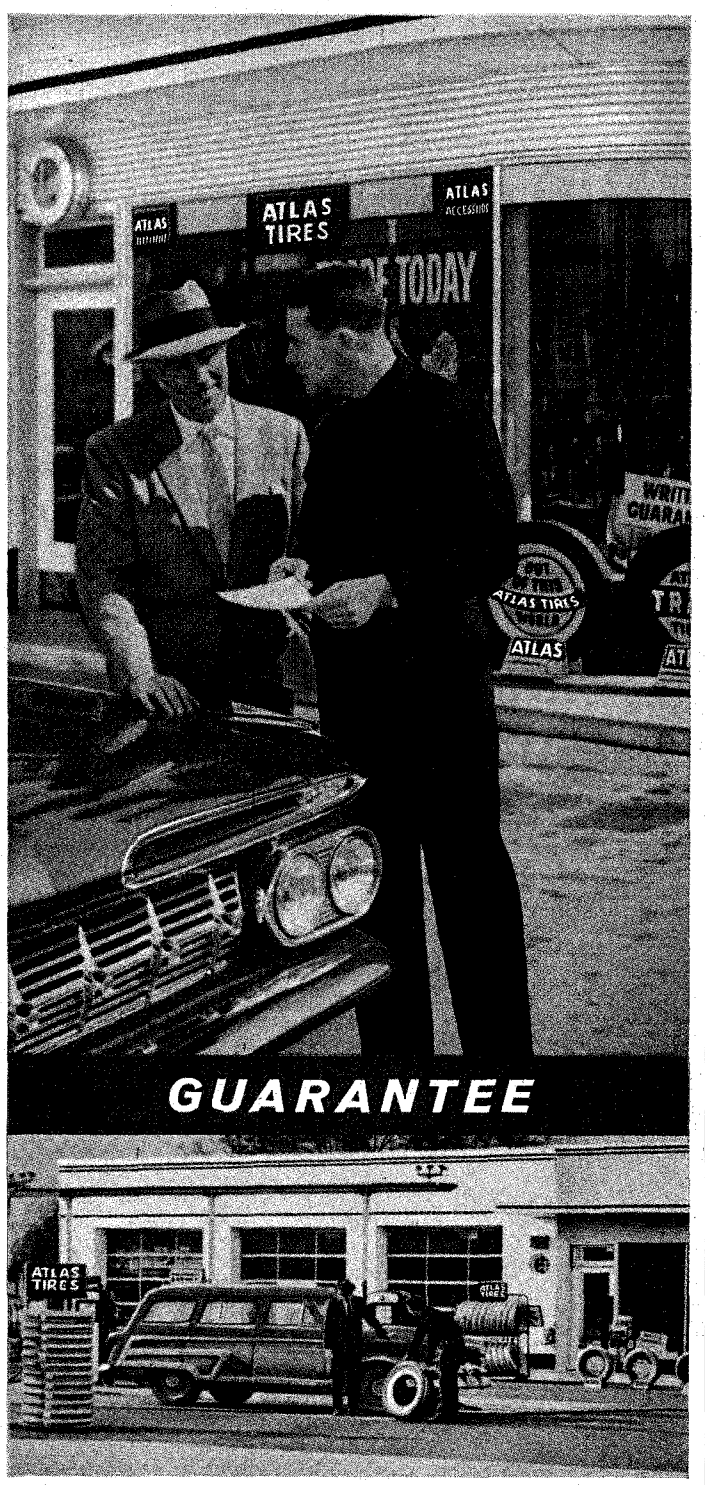
"Murder's our business today," Moss answered dourly.

They crossed the Mediterranean, reaching for altitude, for there were mountains ahead. The Sal grumped steadily along, preserving radio silence and holding her


# ests assure you
# om every Atlas Tire!




**DESIGNS** countless tire treads to find out how to give you r skid-resistance. Shown above, Atlas Specialists test the stopower of Atlas Tires on a wet, hard, polished surface that is far slippery than any you'll ever encounter.




**ASK YOUR LOCAL ATLAS DEALER** to show you the famous written guarantee on Atlas Tires and Batteries. It's honored on the spot at 38,000 leading service stations coast-to-coast. Best of all, dependable Atlas products cost you no more than ordinary products!

**49 STATES AND CANADA...** **ATLAS***

*Trade-Marks "Atlas" "Plycron" and "Cushionaire" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1959, Atlas Supply Co., Newark 2, N.J.


**Dozer's Dilemma**

These warmer afternoons,
we've found
It's rather hard to stay
awake,
Which wouldn't be so bad,
except
We sometimes miss our
coffee break.

**Archer T. Spring**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place in the low squadron of the task force. Sergeant Moss shouted to make himself heard above the pulsing roar of the Liberator's four engines.

"We're Tail-end Charley in this show," he said, and his voice sounded unhappy. "By the time we get to Ploesti, every fighter and every flak battery in Rumania will be waiting for us."

"So that's where we're going," Claude grunted. "Well, nobody dies, sergeant. I got the word."

"I hope you're right," Moss answered.

In the cockpit Cass Bolivar sat relaxed, the joy of flying in him and his mind tight on the job ahead. In the right-hand seat young Ed Stahl, copilot, fidgeted nervously. "I'm glad they let you come along, captain," he said.

"They didn't," Cass told him. "Don't ask questions."

The time paddle-footed away. Below, mountains slipped into the leading edges of the Sal's wings, were spewed out behind. Ahead, the ships of another squadron made black bugs against the sky. Cass spoke into the interphone, nodded curtly at his navigator's reply. They'd be heading down for the deck soon.

The altimeter was winding down now, and the mountains were lost astern as they dropped into the valley of the Danube. They fled over fields where peasants watched; startled faces turned up as the bomber stream roared on. The broad reaches of the Danube were left behind; ahead, and still far away, black smoke was beginning to climb into the summer sky. The first of the raiders had already struck. It was scant minutes later when Cass spotted the German fighters—ME-109's coming in head on and fast.

*Thank God*, Cass's mind said with detached calm, *we're low. They can't get at us so well down here* ——

The interphone had suddenly come alive, and, still with that detachment, Cass's mind fitted the snatches of words into a pattern which told him of the battle that raged around the Sal now. Nothing he could do about it. He had his own hands full with the heavy ship as it bucked in the tricky air currents coming off the ground below. The voices pulsed on in his ears.

". . . Three fighters coming in at nine o'clock high. . . . Roger. . . . Nose gunner to left waist. . . . ME one-oh-nine coming down your side close. . . . I'm awaitin' for him, boy. . . ."

That last voice had belonged to Claude Bearpaw, Cass realized without any particular surprise. He could have guessed that; one way or another Claude would have come along on this trip. The Sal shuddered with the rack of the fifty calibers—all guns going except those in the ball turret in her belly.

The voice of the gunner there reached Cass with a Texas-accented lament. "Hell, I cain't see nothin' down heah for the damn trees hittin' me in the face."

Ahead, the smoke column—shot with scarlet—climbed higher into the sky; it was racing closer with giant strides. Off to one side a Liberator fell off on one wing—dived suddenly into the ground to explode in a great gout of flame. Far ahead, two more Liberators went down. It was getting harder to hold the Sal; Cass jabbed the button of his mike and yelled at Ed Stahl, who was hunched in the right-hand seat, his face the color of dirty canvas.

"Help me hold her, damn it! Once we hit those updrafts over the target, she'll buck like a steer!"

No answer came back from the copilot. Cass glanced quickly; saw the shattered side window and the spreading dark stain and the red froth on Stahl's lips. Young Ed Stahl had bought it.

No time for that now—time was running out and the target just ahead. A boiling caldron of smoke and flame which seethed with the violence of a volcano. The ships of the group ahead were gulped up by the smoke as Cass tried to spot the landmarks which would guide him to the cracking plant which was the Sal's target. No good. The whole world was going up in flame, and there was nothing to see. The Sal ran on, exploding flak swaddling her on all sides now. A thump smashed like a giant fist against the fuselage beneath Cass, and he felt fragments of red-hot iron bite at his legs.

He pushed the mike button again. "Pilot to bombardier—we won't be able to find our primary in this—toggle on any target you can see." The reply seemed faint and far away as it came back. "Bombardier to pilot—Roger—good luck, skipper."

Just before the smoke swallowed them, Cass saw a great chunk of metal peel back from the Sal's nose and go kiting away. The ship seemed to have gone wild now; it was being flung about like a leaf in a gale. Across the way, Ed Stahl's head lolled loosely on his shoulders as the Sal pitched and yawed. The acrid smell of burning oil seeped into the cockpit to sting Cass's nostrils and burn his eyes.

He felt a shudder run through the ship, and then the bombardier's voice came again over the interphone. "Bombs away." The Sal surged upward, free of her load, and a spark of exultation warmed Cass for a moment. *We're going to make it*, he thought. *By gosh, we're going to make it!* The smoke had started to thin when he saw a black flower, wearing a scarlet core at its center, blossom ahead and a little below. A white-hot spear rammed into Cass's side, and he felt his fingers go numb on the controls.

*You've bought it, Cass*, his mind said fuzzily. *Who is going to take the Sal back now?*

In the last seconds of consciousness left to him, Cass Bolivar had his answer. A rangy youth, wearing a khaki shirt with the sleeves chopped off above the elbows and wings pinned on upside down, was hauling Ed Stahl out of his seat.

"Move over, bud," Claude Bearpaw was saying crazily. "Let papa drive this here chariot."

Cass Bolivar felt good as the last of the daylight went.

Afterward, when he would think of it, the details of the rest of that day were never too clear to Claude. He did things, but memory of doing them would never come to a sharp, clear focus in his mind. It was like a picture seen in a kaleidoscope.

Sergeant Moss, dead and lying among the empty fifty-caliber cartridge cases beneath his gun. Turret gunner dead, and bombardier dying. Young Ed Stahl hit in the chest. Cass Bolivar hit bad, too, and the navigator—blood running down the side of his own face—giving rough first aid back on the deck. That was the way it went as Claude fought the bucking ship.

The fighters came in again as they left the funeral pyre of Ploesti behind. Now the Sal no longer had the covering fire of other ships to protect her as she lumbered back across the valley—most of her own guns were silent now. An exploding 20-mm. shell drove hot chards into Claude's thigh, but he didn't notice as—his face set into granite lines—he held the Sal close to the ground, zigzagging a course across the fields. Vaguely he noted that the Sal's black shadow ran with them like a great bird below.

He thought vaguely, *You get out of this one, boy, and you can shore say "thank you" to The Man Upstairs.*

It was a long while later when they came to the mountains again, the Sal limping on three engines now. Claude fought for altitude; somehow they made it with nothing to spare. More eons drifted by, and then the blue of the Mediterranean showed ahead. The navigator came to crouch at Claude's back.

"We're losing gas," the navigator said in a toneless voice. "We can't make it back to base."

Claude scowled through the streaks that sweat had cut across the smoke-grimed mask of his face. The leg of his khaki trousers was dark with blood, he noticed without emotion.

"Then we'll ditch," he said.

"I'll have the wounded ready," the navigator said without comment. "There's only five of us left."

"Roger," Claude told him tiredly.

There were other events after that—hazy things not well remembered. The sound as the Sal settled into the water, and the sound, seconds later, as the Sal died. The yellow life raft bobbing on the choppy sea and, after a long, long while, the sharp, clean lines of the destroyer coming toward them.

"Always figured the Navy was our allies," Claude mumbled a little crazily. "Buy 'em all an Oklahoma Special sometime."

Back in the hospital Claude and Cass Bolivar again had beds that were side by side. Cass lay quietly, propped up and cigar clamped in a corner of his mouth; restlessness was already beginning to ride Claude again. An orderly came down the aisle between the beds.

"Hey," Claude said heartily, "if it ain't Fingers Moody, the guy that likes money. How you be, chum?"

The orderly approached warily. "What you want now, lootenant?" he asked. "Whatever it is, I ain't got it."

"Jest a little information, son," Claude told him, fishing money from beneath his pillow. "Maybe you could tell us what happened to that major in the pinch-nose glasses that used to be around here."

The orderly glanced over his shoulder—then grinned. "You mean Major Micklejohn, lootenant? They got him and Lootenant Jensen over in Ward Four. It seems they got took with battle fatigue. Say, what did you two guys do after I brung you your clothes, anyway?"

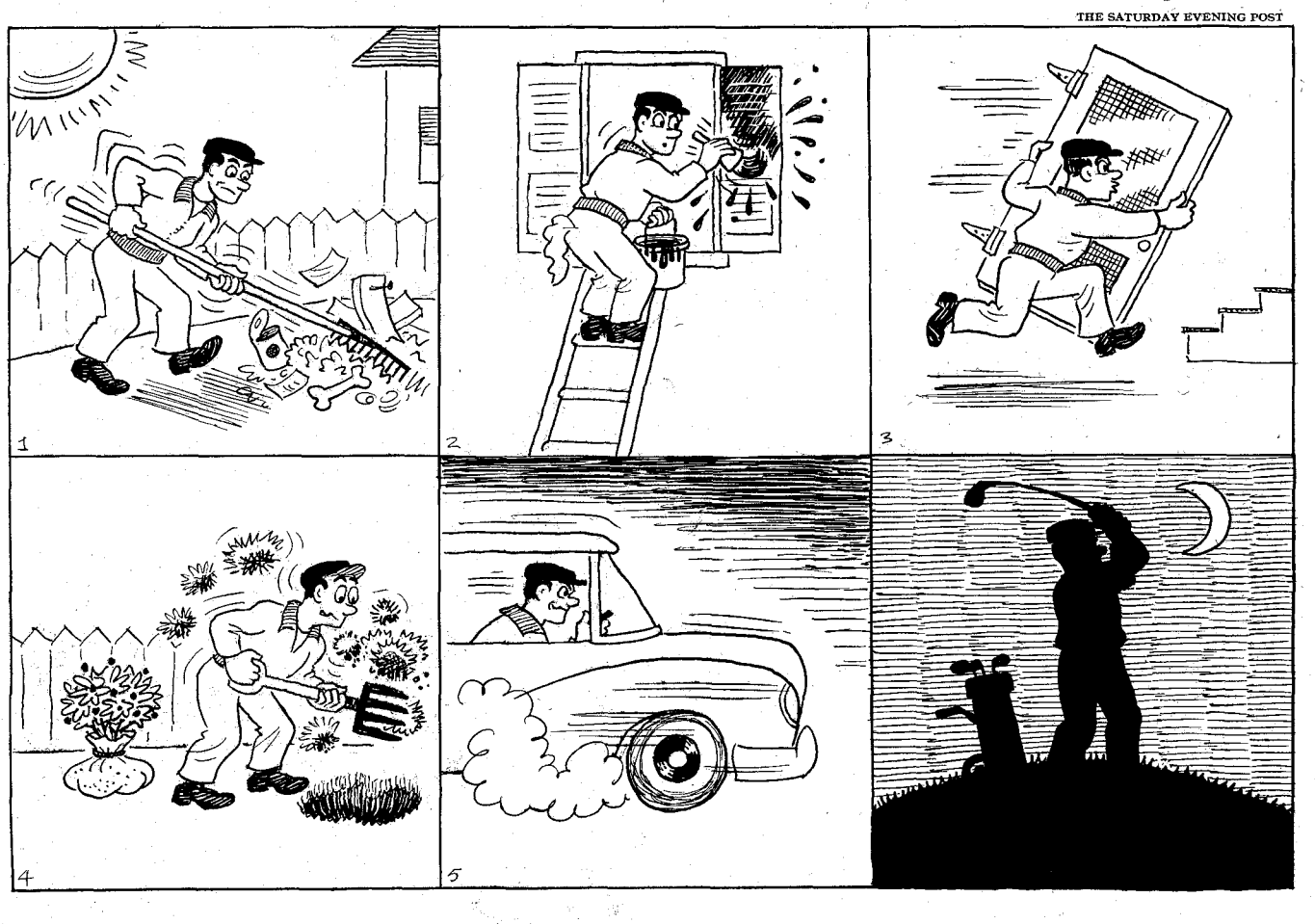
Claude considered the question for a long moment. When he finally answered, his reply made even the terse official reports sound like the grossest kind of overstatement.

"A bunch of us went up to Ploesti," Claude said. "Some of us came back. That was about all there was to it."

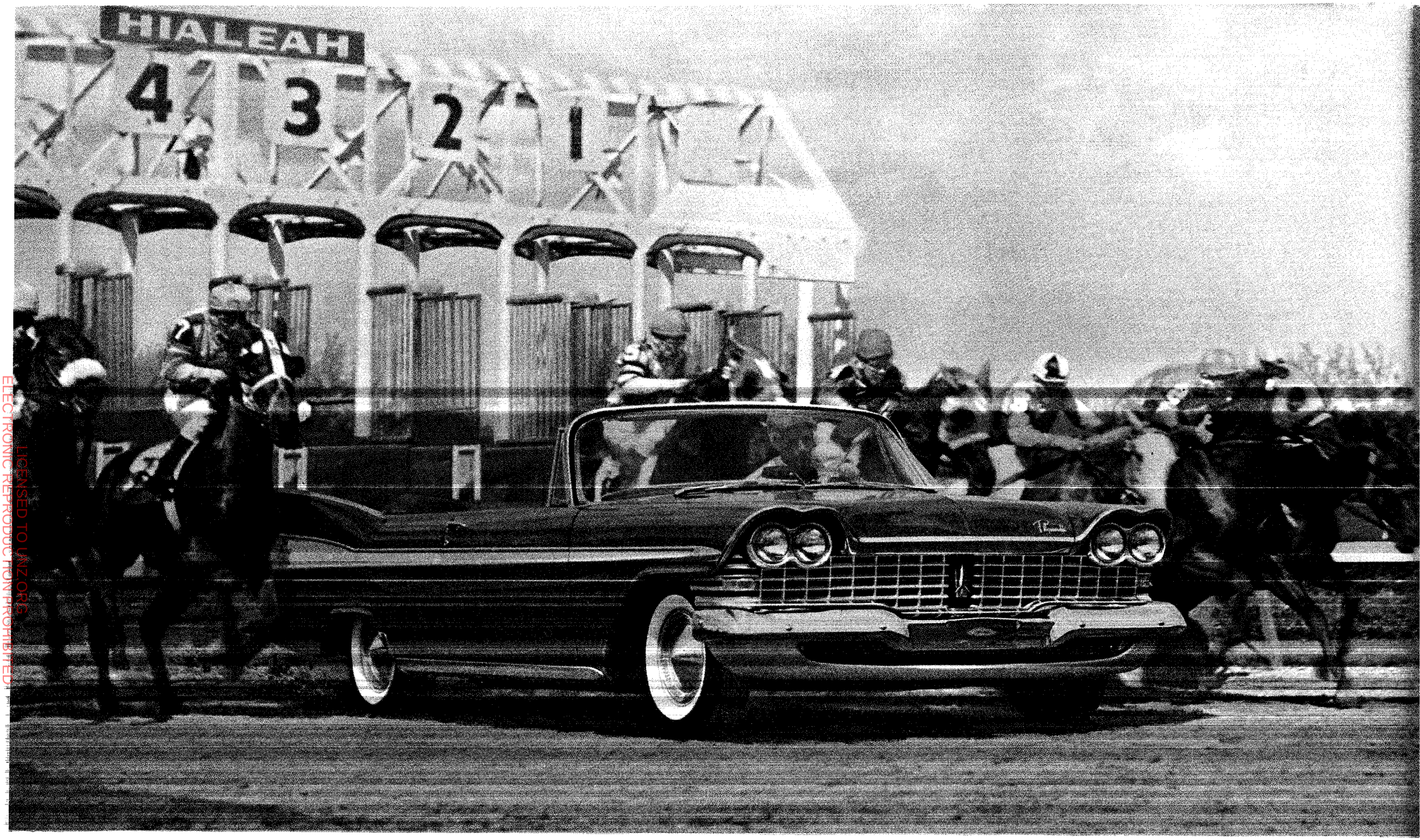
THE END

**THE GREENWOODS** **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




LICENSED TO NZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

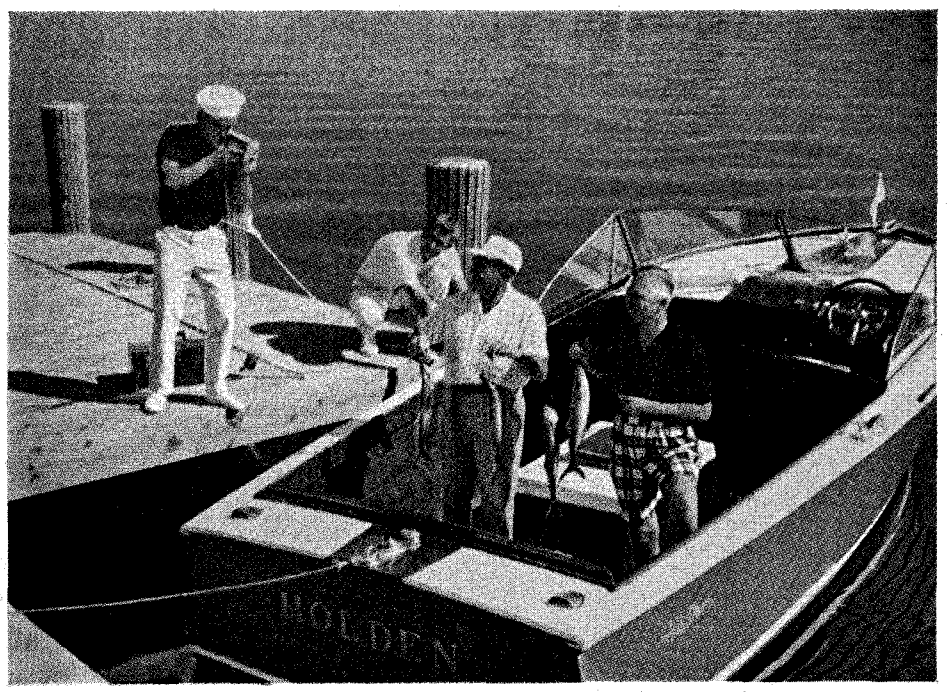
# FULL OF FURY AND EAGER TO RUN!

They're off! And this sleek, sure-footed Plymouth Sport Fury steps ahead and *stays* ahead. With its New Golden Commando 395*, biggest V-8 in the low-price field, it gives you instant response without the least bit of strain—all the "horses" you could want for modern driving.

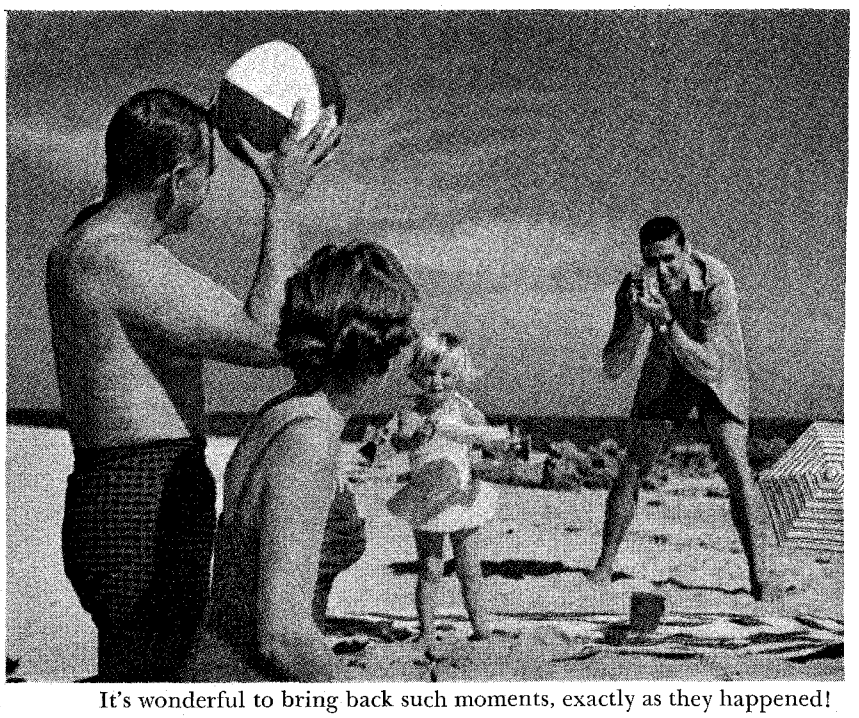
Plymouth "go" is only the beginning. For this well-muscled beauty handles with sports-car ease, too! A light touch with your toe gives you quick action; a light touch on the wheel keeps you in complete control. And there are many outstanding features that make Plymouth a runaway winner in the low-price class. See them for yourself at your Plymouth dealer's. You'll learn why the smart money's riding on Plymouth for '59. **available at extra cost*

Plymouth

*To be fully appreciated, must be driven*



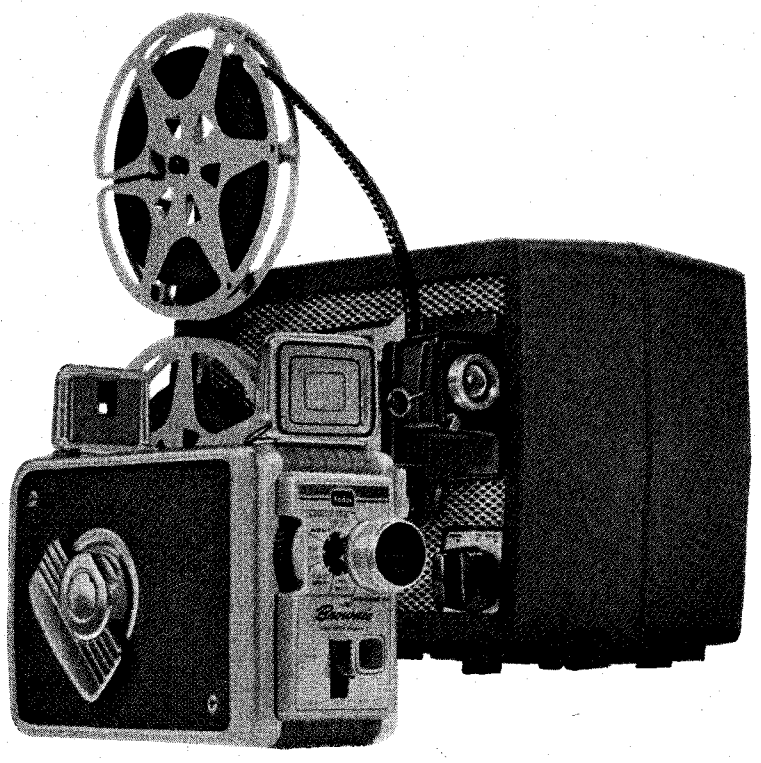
Caught on vacation—and caught forever, in color movies.

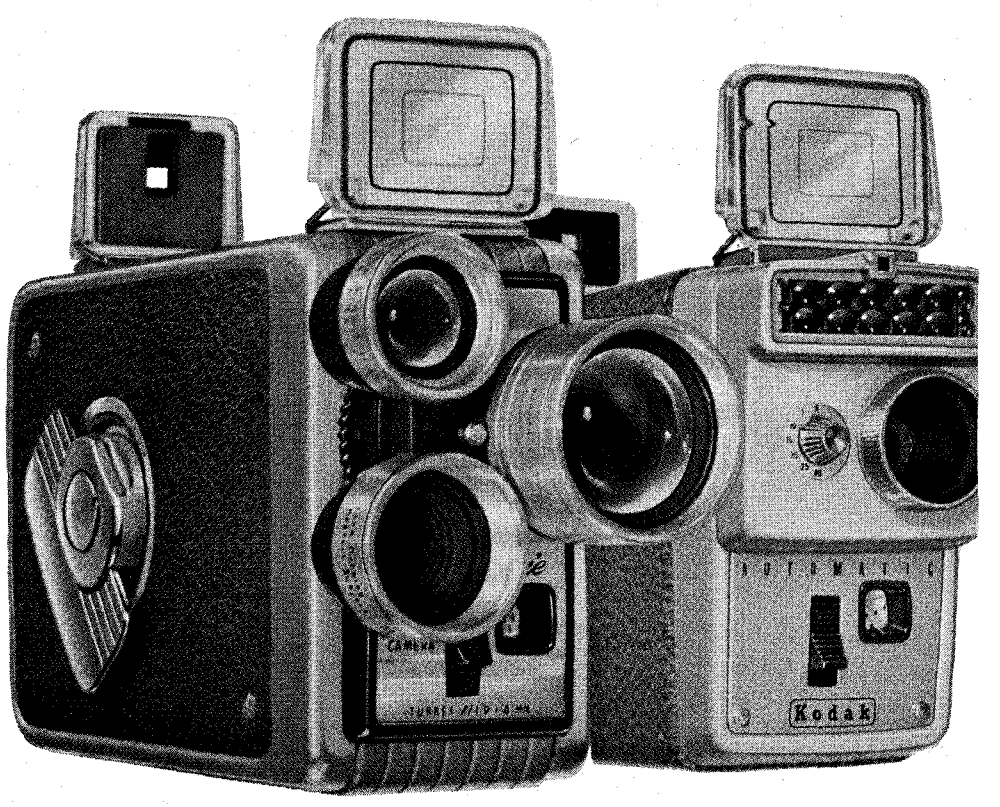


It's wonderful to bring back such moments, exactly as they happened!

# GRADUATE TO MOVIES!

***Brownie 8mm Cameras and Projectors so inexpensive that anyone can now enjoy home movies!***





**World's most popular movie-maker, the Brownie Movie Camera, *f*/2.3. $32.50.** Color movies so simple, sure, economical with this Brownie *f*/2.3! Only one setting to make—turn a dial to match light condition...then aim and shoot. You get brilliant color movies, indoors and out!

**The remarkable new Brownie 8 Movie Projector** at $44.50 has a big-picture *f*/1.6 lens which lets you show your movies up to 3 feet wide! Easy to carry as a portable radio. Together, the camera and projector are the greatest movie value Kodak has ever offered—both for only.. **$77.00**

**Takes all three kinds of shots!** This Brownie Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, lets you make telephoto and wide-angle as well as regular movies. Just turn the turret! It has the same wonderful aim-and-shoot simplicity as the single-lens Brownie. Wonderful color movies, indoors and out. And at its remarkably low price, it's so *easy* to graduate to movies! Only..... **$67.50**

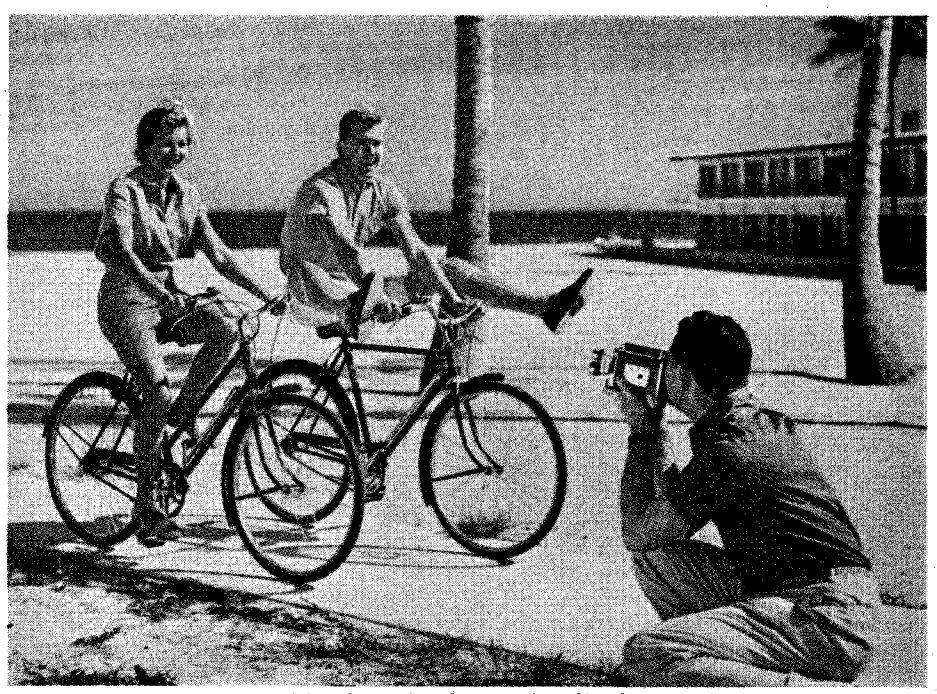
**Fully automatic! Lowest price!** Rugge and reliable, this new Brownie Automat Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, sets itself and aut matically readjusts to every changing ligl indoors and out...even signals if light too dim for movies. Not a single setting f you to make. Correctly exposed movi every time! And at a price that makes easy to own. Only..... **$74.5**

(*Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.*)

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

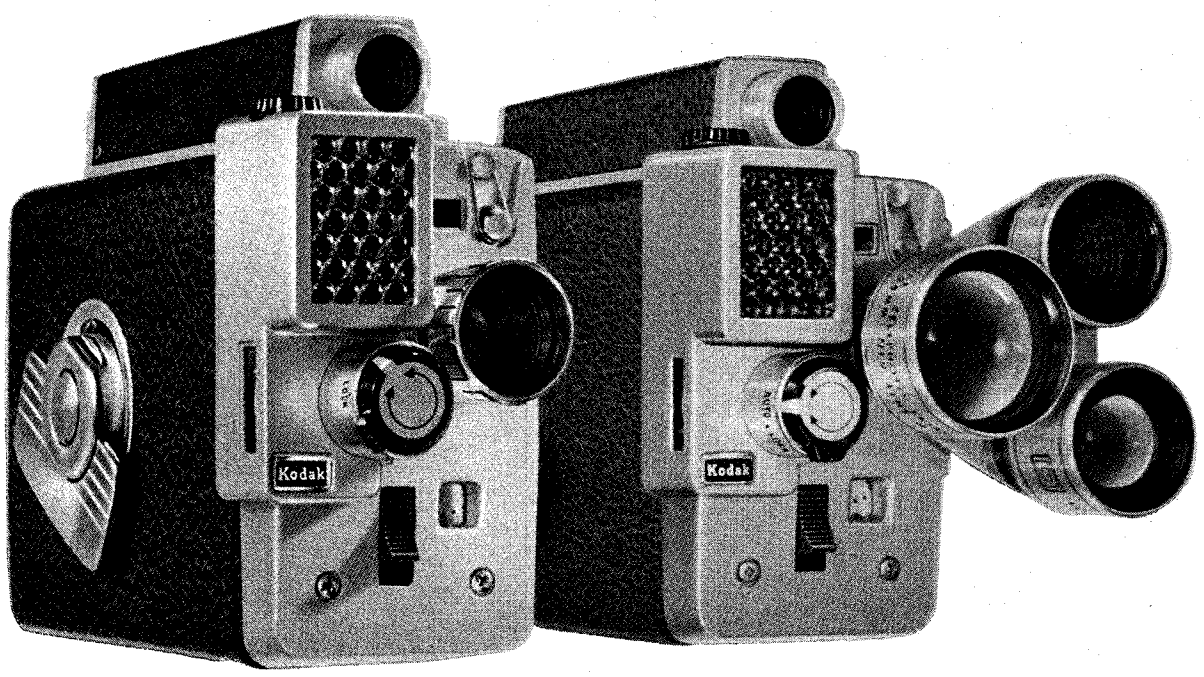
Make your family movie stars—your favorite actors always.

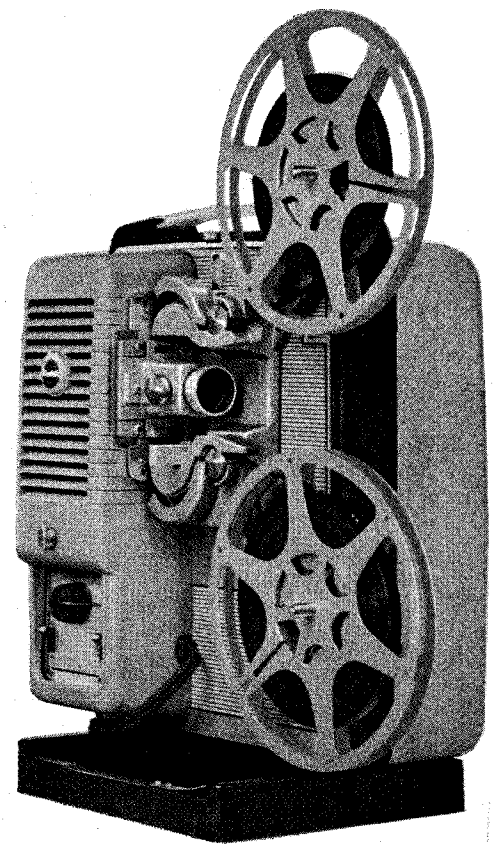


Relive your travels with others. A color movie tells *all*—saves *all* the fun.

# Kodak makes *TODAY* a great time to start taking movies... so easy, so inexpensive...for rewarding, lasting pleasure!

## *Kodak Cine 8mm Cameras and Projectors so automatic they practically take and show your movies for you!*



**De luxe automatic for beautifully exposed movies.** The new Kodak Cine Automatic Camera, *f*/1.9, has a built-in electric eye which measures the light for you and lets you shoot beautiful, correctly exposed movies every time, *automatically*. Also has telescopic viewfinder and built-in filter enabling you to use indoor Type A Kodachrome Film outdoors..... $92.50

**Easiest turret movie camera to use—automatic.** New Kodak Cine Automatic Turret Camera, *f*/1.9, gives you a choice of standard, wide-angle, and telephoto shots. Has everything the single-lens Kodak Cine Automatic has. Like model at left, lens aperture can be locked for special lighting effects and the electric-eye control is adjustable for different film speeds.... $124.50

**The only projector that threads itself all the way!** This new automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector threads itself all the way—*even onto take-up reel*—and starts the show, automatically. New high-lumen lamp gives you exceptional screen brilliance. Lets you show your movies up to 5 feet wide. Fast *f*/1.6 lens, 400-foot reel capacity for full half-hour showings. Only .....$137.50

*See "The Ed Sullivan show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."*

**Kodak**
*—a trademark since 1888*

**Rochester 4, N.Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Tragic Vision (Continued from Page 37)

dead companion Enkidu—as moving in its way as the lament of David for Absalom. Behind that there are still earlier Sumerian and Akkadian related epics taking us almost back to the beginnings of history.

Nevertheless, the earliest tragic drama we have, whatever its sources, flowers suddenly in Athens in the fifth century B. C., in the marvelous plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. A century later Aristotle codified its principles in his Poetics, and that fragmentary treatise may still be the best insight we have into the art. Aristotle defined tragedy as the imitation or representation of an action serious, complete in itself, and of an adequate magnitude, written in embellished language. In that action a man like ourselves, neither wholly good nor wholly bad, is brought low through some shortcoming or tragic flaw in him. Its function is the arousing of pity for him and terror of his fate in the audience, and the purging of these emotions in the resolution.

Aristotle based his definitions principally on Sophocles' Oedipus the King, which he thought the greatest and most successful of Greek tragedies, as many others have since. Unfortunately, Aristotle's definitions do not fit other Athenian tragedies as neatly. The protagonist of Euripides' Medea is not a flawed man like ourselves, but a remorseless semi-divine witch, and she is not brought low at the end, but appears in glory in the sky. The protagonist of Sophocles' Antigone does not bring on her tragic fate through any shortcoming, but because of her pious determination to give her brother proper burial, although the tyrant Creon had forbidden it; and Orestes in the Oresteia of Aeschylus kills his mother not because he has a tragic flaw, but because the god Apollo had commanded him to avenge her murder of his father. We can only accept Medea as a tragedy in the later concepts of Longinus' treatise, On the Sublime, written in the third century A. D., which puts a new emphasis on such features of the tragic experience as "nobility," "grandeur," "transport," "inspired and vehement passion." Only in the nineteenth century, with Hegel's concept of tragedy as brought about through inability to obey two contradictory imperatives, does the tragic nature of the Antigone and Oresteia begin to make sense for us.

From the work of classical scholars, like Gilbert Murray at Oxford and Jane Harrison at Cambridge, we have learned that the form of Greek tragedy, which began as the sacrificial rites of the god Dionysus, preserves the stages of the annual sacrifice of the year-spirit: his contest with his enemy, his suffering, death, and tearing-apart; the lamentation for him, then the discovery of his body and its resurrection as the new year. These rites mimic and thus magically produce the annual cycle of vegetation: birth, growth, flourishing, decay, death, rebirth. Its culmination in nature is the joy of spring. The comparable affirmation in Greek drama heralds the Reliving Dionysus, who will spring up again from his dismembered fragments, and the final mood of Greek tragedy thus goes beyond pity and terror to exultation and joy.

The Greeks saw this tragic pattern, some higher end implicit in human suffering, not only on the stage but everywhere in their experience. Homeric epic is full of it. In the Iliad, Homer gets the whole of tragic acceptance into Achilles' fierce speech to the young Trojan Lycaon, who has begged him for mercy, just before he kills him. I quote from W. H. D. Rouse's translation:

*Come, my friend, die too; why do you cry like that? Patroclus died too, and he was a much better man than you. Don't you see me too, a fine big man? My father is a brave man, my mother is a goddess; yet I too have death and fate fast upon me. The day shall come, morning or evening or midday, when someone shall take my life too in battle, with a thrust of the spear or an arrow from the bow.*

In the Odyssey—perhaps the finest tragedy of all, and one of Longinus' examples of the "sublime"— is the disdainful silence of the ghost of Ajax when Odysseus meets him in Hades, still implacable over the wrong Odysseus did him in life. Here, in Ajax' simple gesture of turning away in bitter silence, we learn more powerfully than any words could tell us that the human spirit is stronger than death.

There is always a danger in quoting what Matthew Arnold called "touchstones" out of context, since the whole of a work is what produces its effect, not a moving scene, speech or line. The Iliad and the Odyssey are not tragic dramas, but the tragic vision—that man must go down into the depths of the human condition, that he must fall before he can rise, is strong within them. We find the same vision in Greek lyric poetry and philosophy, most dramatically in the death of Socrates in Plato's Phaedo. In Greek history, we have the Athenian historian Thucydides showing bitterly that when Athens, arrogant in its power, destroyed the weak and inoffensive little city of Melos, killing the men and enslaving the women and children, its subsequent fall was divine punishment for pride and transgression just like that of a tragic hero, and it could only arise again humbled and transformed. Some modern thinkers have even found the pattern of tragedy underlying the origin of scientific thought among the Greeks. Alfred North Whitehead says that the basic scientific assumption of an order of nature comes from Greek tragedy, so that "The laws of physics are the decrees of fate." In his brilliant book, Poetry and Mathematics, Scott Buchanan suggests that the experimental method itself, perhaps even the basic patterns of our thinking, come from the rites of contest, tearing-apart and apotheosis that underlie Greek tragedy.

Modern tragic drama begins with Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. In the last scene, as Lucifer and Mephistophilis come to get him, Faustus cries out:

*Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?*
*See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!*
*One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my Christ!*

With this cry from the heart as damnation closes in on him, Faustus suddenly becomes not a cardboard necromancer but a man like ourselves, and the vigor of the emotion pulls apart Marlowe's singsong blank-verse line and makes Shakespearean tragedy possible. Marlowe himself, killed young in a tavern brawl, is a sacrificial figure like his Faustus, and out of his ashes arise the glories of the Elizabethan theater.

Shakespeare extends all of Marlowe's possibilities further—perhaps to their limits—and without knowing Aristotle's writing, succeeds in producing tragedies that fit the formula of the Poetics better than most Greek drama. Macbeth and Othello, Hamlet and Lear, are precisely men like ourselves, neither wholly good nor wholly bad, brought low by a tragic shortcoming: Macbeth's ambition, Othello's credulity, Hamlet's indecision, and Lear's blind inability to tell love from its counterfeit.

Shakespeare increases our ability to identify with the tragic action by weakening or discarding the supernatural motivation so strong in Doctor Faustus. The witches in Macbeth and the ghost in Hamlet are only trappings, the external forms of inner voices; and Othello and Lear battle not supernatural beings but malign human antagonists, Iago and the wicked daughters.

After Shakespeare, tragic drama in English runs downhill, turning into wilder and wilder bloody melodrama in the seventeenth century, becoming neoclassical and rather stiff in the joints in the eighteenth century, and leaving the theater entirely in the nineteenth century to become the unperformable closet dramas of poets. When tragedy is revived in our theater, the impetus comes from abroad, from Henrik Ibsen in Norway and Anton Chekhov in Russia. Here we have the new realistic tragedy of the middle class, with scenes in parlors rather than on battlements or blasted heaths. Again, as with the Greeks, we have no villains, only the protagonists' own crippling failures of insight, will, and love. Sometimes, in Chekhov, there is no crack of doom at all, only a fog of gloom and inertia settling over a household, as oxidation is sometimes the vivid flash of fire and sometimes the slow corruption of rust. Whatever rebirth is promised here will not spring up like Dionysus from the dismembered flesh, but will be a new growth, a better cherry orchard perhaps, out of decay.

"You're releasing the ball too soon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

With the Irish theater of John M. Synge and Sean O'Casey we are back to something like Greek drama, with destiny again working its remorseless ways. Now, however, instead of a Greek chorus we have two vulgar old women, a fruit peddler and a charlady, foretelling the fates in The Plough and the Stars; we must accept as "men like ourselves" not Prince Hamlet or King Lear but those sodden frauds "Joxer" Daly and Captain Boyle in Juno and the Paycock; and in Riders to the Sea, instead of proud Queen Hecuba of Troy, we have the peasant woman Maurya—whose name sounds so much like the Greek Moira, Fate—giving us the ultimate Greek tragic acceptance after her last son has been drowned: "No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

In the tragic drama of our own time, the playwrights seem to be still consolidating the revolution of Ibsen, Chekhov and the Irish dramatists; reshaping the tragic vision to fit a world of new classes and values, a world with neither villains nor heroes, a world that has lost much of its faith and most of its hope. Perhaps least typical of our time is T. S. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral, a frankly religious work written to be performed in church, yet a tragic drama all the same. Here, telling the story of the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket in the twelfth century, Eliot finds tragedy in the vision of man as a flawed agency of divine purpose.

Eugene O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh is a much more characteristic tragedy of our time in that it denies the existence of divine purpose, or any purpose, and shatters its characters, the derelicts of Harry Hope's saloon, with the discovery that all faith is a lying "pipe dream." Theodore Hickman, the salesman who sells them this discovery, is the Iceman of the title, a salesman of death, and when he is taken away by the police at the end, their shabby and pathetic hopes spring up again like some kind of unkillable life.

Tennessee Williams' A Streetcar Named Desire takes a well-born lady with the passions of Queen Phaedra in Euripides' Hippolytus on that streetcar ride into the slums of New Orleans, and through them into disgrace and madness. Like the inhabitants of Harry Hope's saloon, Blanche DuBois has her pipe dreams—the plantation she grew up in is called *Belle Reve*, beautiful dream. When she and her dreams are smashed at the end, in a scene of magnificent theatrical hokum, the hope may be for her sister's child by the coarse, animal Stanley Kowalski, growing up free of all such dreams.

If Blanche DuBois is like Queen Phaedra, driven by the arrows of the love-goddess Aphrodite to disgrace and madness, Willy Loman, the salesman of Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman, is King Oedipus with a sample case, pursuing his own identity and responsibility—"Was it my fault?"—to his doom. Here, too, are the phony pipe dreams, but Willy has a true vision of a better sort of life, a life where "a man is not a piece of fruit" to be nibbled and thrown away. In his wife's big speech, the ultimate value of the human personality is passionately if somewhat inelegantly affirmed:

I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person.

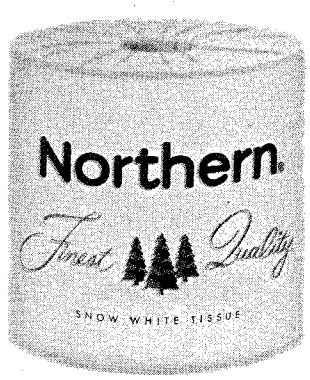
When they bury Willy at the end, that vision of (*Continued on Page 54*)

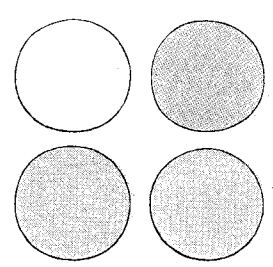
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A snowy kitten*
*warm and small*
*Of softness is*
*the all in all*

# Softness is Northern

*Northern Tissue is*
*made with fluff*
*Nothing else*
*is soft enough*



*In fresh, clean colors—too*

*Another fine product of American Can Company*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 52*) human meaningfulness survives.

Beyond a slut Phaedra and a slob Oedipus, the end of the line would seem to be Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot, where the very bottom of the social order, two ragged and half-crazed bums, speak for us, and affirm the ultimate misery of the human condition, yet its deathless hope. Even Blanche DuBois tried to freshen up the Kowalskis' upholstery, and Willy Loman saw buyers long after they had stopped buying; but Beckett's characters do not act at all; they merely wait. What they wait for, Godot, may not exist, and it may not matter if he does or does not. Francis Fergusson, in The Idea of a Theater, has phrased the tragic rhythm of action as, "From Purpose through Passion to Perception." Here is an authentic tragedy in which purpose, passion and perception all coalesce in one timeless, static "waiting." Vladimir, the more intellectual of the two bums, affirms their sad pride in waiting in words surprisingly reminiscent of Simonides' epitaph on the Spartan dead at Thermopylae:

> We have kept our appointment and that's an end to that. We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much?

For us, as for the Greeks, tragedy has escaped the confines of drama, and we find it everywhere in our literature. One theme of lyric poetry that seems authentically tragic—as it was for Phaedra—is overpowering physical passion, fleshly love as tragic fate. It develops in Provençal poetry, and reaches its high point in Dante's Divine Comedy, when Francesca in Hell tells Dante, while Paolo, her lover, weeps, of the moment when she and he sinned. Modern poetry has made us thoroughly familiar with this tragic and devastating passion. Sometimes it is all implied, as in the marvelous economy of William Butler Yeats' six-line poem, A Deep-Sworn Vow:

> *Others because you did not keep*
> *That deep-sworn vow have been friends of mine;*
> *Yet always when I look death in the face,*
> *When I clamber to the heights of sleep,*
> *Or when I grow excited with wine,*
> *Suddenly I meet your face.*

At other times it is defined so physically that we are reminded of Dante, as in John Crowe Ransom's The Equilibrists, from which I quote a stanza that may take us even further back, to the Reliving Dionysus:

> *Great lovers lie in Hell, the stubborn ones*
> *Infatuate of the flesh upon the bones;*
> *Stuprate, they rend each other when they kiss,*
> *The pieces kiss again, no end to this.*

Some of the same tragic passion appears in Negro blues songs, understated in the words but overwhelming in the music, as when Jimmy Rushing, accompanied by Sam Price at the piano, sings How Long:

> *If I could holler like a mountain jack,*
> *Go up on the mountain, and call my baby back.*
> *Baby, how long? Baby, how long? Baby, how long?*

In our fiction, we have the old tragic pattern of pride and fall, but with strange new varieties of prides and falls. Captain Ahab in Melville's Moby Dick is like the mad infatuate Shakespeare heroes, Lear or the later Othello. He has a new sort of heroic antagonist, however, no longer a malignant villain, but blind wild nature embodied in the great white whale. In Ahab's frenzied desire to "Strike through the mask!" and get at the ultimate evil of the universe, he is carried down to death lashed to the great whale. Only a transformed Ishmael, riding on a coffin, survives to tell the tale. The bitter intellectual protagonists of Dostoevski all in their different fashions believe that they are above or beyond society, like King Oedipus. Then like him they are smashed down below it, with some possibility of beginning their regeneration there.

In stories like Mann's Death in Venice and Kafka's The Judgment, we get a kind of Freudian tragedy of repression. It is, however, a species of tragedy that Euripides knew all about in The Bacchae, where puritanic King Pentheus represses his sensual nature until the god Dionysus, disguised as a handsome stranger, releases all that he has kept hidden and leads him to disgrace and death. Mann's Gustave Aschenbach similarly represses his sensual nature and presents an image of stiff rectitude to the world, until the appearance of the beautiful Polish boy, Tadzio, similarly breaks down his defenses and destroys him. Kafka's Georg Bendemann despised his old father in his

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

**Scarecrow Trees**

By Ethel Jacobson

Arms akimbo,
The Joshuas stand
Deployed about
Vast fields of sand—
Scarecrow trees,
Unreal, forlorn,
Guarding crops
Of sage and thorn.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

dirty underwear, as Pentheus at first despised the effeminate stranger. Suddenly the old father, like Euripides' stranger, turns out to conceal a divine omnipotence; he cries out, "I sentence you to death by drowning," and Georg dashes out and hurls himself off a bridge.

In other modern fiction the only transgression is the aspiration of the poor to rise to a degree of freedom and happiness. Perhaps the most tragic moment in James Joyce's Ulysses is the scene where Stephen Dedalus sees his ragged younger sister Dilly at a bookstall buying a coverless French primer for a penny, and realizes that she has the same aspirations he has, but that he can only save himself by letting her sink.

> She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.
> We.
> Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.
> Misery! Misery!

Suffering the "agenbite of inwit"—Joyce's Anglo-Saxon equivalent for "remorse of conscience"—in one tragic moment Stephen both accepts his common humanity and denies it out of desperate necessity.

Nor are the rich without their tragedies. In Shirley Jackson's The Sundial, a fantasy about the end of the world, the matriarch Mrs. Halloran brings on her death by donning a golden crown, precisely as King Agamemnon in the Oresteia of Aeschylus incurs the wrath of the gods and his own death by treading on the carpet of royal purple. In James Gould Cozzens' By Love Possessed, the upright and wealthy lawyer, Arthur Winner, is brought through suffering to feel something of the love and charity of the poor and dispossessed, a "winner" only of insight through humiliation.

The same tragic patterns confront us everywhere in our newspapers. We see the fated love of great princes in the British royal family—as though it existed to remind us of that lost Shakespearean world—first in the heartbreaking abdication broadcast of Edward VIII, then in the silent, smoldering tragedy of Princess Margaret. Our own tragic princes include the ruined financier, the fallen theatrical star, the washed-out sports champion with which we began this inquiry. The tragic movement is as visible in life as in art, since it comes into art from life. If Orson Welles' film, Citizen Kane, was tragic, so was the life of William Randolph Hearst that inspired it; if O'Neill's autobiographical plays and F. Scott Fitzgerald's autobiographical novels are tragic, so, visibly, were their lives. Below these famous figures there are the sordid tragedies and nameless sufferers of the tabloids: a daily creation of grimy Clytemnestras, Orestes, Electras and Phaedras.

When King Farouk of Egypt is driven from his throne we feel only the poetic justice that a wicked and dissolute wastrel has at last been humbled, a sense of relief and restoration of faith rather than any tragic exultation. But when Sherman Adams, a man like ourselves, neither wholly good nor wholly bad, an image of rectitude concealing a tragic shortcoming, is toppled from his high seat of power, we have true Aristotelian tragedy, and can feel pity and a kind of terror. When the people of Athens got bored with hearing the statesman Aristides called "the Just" and sentenced him to banishment, it was not simply spite and envy of an upright man. It was the same tragic sense they had of Pentheus and Hippolytus, and we of Adams, that too great a display of perfection challenges the gods, that pride goeth before a fall.

We return then, finally, to the mysterious satisfaction of tragedy, the question Saint Augustine raised so many centuries ago. For Aristotle, as we have seen, it lay in catharsis, the arousing and purging of pity and terror. For Hegel it was a sheer intellectual pleasure in the unfolding of the dialectic. Some, like Lucretius, have argued cynically that it is no more than a kind of sadistic pleasure we take in the sufferings of others. Schopenhauer believed with ultimate pessimism that the hero of tragedy atones for "the crime of existence itself." In Freud's view, the satisfaction of tragedy is that the lower impulses he calls Id find symbolic gratification in the hero's misdeeds, while the higher part of the personality he calls Superego finds *its* symbolic gratification in seeing the hero punished—and through him, the personality's own Id. Other psychological theory has talked similarly of our "empathy" or "projection" onto the protagonist's crime and punishment.

Kenneth Burke, in The Philosophy of Literary Form, has defined all art as the arousing and fulfilling of expectations. If we accept that basic conception of form, tragedy must always have a kind of inevitability. The Elizabethans seem sometimes to have conceived of it as merely a story that ended in death. There is similarly a tendency in our own time to see it as merely a sad ending, and perhaps to complain that there is so much misery in real life that art should be cheerful.

Not everything ending unhappily, however, is tragedy; it must satisfy the expectations it has aroused. An example of a work that sets out deliberately to violate these expectations is a remarkable French movie of a few years back called Forbidden Games. The audience is led to believe, by all sorts of suggestions, that the rustic Romeo-and-Juliet youths of two feuding families will marry, reconcile the families and bring happiness to a homeless child. The young people in fact do not marry, the families are not reconciled, and the child returns to misery. The audience is left at the end horribly wrenched and moved, but feeling only a terrible pathos, none of the inevitability, rightness and grandeur of tragedy.

The awful deaths of children in the news are pathetic in this fashion rather than tragic. The grisly kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby bore no relationship to anything the poor infant had done, nor was the horrible Chicago parochial-school fire a moral judgment of any sort. These frightful accidents move us deeply, even to tears, but they are essentially meaningless and ugly, where tragic death is meaningful and even beautiful.

The best explanation I know of the nature of tragedy is Herbert Weisinger's Tragedy and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall, a book to which my own understanding of the subject is considerably indebted. Weisinger insists that "the tragic protagonist must be made to achieve victory at the moment of his deepest despair." Tragedy, he reminds us, is "man's most vehement protest against meaninglessness"; it gives us "the sense of assurance, achieved through suffering, of rational order"; it proclaims that "man is free, but he is free within the limits set for us by his condition as man."

It is in terms of some such affirmations as these, I think, that the tragic vision is ultimately so rewarding. If it teaches us human limitation, it also teaches us human possibility. Hobbes reminds us that the life of man has been characteristically "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Tragedy answers that it has frequently been all of that, but that it is never ludicrous or meaningless. How far this tragic vision of man is, despite its recognition of all the outer degradation and the inner evil, from views of man in some contemporary literature as "Angry" or "Beat." Tragedy reaffirms a nobility and grandeur in the human condition, even Longinus' sublimity. If it is man's fate to go down inevitably into suffering and death, some exultation nevertheless rises to the skies. Man may be crushed, but the human spirit is forever indestructible.

---

For readers who may wish to pursue this topic further the following books are recommended:

Hyman, Stanley Edgar
THE ARMED VISION
*Vintage*
$.95

Hyman, Stanley Edgar (ed.)
THE CRITICAL PERFORMANCE
*Vintage*
$.95

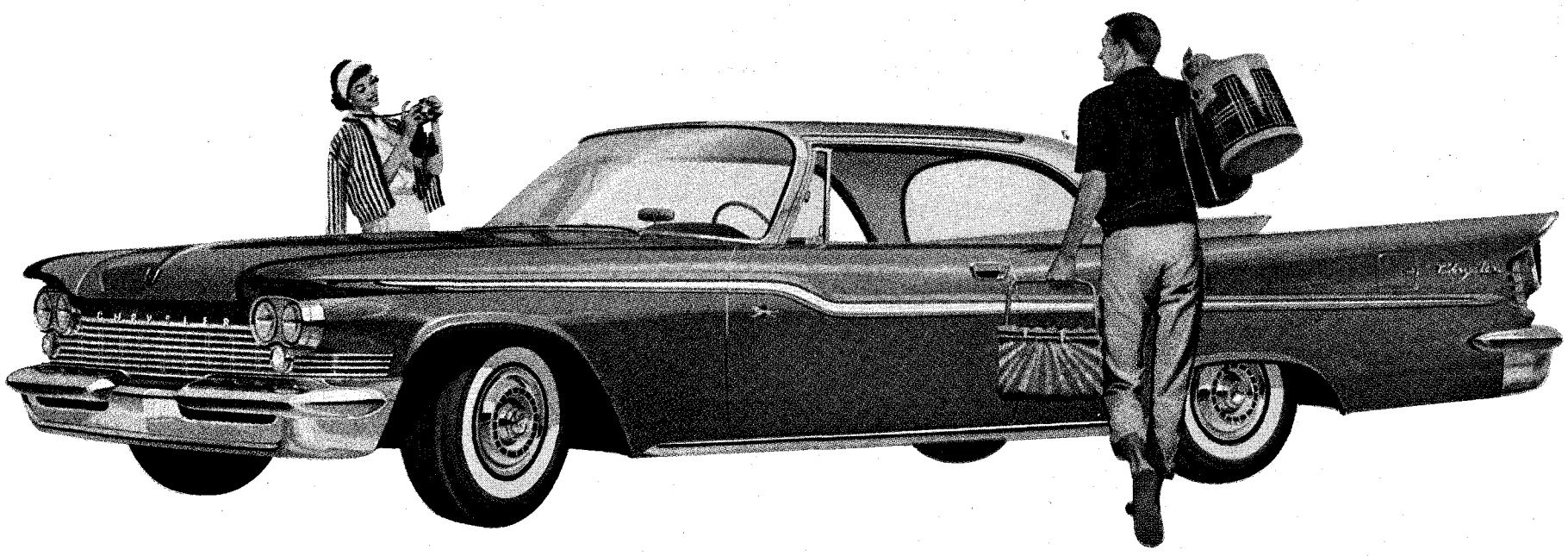
Murray, Gilbert
THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN POETRY
*Vintage*
$.95

Burke, Kenneth
THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERARY FORM
*Vintage*
$1.25

Fergusson, Francis
THE IDEA OF A THEATER
*Anchor*
$.75

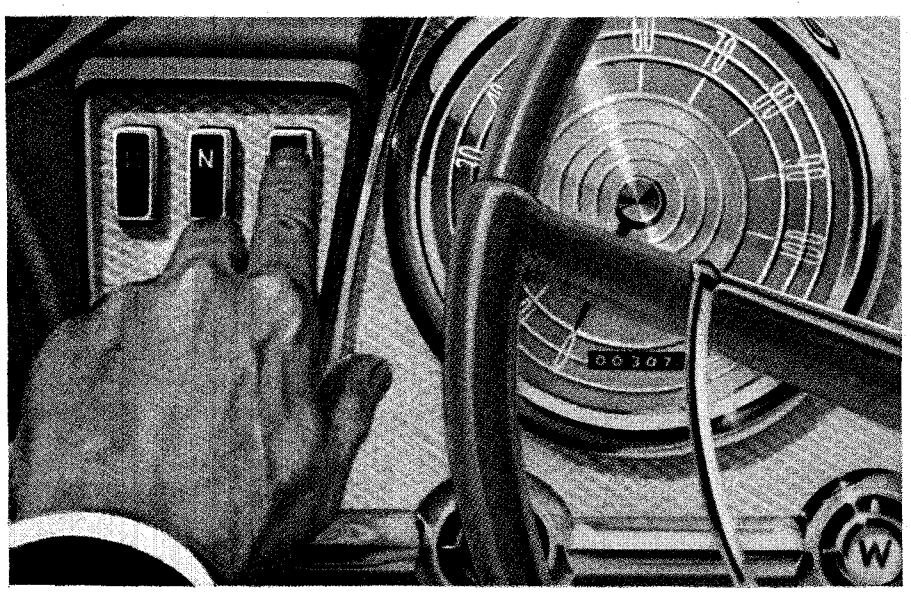
Weisinger, Herbert
TRAGEDY AND THE PARADOX OF THE FORTUNATE FALL
*Michigan State Press*
$5.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

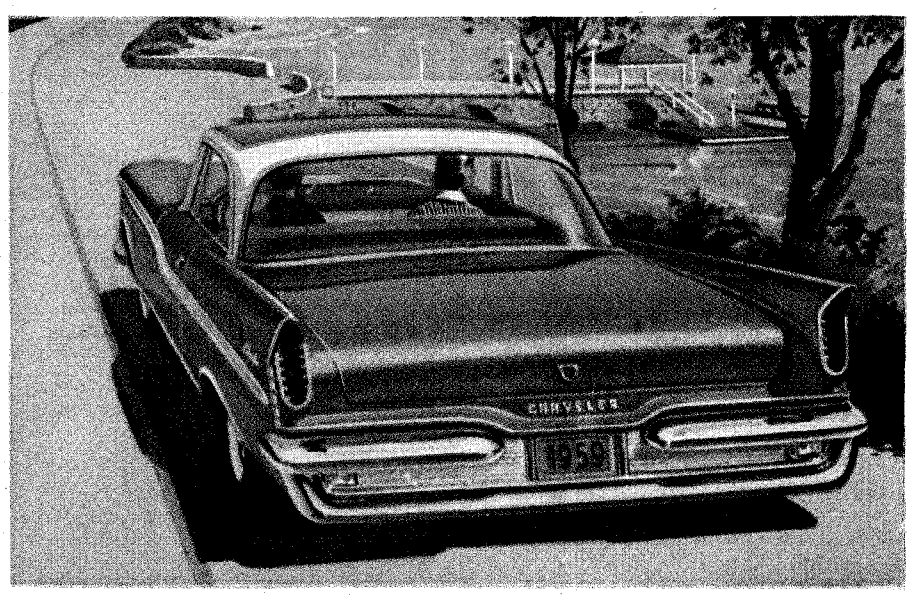


# EXCITING ESCAPE !

## ...this lion-hearted call to the open road



**TOUCH** a fingertip to Chrysler's pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission. Feel how smoothly, how instantly, power surges to your service.



**...AND GO** for the open road. Give this agile and adventurous car a chance to show you how exciting driving can be!

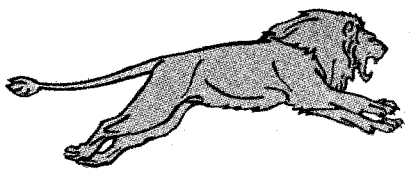
**Chrysler's got the ride you want!** From the pushbutton action of TorqueFlite transmission . . . the sure-footed control of Torsion-Aire Ride . . . the economy of Golden Lion engines . . . to the stop-on-a-dime safety of Total-Contact Brakes.

**Chrysler's got the room you need!** From the swing-aboard ease of optional Swivel Seats . . . the keep-your-hat-on head room, both front and back . . . the wider door openings and flatter floors . . . to leg-stretching lounging room all around.

**Chrysler's got the style you can be proud of!** Just look at Chrysler. Here's styling that set a trend in automotive design. And, underneath it all, Chrysler's superior engineering and quality construction standards give you the years-long reliability you deserve. You'll *always* be out front with this combination of stay-ahead style, quality, and lion-hearted way of going!

**See your Chrysler dealer today . . .** and answer that call to the open road.

CHRYSLER DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



*lion-hearted* **CHRYSLER**

*. . . setting the pace in style and comfort*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# My Unprivate Life as Mayor

(Continued from Page 21)

of the judiciary. Several of the smitten youngsters wrote back that Elvis was a far greater and better man than the judge or I. I never felt up to answering that one.

Scarcely a day goes by without a letter from someone complaining that a personal enemy is brainwashing him by means of radar waves. It is amazing, and perhaps a great tribute to our science-fiction writers, how many people believe this can be done. Another man periodically telegraphs me that his neighbors seek to slay him by quoting passages from the Bible. One perturbed correspondent wants me to send her immediately all the law on common-law marriage, as she has difficulties with the male friend with whom she shares bed and board. A practical joker writes that he makes lecture tours every summer to promote temperance, and for years was accompanied by a pathetic drunkard, named Herman, as a horrible example. Herman has died, he solemnly avers, and mutual acquaintances have suggested me as a worthy substitute for Herman. Naturally, I declined the honor.

In another memorable communication I was held personally responsible for "locking all the men's toilet rooms in City Hall on Sundays." This writer was especially outraged because the ladies' rest rooms were not padlocked. "How," he demanded, "can you act so indifferent toward your fellow MEN?"

In addition to the people who write and those who phone, there are those who pursue me in person. When I was an undergraduate at Yale, I played end and got around fairly fast. But I admit there are times today when I am outclassed and know it.

How would you feel, for example, if you were frequently overtaken in public by a well-dressed woman of about sixty carrying a big, live rooster? That experience was part of my official life as mayor of Philadelphia. The woman began pursuing me when her landlady objected to her feathered companion. The landlady obtained a Department of Health order against keeping poultry in her bedroom. The rooster woman demanded that I reverse this cruel decree. She called at my home every day for a week. Then for some time she—and her feathered pet—lurked around City Hall, hoping to intercept me. Only the rooster's untimely death from natural causes saved me from this threat.

All that I have related is, of course, merely the lighter side of a mayor's life. It is just incidental to the daily task of running a city with 29,000 employees and annual operating and capital expenditures of more than $300,000,000. Philadelphia outranks twenty-one of the fifty states in population, employees and expenditures, so being its mayor is no sinecure. Mine is an 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. office job, broken by at least three formal luncheons a week and usually capped by civic dinners or banquets five nights a week. There are times when I feel like a gravity-testing machine for the inevitable green peas. As I enjoy a good meal, I can say with pleasure that the menus at these affairs are improving, along with much else in Philadelphia.

My Saturdays are devoted to working at home on talks for the coming week, and on briefing myself on the progress of various civic projects and programs. Sundays are seldom free. There are important community activities during the afternoon. Also, I do a fair amount of lay preaching, especially in the Negro churches. It is my wish and hope to stimulate increased Negro civic leadership in view of the fact that Negroes form nearly one fourth of our city population.

Then, too, a big-city mayor has to be a superlobbyist. When Congress is in session, I average a day every two weeks in Washington. When the state legislature meets, I spend a day a week in the capital, Harrisburg. Few people realize or understand why a mayor must do this. What we mayors are trying to do at such times is to get back for our cities some of the taxes extracted from them by Federal and state governments. Before World War I, the Federal Government took only twenty-five cents of every tax dollar collected. Today, through new or higher taxes which have a priority over others, it takes more than seventy-five cents. The state takes another fifteen cents. That leaves less than ten cents of every tax dollar to support our great urban communities. Those communities house 65 per cent of all Americans and produce 70 per cent of our wealth. But you'd never guess it from the way tax dollars are spent. Last year the Federal Government poured more into supporting the price of potatoes than it spent on housing, slum clearance and redevelopment for all the large urban communities in the United States.

A mayor must also keep tabs on the civic construction and private rebuilding which are so necessary to maintain any modern American city. I go out on expeditions of this kind regularly. Perhaps my most depressing experience as mayor occurred when I went with sanitation and clean-up campaigners into a two-block slum where migratory workers lived between jobs. In that entire area we couldn't find a single sober adult with whom to talk. Not one. It was completely frustrating—and alarming.

On the other hand, there are innumerable incidents which are distinctly encouraging because they attest to the high character and devotion of many citizens and city employees. To mention only a minor one: It so happens that I have neither an official limousine nor a chauffeur. I either draw a car and driver from the city car pool or drive my own car. Once when I was in a hurry to go upstate on city business, I parked for a few minutes in a No Parking zone on City Hall Plaza while I rushed up to my office for some papers. I came back to find my car ticketed just as any other would have been. I was genuinely pleased with that patrolman. He did his duty.

While I feel that a mayor should accept parking regulations and all the other individual requirements of citizenship, I must say that he has no more privacy than a man marooned on a sandbank. His personal life, habits, interests, all become public possessions. Take the matter of clothes. I have always dressed carefully.

Now I happen to prefer double-breasted suits. This style, along with matching vests for single-breasted suits, disappeared into the limbo of cloth conservation sometime during World War II, while I was in Marine Corps uniform. Nevertheless, I demobilized later into a double-breasted suit. I practiced law in one, became city treasurer in one in 1949, and district attorney in one in 1951, all without a word as to my clothing styles.

After I was elected mayor in 1955, however, my double-breasted coats became a real hot issue. On our twice-a-month television program, Tell It to the Mayor, someone telephoned in the question: "Why don't you wear a single-breasted suit like everyone else?" I replied rather limply that I preferred the other kind. After another television appearance, I received a visit from two potent Philadelphians, Charles Weinstein, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and Samuel Daroff, representing clothing manufacturers. They came united in a common cause. "Please," they said, "be helpful and quit wearing those old-fashioned double-breasted suits on television." They even offered to tailor a single-breasted suit for me and present it on the show. I declined, but secretly I was shaken. Did I really look outmoded? Would the voters mistake me for a Republican? Forthwith I ordered a couple of single-breasted suits—for emergencies.

Speaking of emergencies in dress, my wife says that my habit of dressing carefully nearly got us both sunk. She means just that too. We were returning from Europe in the Andrea Doria and had retired for the night. As usual I had laid out what I intended to wear the next day in New York. Then there came the thunderous crash that was the Doria's death blow. My wife and I, jarred awake, began to dress. For once the husband didn't have to wait for the wife. She likes to tell how, with the Doria listing more and more, I sat there adjusting my garters.

Well, we got off the Doria, Ann with a black eye from bumping into a door and I minus my shoes and socks. I removed them to get a better foothold on the wet, sloping deck and also in case I had to swim. And my lack of shoes led, later on, to another situation.

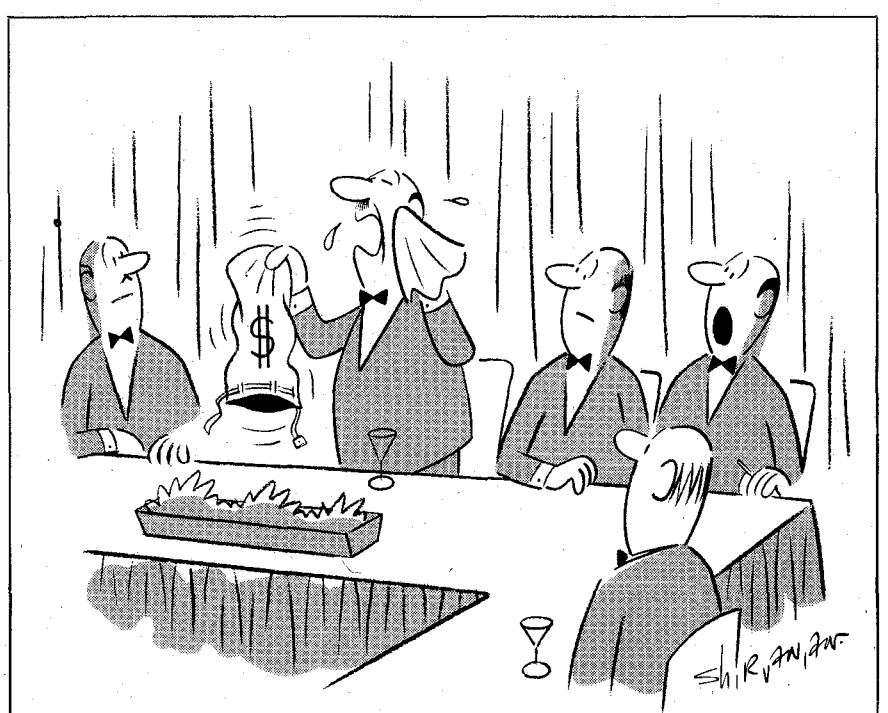
As I said, a mayor leads a goldfish-bowl life. Not even his broken-down furniture escapes scrutiny. Ordinarily the least obvious decrepitude in furniture, I would say, is the spring busted out of the bottom of a low-slung sofa. The only guests likely to notice it are those who fall flat on their faces. Well, the busted spring in my sofa made Page One in the newspapers.

Granted, it did take the Doria sinking to bring about this low-down sofa publicity. By the time my wife and I were duly rescued and returned to Philadelphia—we were living in the old house on St. James Street then—I was wearing a pair of borrowed brogans a couple of sizes too large. The thoughtful lender had not supplied socks, and my bare feet ached. I shucked off the shoes and relaxed on the broken sofa. Just then the newspaper photographers arrived. They snapped me as I was. And the sofa as it was.

Next day the mail began piling up. On my survival of the sinking, there were two definite opinions. My friends were pleased to have me back alive. My foes expressed regrets that I had not gone down with the ship. But on the sofa situation there was no such divided opinion. Nearly everyone who mentioned it thought it was disgraceful for the mayor of Philadelphia to permit himself to be photographed on a busted sofa. The only kindly note came from a furniture repairman. He was saddened to see his mayor in such an extreme, he said, and would be glad to repair the sofa free of charge.

After we moved into our new home on Washington Square, cater-cornered from Independence Square in a downtown section which is now coming back as a residential area, we encountered considerable question as to whose home it really was. My wife and I built the place personally with our cash. We had, regretfully, to tear down two fine old Georgian residences on the site because they had been closed up and abandoned too long to be renovated. My wife sketched the basic plans for the architect and watched the place rise from foundations up. In doing so, more or less unrecognized, she got an earful. "So that's where our tax money goes!" was one indignant cry from uninformed passers-by. Another refrain, in a more spendthrift vein, went, "If they're building a mansion for the mayor, why don't they build a bigger one?"

At any rate, we moved in before the contractors completed the fence which encloses our little rear garden. In no time we learned that the public firmly believed the house was their house. After a long, hectic day, I was about to go to bed at two A.M. when someone rapped at the rear door. Instinctively I opened it. In walked a strange man, hat firmly on head. He stepped past me without a word, looked over the kitchen critically and kept going. Taking his own good time, he marched through the dining room, inspected some dishes, and then proceeded through the living room and out the front door—all without a word or without taking off his hat. He did not even give me the opportunity (*Continued on Page 58*)



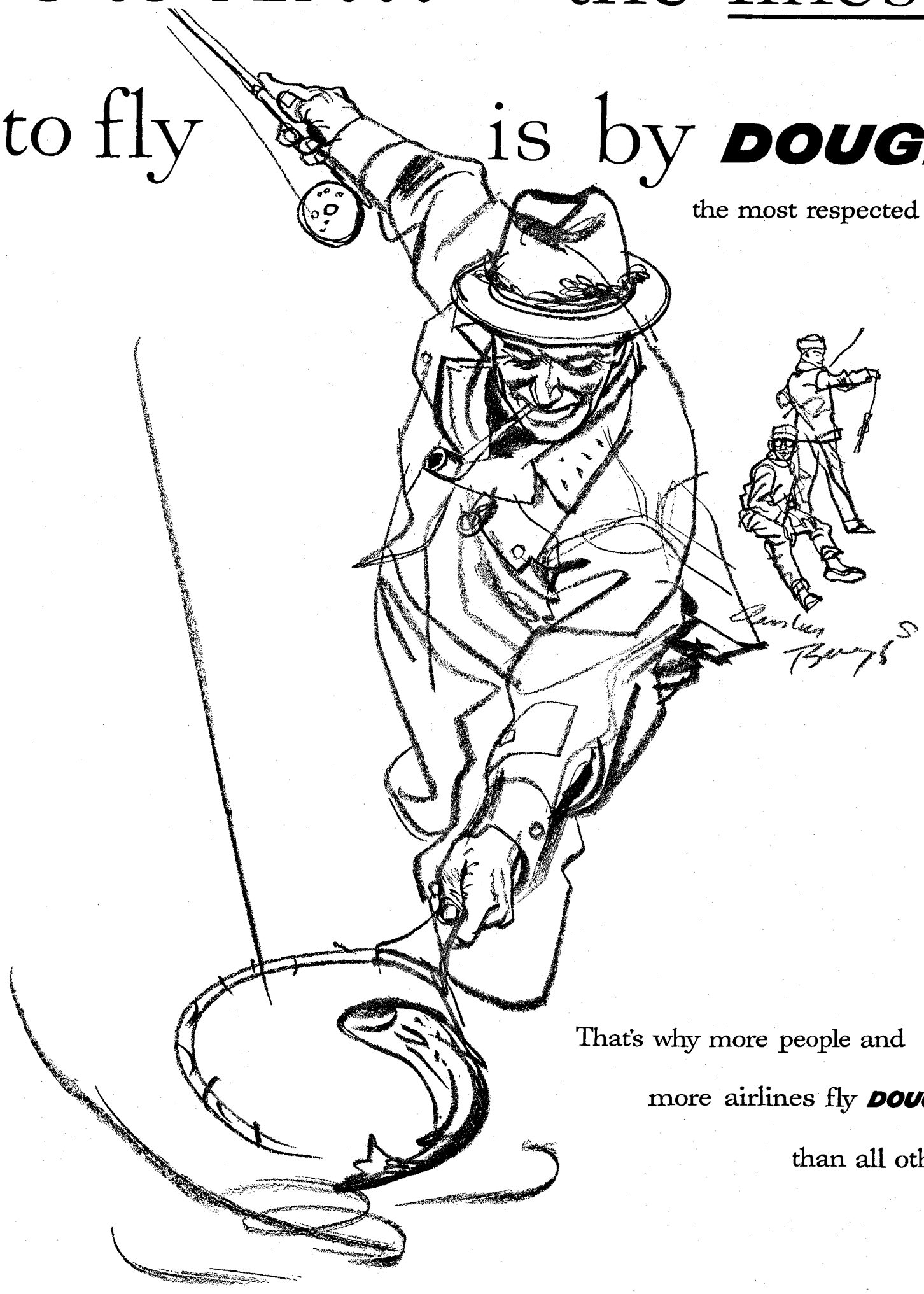

"Most dramatic treasurer's report I've ever seen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The fastest way to get there is to FLY... the finest way to fly is by DOUGLAS

the most respected name in aviation



That's why more people and more airlines fly DOUGLAS "DC" airliners than all others combined!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 56*) to say that I hoped he enjoyed himself.

On another occasion in our "pioneer" days in the new home, before the back fence fortified our position, my wife and I were breakfasting in the dining room. She was wearing a dressing gown, and I was not attired to receive visitors, myself. Suddenly we looked up from our food to see an entire family of sight-seers with cameras standing outside the picture window. One of them methodically set up a tripod. They stood there calmly snapping photographs of us at breakfast. I don't know what their exposure meters showed, but they certainly got some informal pictures of a mayor and wife breakfasting.

While our fence now protects us from back-door visitations, we still receive calls regularly from sight-seers who believe that they are entitled, as citizens of Philadelphia or anywhere else, to inspect the mayor's habitat. There have been moments when I have felt truly sympathetic toward the zoo gorillas, who endure this sort of "look-at-him" scrutiny constantly. A mayor, however, is not entitled to beat his chest and shake the bars. I now have a somewhat subtler system. Two blocks up the street stands Independence Hall. I take the visitor firmly by the arm, head him in that direction and say persuasively, "You must go and see the Liberty Bell." This appeal to patriotism usually works.

At least, owning our own more-or-less private home frees us from the worries which fret some other big-city mayors. The mayor of New York, for example, can't call his mousetraps his own. He occupies historic Gracie Mansion in a public park, and maintenance of the mansion comes under the city park system. This means that Robert Moses, as park commissioner, controls every cent spent in Gracie Mansion. Not even an electric-light bulb can be bought without his approval. I can always take comfort from the fact that, no matter who is elected to head Philadelphia's city government, they can't heave me out of my house as they do the mayor of New York when he becomes an "ex."

There are good reasons why I like my job as mayor. Cities always have interested me. I was born in Pittsburgh, which in recent years has come to the fore over seemingly insurmountable problems such as smog. After I came to Philadelphia thirty-three years ago, I became active in the National Municipal League.

Our big cities are the heart and pulse of our national life. The depression years threatened them with extinction. For nearly fifty years preceding they had expanded with little planning or civic coherency and had become rife with corruption. Today, however, our great cities are marching forward again. Most of them hum with civic enterprise, both private and public.

To a mayor, as head of a complex city, the community presents a constant challenge. Just as a good parent guides his child's development, a good mayor must do the same in any of our ever-growing cities. The urban problem is forever changing. This is expecially true in older communities such as Philadelphia. Here we must re-create open space, such as parks and plazas, when over-age buildings crowd the scene. We must improve and streamline our vast seaport. We must preserve and enhance the rare charm of our fine historic places. At the same time we must make way for industrial and commercial expansion. And we must, above all, think of the individual. We must particularly encourage good citizenship in areas of changing population.

When a man has labored over all this and more to the best of his ability, he finds himself truly in love with his city. With me, it is a case of love, not money. The mayor's salary is $25,000 a year. To hold the office I gave up a law practice which paid me, over the years, anywhere from two to four times as much. And I am not sorry.

As a matter of fact, I am seeking re-election this November for a second four-year term. My Republican opponent is a man named Harold Stassen. He has been many things, including a candidate for President of the United States and for governor of Pennsylvania. Now he would be a mayor. He got his start in the Midwest, and local wags joke that he came to Philadelphia for his finish.

This much is certain: Being a Republican candidate in Philadelphia isn't the sure-fire success that it used to be. It used to be, as they say of Democratic primaries in the South, "tantamount" to election. To show you how it was, look at this. When I first sought public office in 1934, I lost the nomination for state senator to another Democrat whose Republican opponent then beat him by ten to one. Today, however, there are nearly 25 per cent more registered Democrats than Republicans in the city. When I look back, I find it hard to believe.

When I ran for mayor unsuccessfully in 1947, the Democrats were still very much the underdogs. There hadn't been a Democratic mayor in more than sixty years. The party needed desperately to attract attention and win support. It was then that a Democratic committeeman made what he regarded as a practical, constructive suggestion. It certainly emphasized the plight of the party.

"Just drive your car to an address in South Philadelphia that I'll give you," he told me. "Park it there and get out. *Be sure to get out.* In fact, get out of the neighborhood—quick."

"And then what?" I asked innocently.

"Then I'll fix it for your car to get a going over with machine guns," he replied. "Lotsa bullet holes. The picture of your narrow escape comes out in all the papers, the other side gets blamed, and, bingo! people are on our side."

I felt compelled to decline this generous offer. Apart from other considerations, I carefully explained, I simply could not afford to have my one and only car wrecked.

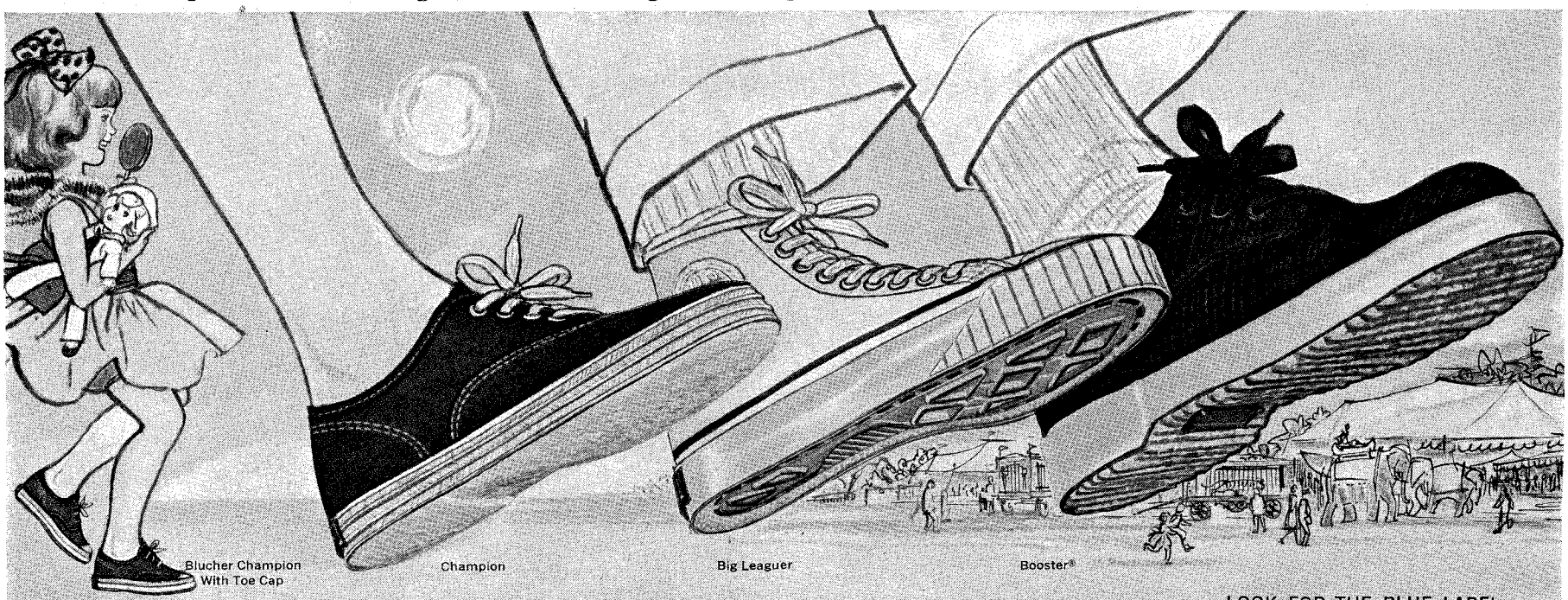
THE END

## Two-Year-Old Talker

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Next door there lives a
chatterbox
Who sometimes leaves her
dolls and blocks
To visit through the
back-yard fence
Where, with a fund of talk
immense,
She rattles on without a stop
While sucking on a lollipop,
And all the gossip that she
leaks,
Told in the artless way
she speaks,
Might shock the neighbors
quite a bit,
If I could make out half of it.


hurry, hurry, hurry...get your U.S. KEDS




the shoe all America plays in...

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL

U.S. Keds®

*The Shoe of Champions*

US RUBBER United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# War Party (Continued from Page 34)

there, waiting for us to see it. She had given us the dream, and even Jeanie, who was only six, she had it too.

She might tell us that home was where we were going, but I knew home was where ma was, a warm and friendly place with biscuits on the table and fresh-made butter. We wouldn't have a real home until ma was there and we had a fire going. Only I'd build the fire.

Mr. Buchanan, who was captain of the wagon train, came to us with Tryon Burt, who was guide. "We'll help you," Mr. Buchanan said. "I know you'll be wanting to go back, and——"

"But we are not going back." She smiled at them. "And don't be afraid we'll be a burden. I know you have troubles of your own, and we will manage very well."

Mr. Buchanan looked uncomfortable, like he was trying to think of the right thing to say. "Now, see here," he protested, "we started this trip with a rule. There has to be a man with every wagon."

Ma put her hand on my shoulder. "I have my man. Bud is almost thirteen and accepts responsibility. I could ask for no better man."

Ryerson came up. He was thin, stooped in the shoulder, and whenever he looked at ma there was a greasy look to his eyes that I didn't like. He was a man who looked dirty even when he'd just washed in the creek. "You come along with me, ma'am," he said. "I'll take good care of you."

"Mr. Ryerson"—ma looked him right in the eye—"you have a wife who can use better care than she's getting, and I have my son."

"He's nothin' but a boy."

"You are turning back, are you not? My son is going on. I believe that should indicate who is more the man. It is neither size nor age that makes a man, Mr. Ryerson, but something he has inside. My son has it."

Ryerson might have said something unpleasant only Tryon Burt was standing there wishing he would, so he just looked ugly and hustled off.

"I'd like to say you could come," Mr. Buchanan said, "but the boy couldn't stand up to a man's work."

Ma smiled at him, chin up, the way she had. "I do not believe in gambling, Mr. Buchanan, but I'll wager a good Ballard rifle there isn't a man in camp who could follow a child all day, running when it runs, squatting when it squats, bending when it bends and wrestling when it wrestles and not be played out long before the child is."

"You may be right, ma'am, but a rule is a rule."

"We are in Indian country, Mr. Buchanan. If you are killed a week from now, I suppose your wife must return to the States?"

"That's different! Nobody could turn back from there!"

"Then," ma said sweetly, "it seems a rule is only a rule within certain limits, and if I recall correctly no such limit was designated in the articles of travel. Whatever limits there were, Mr. Buchanan, must have been passed sometime before the Indian attack that killed my husband."

"I can drive the wagon, and so can ma," I said. "For the past two days I've been driving, and nobody said anything until pa died."

Mr. Buchanan didn't know what to say, but a body could see he didn't like it. Nor did he like a woman who talked up to him the way ma did.

Tryon Burt spoke up. "Let the boy drive. I've watched this youngster, and he'll do. He has better judgment than most men in the outfit, and he stands up to his work. If need be, I'll help."

Mr. Buchanan turned around and walked off with his back stiff the way it is when he's mad. Ma looked at Burt, and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Burt. That was nice of you."

Try Burt, he got all red around the gills and took off like somebody had put a bur under his saddle.

Come morning our wagon was the second one ready to take its place in line, with both horses saddled and tied behind the wagon, and me standing beside the off ox.

Any direction a man wanted to look there was nothing but grass and sky, only sometimes there'd be a buffalo wallow or a gopher hole. We made eleven miles the first day after pa was buried, sixteen the next, then nineteen, thirteen and twenty one. At no time did the country change. On the sixth day after pa died I killed a buffalo.

It was a young bull, but a big one, and I spotted him coming up out of a draw and was off my horse and bellied down in the grass before Try Burt realized there was game in sight. That bull came up from the draw and stopped there, staring at the wagon train, which was a half mile off. Setting a sight behind his left shoulder I took a long breath, took in the trigger slack, then squeezed off my shot so gentlelike the gun jumped in my hands before I was ready for it.

The bull took a step back like something had surprised him, and I jacked another shell into the chamber and was sighting on him again when he went down on his knees and rolled over on his side.

"You got him, Bud!" Burt was more excited than me. "That was shootin'!"

Try got down and showed me how to skin the bull, and lent me a hand. Then we cut out a lot of fresh meat and toted it back to the wagons.

Ma was at the fire when we came up, a wisp of brown hair alongside her cheek and her face flushed from the heat of the fire, looking as pretty as a bay pony.

"Bud killed his first buffalo," Burt told her, looking at ma like he could eat her with a spoon.

"Why, Bud! That's wonderful!" Her eyes started to dance with a kind of mischief in them, and she said, "Bud, why don't you take a piece of that meat along to Mr. Buchanan and the others?"

With Burt to help, we cut the meat into eighteen pieces and distributed it around the wagons. It wasn't much, but it was the first fresh meat in a couple of weeks.

John Sampson squeezed my shoulder and said, "Seems to me you and your ma are folks to travel with. This outfit needs some hunters."

Each night I staked out that buffalo hide, and each day I worked at curing it before rolling it up to pack on the wagon. Believe you me, I was some proud of that buffalo hide. Biggest thing I'd shot until then was a cottontail rabbit back in Illinois, where we lived when I was born. Try Burt told folks about that shot. "Two hundred yards," he'd say, "right through the heart."

Only it wasn't more than a hundred and fifty yards the way I figured, and pa used to make me pace off distances, so I'd learn to judge right. But I was nobody to argue with Try Burt telling a story—besides, two hundred yards makes an awful lot better sound than one hundred and fifty.

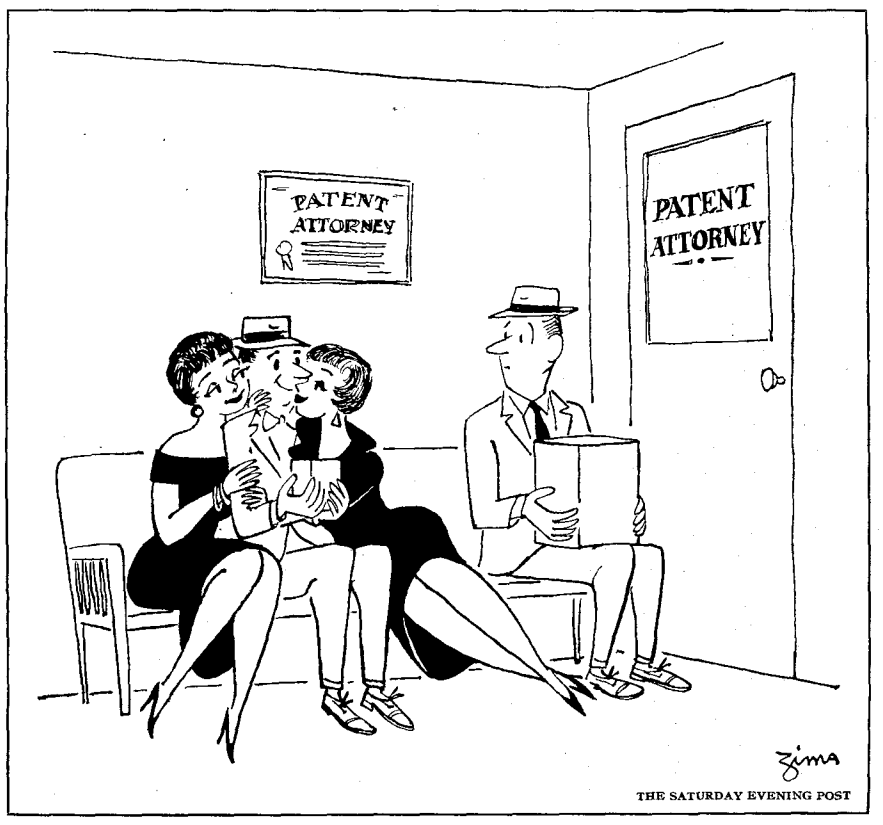
After supper the menfolks would gather to talk plans. The season was late, and we weren't making the time we ought if we hoped to beat the snow through the passes of the Sierras. When they talked I was there because I was the man of my wagon, but nobody paid me no mind. Mr. Buchanan, he acted like he didn't see me, but John Sampson would not, and Try Burt always smiled at me.

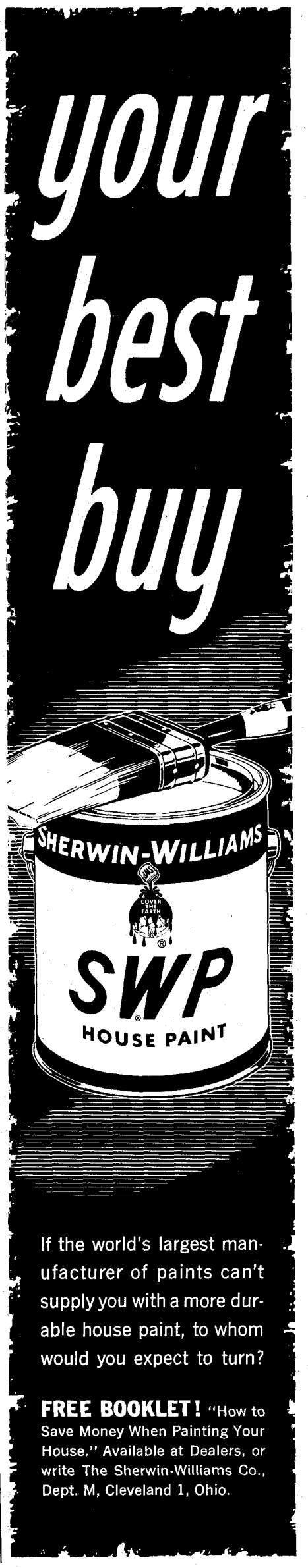
Several spoke up for turning back, but Mr. Buchanan said he knew of an outfit that made it through later than this. One thing was sure. Our wagon wasn't turning back. Like ma said, home was somewhere ahead of us, and back in the States we'd have no money and nobody to turn to, nor any relatives, anywhere. It was the three of us.

"We're going on," I said at one of these talks. "We don't figure to turn back for anything."

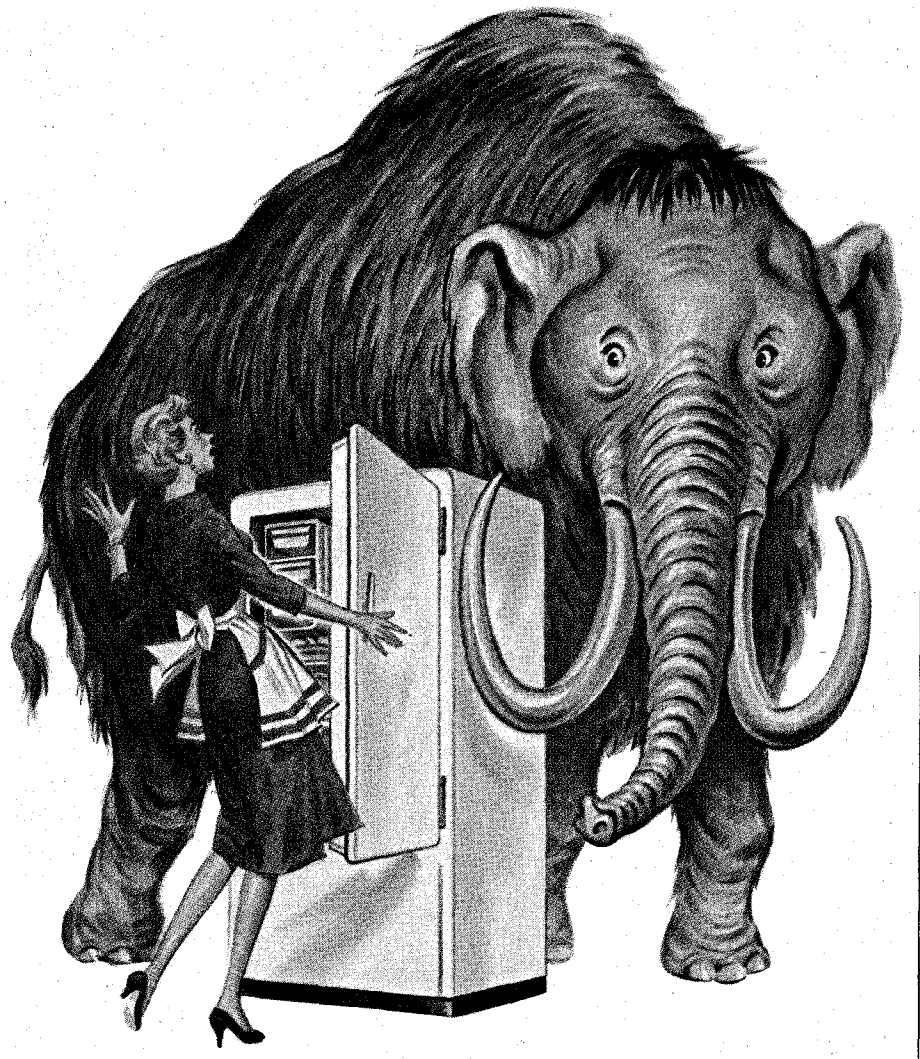
Webb gave me a glance full of contempt. "You'll go where the rest of us go. You an' your ma would play hob gettin' by on your own."

Next day it rained, dawn to dark it fairly poured, and we were lucky to make six miles. Day after that, with the wagon wheels sinking into the prairie and the rain still falling, we camped just two





your best buy
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
COVER THE EARTH
SWP
HOUSE PAINT
If the world's largest manufacturer of paints can't supply you with a more durable house paint, to whom would you expect to turn?
FREE BOOKLET! "How to Save Money When Painting Your House." Available at Dealers, or write The Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. M, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Is your refrigerator as outmoded as a Mastodon?

Your bulky visitor from the past just wants to know how you can stand your present refrigerator, when new refrigerators are so much better.

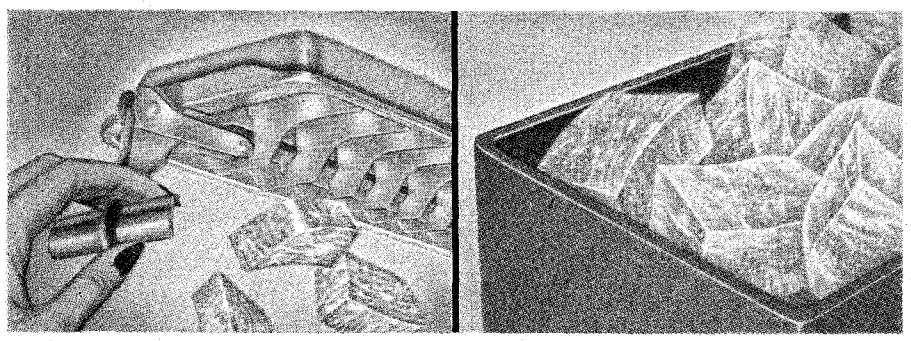
New conveniences added to refrigerators in the last few years make previous models outmoded. Such as vegetable and fruit storage sections, safety latches, varied shelf designs. And the wonderful ice cube service of Inland "Magic Touch" ice cube trays.

Yes, it's like magic to flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A whole trayful of ice cubes drops into the chest.

You always have several trayfuls of ice cubes stored, ready for instant use. Ice chest is handy in the kitchen or for serving.

See for yourself. At your favorite store, you'll find 1959 refrigerators have convenience and luxury you've dreamed about. Ask your dealer to show you the Inland "Magic Touch" ice cube trays and ice chest.

## MODERN REFRIGERATORS MAKE AND STORE ICE CUBES THE "MAGIC TOUCH" WAY!



Just flip the "Magic Touch" lever. A trayful of ice cubes drops into the storage chest.

Ice chest stores several trayfuls of ice cubes, where they are always ready for instant use.

INLAND MANUFACTURING "Magic Touch"

HANDI-STOR ICE CUBE TRAY

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION • General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio


miles from where we started in the morning.

Nobody talked much around the fires, and what was said was apt to be short and irritable. Most of these folks had put all they owned into the outfits they had, and if they turned back now they'd have nothing to live on and nothing left to make a fresh start. Except a few like Mr. Buchanan, who was well off.

"It doesn't have to be California," ma said once. "What most of us want is land, not gold."

"This here is Indian country," John Sampson said, "and a sight too open for me. I'd like a valley in the hills, with running water close by."

"There will be valleys and meadows," ma replied, stirring the stew she was making, "and tall trees near running streams, and tall grass growing in the meadows, and there will be game in the forest and on the grassy plains, and places for homes."

"And where will we find all that?" Webb's tone was slighting.

"West," ma said, "over against the mountains."

"I suppose you've been there?" Webb scoffed.

"No, Mr. Webb, I haven't been there, but I've been told of it. The land is there, and we will have some of it, my children and I, and we will stay through the winter, and in the spring we will plant our crops."

"Easy to say."

"This is Sioux country to the north," Burt said. "We'll be lucky to get through without a fight. There was a war party of thirty or thirty-five passed this way a couple of days ago."

"Sioux?"

"Uh-huh—no women or children along, and I found where some war paint rubbed off on the brush."

"Maybe," Mr. Buchanan suggested, "we'd better turn south a mite."

"It is late in the season," ma replied, "and the straightest way is the best way now."

"No use to worry," White interrupted; "those Indians went on by. They won't likely know we're around."

"They were riding southeast," ma said, "and their home is in the north, so when they return they'll be riding northwest. There is no way they can miss our trail."

"Then we'd best turn back," White said.

"Don't look like we'd make it this year, anyway," a woman said; "the season is late."

That started the argument, and some were for turning back and some wanted to push on, and finally White said they should push on, but travel fast.

"Fast?" Webb asked disparagingly. "An Indian can ride in one day the distance we'd travel in four."

That started the wrangling again and ma continued with her cooking. Sitting there watching her, I figured I never did see anybody so graceful or quick on her feet as ma, and when we used to walk in the woods back home I never knew her to stumble or step on a fallen twig or branch.

The group broke up and returned to their own fires with nothing settled, only there at the end Mr. Buchanan looked to Burt. "Do you know the Sioux?"

"Only the Utes and Shoshonis, and I spent a winter on the Snake with the Nez Percés, one time, but I've had no truck with the Sioux. Only they tell me they're bad medicine. Fightin' men from way back and they don't cotton to white folks in their country. If we run into Sioux, we're in trouble."

After Mr. Buchanan had gone, Tryon Burt accepted a plate and cup from ma and settled down to eating. After a while he looked up at her and said, "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but it struck me you knew a sight about trackin' for an Eastern woman. You'd spotted those Sioux your own self, an' you figured it right that they'd pick up our trail on the way back."

She smiled at him. "It was simply an observation, Mr. Burt. I would believe anyone would notice it. I simply put it into words."

Burt went on eating, but he was mighty thoughtful, and it didn't seem to me he was satisfied with ma's answer. Ma said finally, "It seems to be raining west of here. Isn't it likely to be snowing in the mountains?"

Burt looked up uneasily. "Not necessarily so, ma'am. It could be raining here and not snowing there, but I'd say there was a chance of snow." He got up and came around the fire to the coffee pot. "What are you gettin' at, ma'am?"

"Some of them are ready to turn back or change their plans. What will you do then?"

He frowned, placing his cup on the grass and starting to fill his pipe. "No idea—might head south for Santa Fe. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going on," ma said. "We're going to the mountains, and I am hoping some of the others decide to come with us."

"You'd go alone?" He was amazed.

"If necessary."

We started on at daybreak, but folks were more scary than before, and they kept looking at the great distances stretching away on either side, and muttering. There was an autumn coolness in the air, and we were still short of South Pass by several days with the memory of the Donner party being talked up around us.

There was another kind of talk in the wagons, and some of it I heard. The nightly gatherings around ma's fire had started talk, and some of it pointed to Tryon Burt, and some were saying other things.

We made seventeen miles that day, and at night Mr. Buchanan didn't come to our fire; and when White stopped by, his wife came and got him. Ma looked at her and smiled, and Mrs. White sniffed and went away beside her husband.

"Mr. Burt"—ma wasn't one to beat around a bush—"is there talk about me?"

Try Burt got red around the ears and he opened his mouth, but couldn't find the words he wanted. "Maybe—well, maybe I shouldn't eat here all the time. Only—well, ma'am, you're the best cook in camp."

Ma smiled at him. "I hope that isn't the only reason you come to see us, Mr. Burt."

He got redder than ever then and gulped his coffee and took off in a hurry.

Time to time the men had stopped by to help a little, but next morning nobody came by. We got lined out about as soon as ever, and ma said to me as we sat on the wagon seat, "Pay no attention, Bud. You've no call to take up anything if you don't notice it. There will always be folks who will talk, and the better you do in the world the more bad things they will say of you. Back there in the settlement you remember how the dogs used to run out and bark at our wagons?"

"Yes, ma."

"Did the wagons stop?"

"No, ma."

"Remember that, son. The dogs bark, but the wagons go on their way, and if you're going some place you haven't time to bother with barking dogs."

We made eighteen miles that day, and the grass was better, but there was a rumble of distant thunder, whimpering and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

muttering off in the canyons, promising rain.

Webb stopped by, dropped an armful of wood beside the fire, then started off.

"Thank you, Mr. Webb," ma said, "but aren't you afraid you'll be talked about?"

He looked angry and started to reply something angry, and then he grinned and said, "I reckon I'd be flattered, Mrs. Miles."

Ma said, "No matter what is decided by the rest of them, Mr. Webb, we are going on, but there is no need to go to California for what we want."

Webb took out his pipe and tamped it. He had a dark, devil's face on him with eyebrows like you see on pictures of the devil. I was afraid of Mr. Webb.

"We want land," ma said, "and there is land around us. In the mountains ahead there will be streams and forests, there will be fish and game, logs for houses and meadows for grazing."

Mr. Buchanan had joined us. "That's fool talk," he declared. "What could anyone do in these hills? You'd be cut off from the world. Left out of it."

"A man wouldn't be so crowded as in California," John Sampson remarked. "I've seen so many go that I've been wondering what they all do there."

"For a woman," Webb replied, ignoring the others, "you've a head on you, ma'am."

"What about the Sioux?" Mr. Buchanan asked dryly.

"We'd not be encroaching on their land. They live to the north," ma said. She gestured toward the mountains. "There is land to be had just a few days further on, and that is where our wagon will stop."

A few days! Everybody looked at everybody else. Not months, but days only. Those who stopped then would have enough of their supplies left to help them through the winter, and with what game they could kill—and time for cutting wood and even building cabins before the cold set in.

Oh, there was argument, such argument as you've never heard, and the upshot of it was that all agreed it was fool talk and the thing to do was keep going. And there was talk I overheard about ma being no better than she should be, and why was that guide always hanging around her? And all those men? No decent woman —— I hurried away.

At break of day our wagons rolled down a long valley with a small stream alongside the trail, and the Indians came over the ridge to the south of us and started our way—tall, fine-looking men with feathers in their hair.

There was barely time for a circle, but I was riding off in front with Tryon Burt, and he said, "A man can always try to talk first, and Injuns like a palaver. You get back to the wagons."

Only I rode along beside him, my rifle over my saddle and ready to hand. My mouth was dry and my heart was beating so's I thought Try could hear it, I was that scared. But behind us the wagons were making their circle, and every second was important.

Their chief was a big man with splendid muscles, and there was a scalp not many days old hanging from his lance. It looked like Ryerson's hair, but Ryerson's wagons should have been miles away to the east by now.

Burt tried them in Shoshoni, but it was the language of their enemies and they merely stared at him, understanding well enough, but of no mind to talk. One young buck kept staring at Burt with a taunt in his eye, daring Burt to make a move; then suddenly the chief spoke, and they all turned their eyes toward the wagons.

There was a rider coming, and it was a woman. It was ma.

She rode right up beside us, and when she drew up she started to talk, and she was speaking their language. She was talking Sioux. We both knew what it was because those Indians sat up and paid attention. Suddenly she directed a question at the chief.

"Red Horse," he said, in English.

Ma shifted to English. "My husband was blood brother to Gall, the greatest warrior of the Sioux nation. It was my husband who found Gall dying in the brush with a bayonet wound in his chest, who took Gall to his home and treated the wound until it was well."

"Your husband was a medicine man?" Red Horse asked.

"My husband was a warrior," Ma replied proudly, "but he made war only against strong men, not women or children or the wounded."

She put her hand on my shoulder. "This is my son. As my husband was blood brother to Gall, his son is by blood brotherhood the son of Gall, also."

Red Horse stared at ma for a long time, and I was getting even more scared. I could feel a drop of sweat start at my collar and crawl slowly down my spine. Red Horse looked at me. "Is this one a fit son for Gall?"

"He is a fit son. He has killed his first buffalo."

Red Horse turned his mount and spoke to the others. One of the young braves shouted angrily at him, and Red Horse replied sharply. Reluctantly, the warriors trailed off after their chief.

"Ma'am," Burt said, "you just about saved our bacon. They were just spoilin' for a fight."

"We should be moving," ma said.

Mr. Buchanan was waiting for us. "What happened out there? I tried to keep her back, but she's a difficult woman."

"She's worth any three men in the outfit," Burt replied.

That day we made eighteen miles, and by the time the wagons circled there was talk. The fact that ma had saved them was less important now than other things. It didn't seem right that a decent woman could talk Sioux or mix in the affairs of men.

Nobody came to our fire, but while picketing the saddle horses I heard someone say, "Must be part Injun. Else why would they pay attention to a woman?"

"Maybe she's part Injun and leadin' us into a trap."

"Hadn't been for her," Burt said, "you'd all be dead now."

"How do you know what she said to 'em? Who savvies that lingo?"

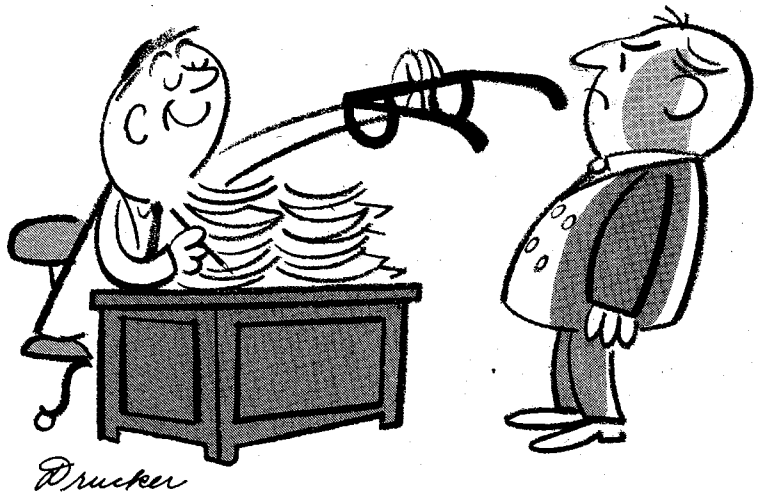
"I never did trust that woman," Mrs. White said; "too high and mighty. Nor that husband of hers, either, comes to that. Kept to himself too much."

The air was cool after a brief shower when we started in the morning, and no Indians in sight. All day long we moved over grass made fresh by new rain, and all the ridges were pine-clad now, and the growth along the streams heavier. Short of sundown I killed an antelope with a running shot, dropped him mighty neat—and looked up to see an Indian watching from a hill. At the distance I couldn't tell, but it could have been Red Horse.

Time to time I'd passed along the train, but nobody waved or said anything. Webb watched me go by, his face stolid as one of the Sioux, yet I could see there was a deal of talk going on.

"Why are they mad at us?" I asked Burt.

(*Continued on Page 64*)




## The Perfect Squelch

The young business executive, assigned to special work which required a high degree of concentration, moved to a small and secluded rear office to carry out his task. To avoid unnecessary interruptions, he hung a small sign on the door, PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING.

The office bore, a vice president who was continually in search of something to do or someone to badger, wandered back to the office one day and barged through the door without knocking.

"What goes on back here?" he demanded. "Why do you have that silly sign on your door?"

"That sign is a reading test," the young executive replied evenly. "And you would be surprised at the people who fail it."

**Mildred M. Flammer**




TRADEMARK

The best way to find out how good a Titleist really is, is of course, to play it. Then, if you want to *prove* its superiority, try another ball and compare the two.

Go ahead — we'd like you to do this, because we are perfectly sure you'll come back to Titleist. We are perfectly sure you'll be a stronger fan than ever for the ball preferred by amateurs and pros for big time competition 10 years in a row.

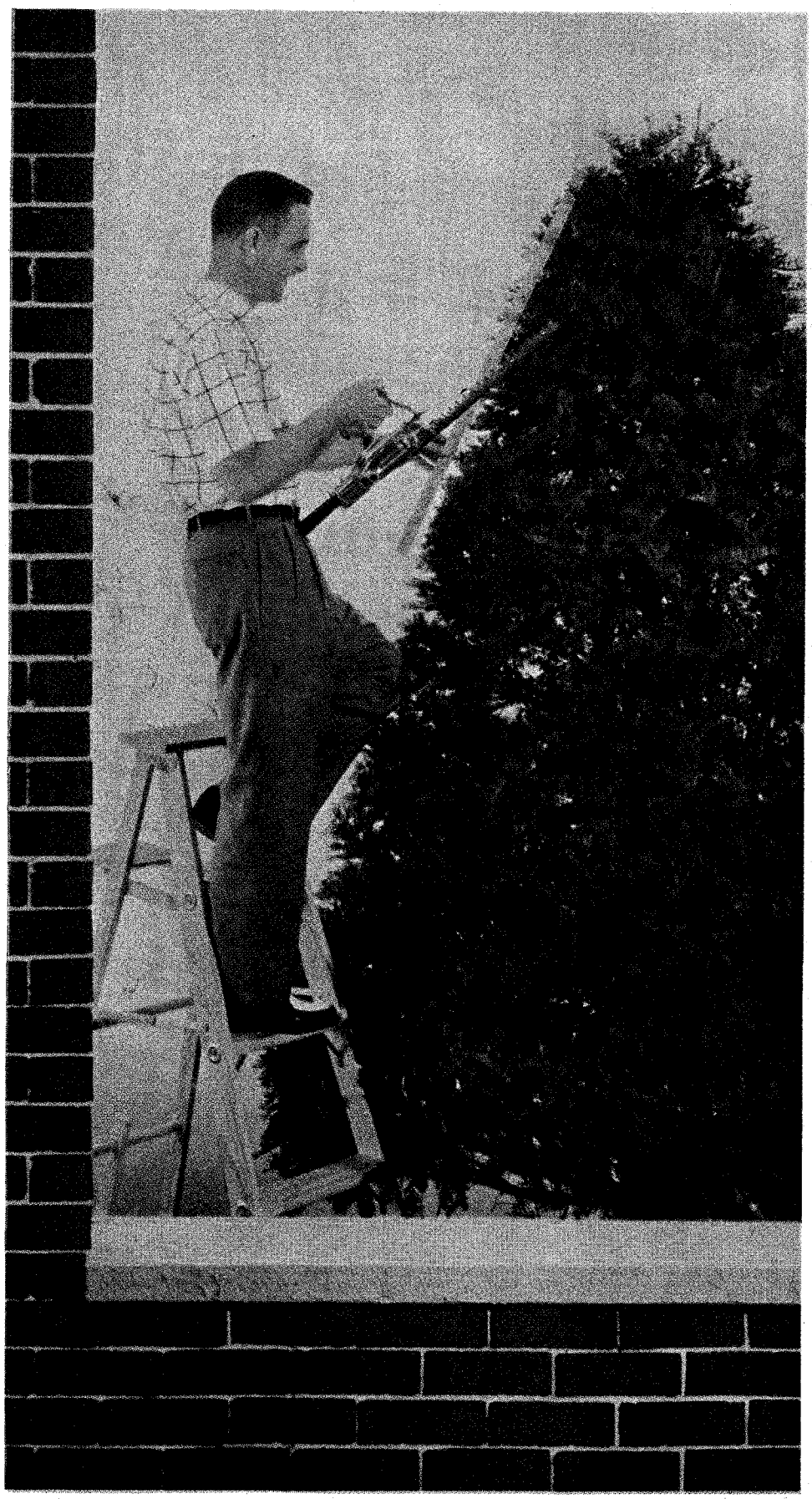
It's sold thru golf course pro shops *only*.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Today's USS steels lighten your work...brighten you

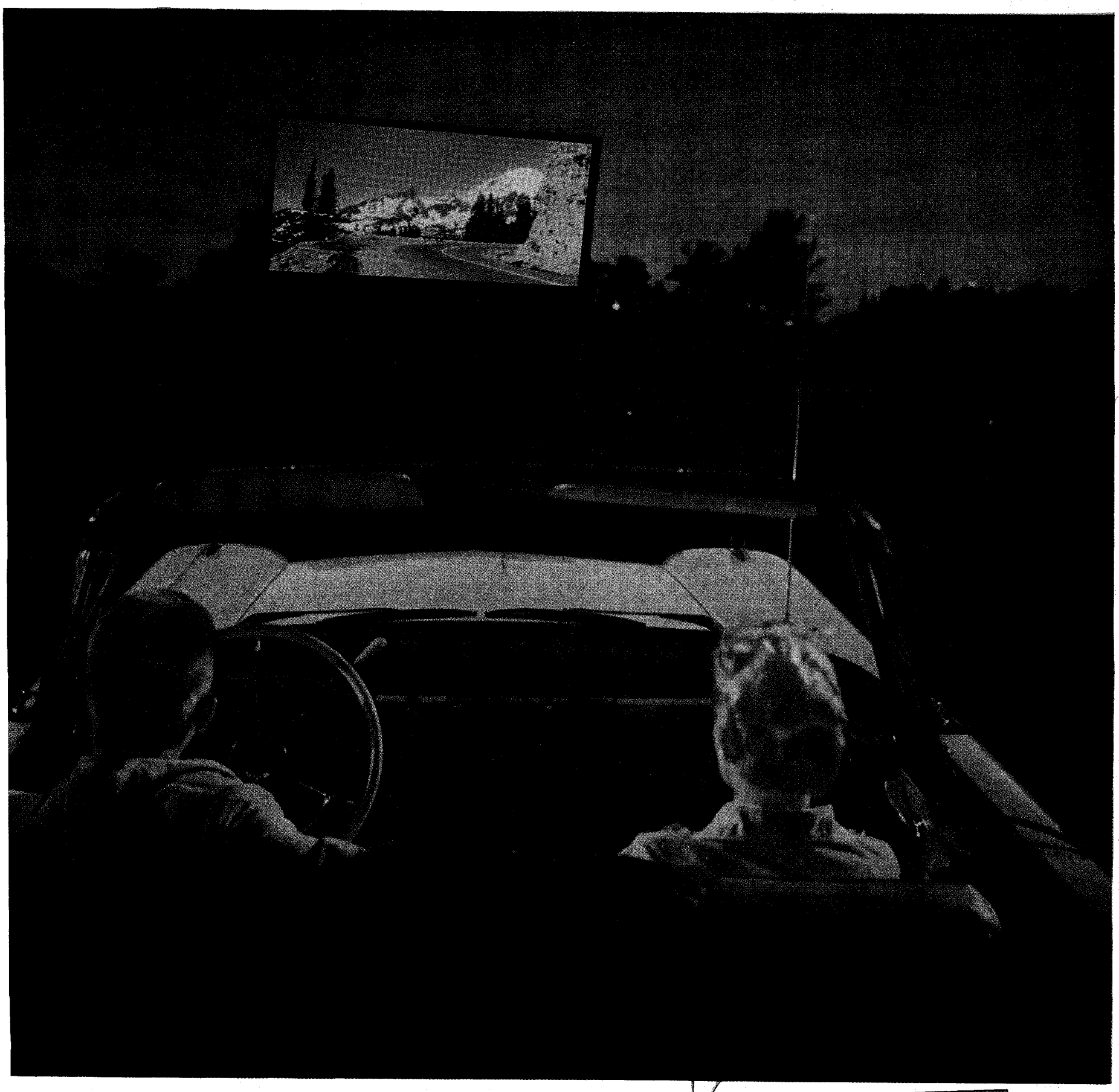


**Cuts the job down to size.** Fast, electric hedge clippers of steel make short work of outdoor trim-ups. Lightweight steels for gardening save arm-wearying effort . . . last indefinitely with little care.

**Give yourself a break**—get flavorful soft drinks in convenient throw-away cans. No deposits, no returns! Cans are quick-chilling, easy to stack and pack, unbreakable. Buy some at your grocer's today.

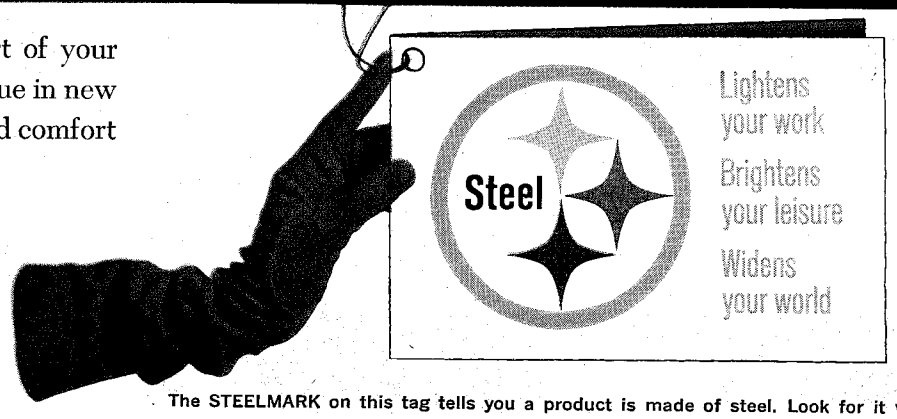
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ɨisure...widen your world...



► **What a way to watch a movie**—in the relaxing comfort of your own car. Modern USS steels—light and strong—put more value in new cars; let you go where you want to go in more style, safety and comfort than ever before.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

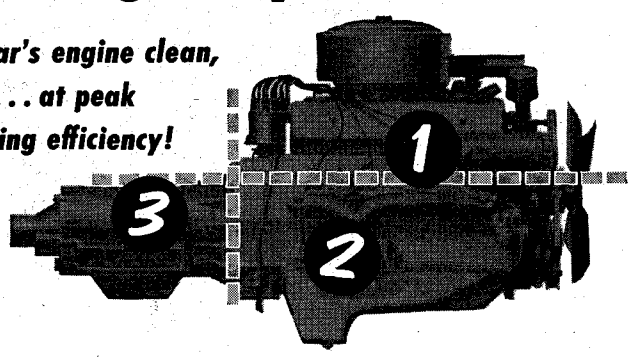



The STEELMARK on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 3 new CÄSITE products for 3-ZONE engine protection

**To keep your car's engine clean, friction-free . . . at peak operating efficiency!**




## Developed and Perfected by Motor Engineering Specialists

The technical staffs of Casite and its parent organization, Hastings Manufacturing Company, specialize in just one thing—the maintenance of automotive engines. Working together, these experienced scientists and engineers have utilized the latest chemical discoveries to combat engine deterioration and wear.

Use these new Casite products with confidence. You'll have smoother, quieter power and performance, better economy and fewer repair bills.

**1 for the FIRING ZONE**

**2 for the FRICTION ZONE**

**3 for AUTOMATIC TRANS-MISSIONS**

**IMPROVED CASITE . . . FOR THE FIRING ZONE**

The nation's favorite "Tune-up in a can" now vastly improved with spark plug and carburetor cleaner and acid inhibitor. Recommended for use in the gas tank or carburetor air intake to free valves and rings and clean carburetor and spark plugs. Also for use in crankcase oil for quicker starting, less start-up wear and to break-in new or rebuilt engines. List price $1.25.

**CASITE 3-C . . . FOR THE FRICTION ZONE**

A new heavy duty crankcase concentrate that *stops noises* in your car's engine. Added to your motor oil, Casite 3-C, with Barimen, stops hydraulic lifter noises, quiets and smooths the engine. You'll have a tougher oil that won't thin out—oil that cushions the load on every working part—cuts friction and wear. Cleans your engine and *keeps* it clean. Protects against acid, rust and corrosion, too. List price $1.50.

**CASITE "SMOOTH-SEAL"**

For Automatic Transmissions—to reduce jerks and roughness and assure smooth, quiet operation. Stops and prevents leaks due to hardening or shrinking of the transmission seals. Reduces shock and wear, enables delicate parts to last longer. List price $1.95.

## —use all 3

**Results Guaranteed or double-your-money-back!**

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Casite Additives, Piston Rings, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs


(*Continued from Page 61*)

"Folks hate something they don't understand, or anything seems different. Your ma goes her own way, speaks her mind, and of an evening she doesn't set by and gossip."

He topped out on a rise and drew up to study the country, and me beside him. "You got to figure most of these folks come from small towns where they never knew much aside from their families, their gossip and their church. It doesn't seem right to them that a decent woman would find time to learn Sioux."

Burt studied the country. "Time was, any stranger was an enemy, and if anybody came around who wasn't one of yours, you killed him. I've seen wolves jump on a wolf that was white or different somehow—seems like folks and animals fear anything that's unusual."

We circled, and I staked out my horses and took the oxen to the herd. By the time ma had her grub-box lid down, I was fixing at a fire when here come Mr. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. White and some other folks, including that Webb.

"Ma'am"—Mr. Buchanan was mighty abrupt—"we figure we ought to know what you said to those Sioux. We want to know why they turned off just because you went out there."

"Does it matter?"

Mr. Buchanan's face stiffened up. "We think it does. There's some think you might be an Indian your own self."

"And if I am?" Ma was amused. "Just what is it you have in mind, Mr. Buchanan?"

"We don't want no Injuns in this outfit!" Mr. White shouted.

"How does it come you can talk that language?" Mrs. White demanded. "Even Tryon Burt can't talk it."

"I figure maybe you want us to keep goin' because there's a trap up ahead!" White declared.

I never realized folks could be so mean, but there they were facing ma like they hated her, like those witch-hunters ma told me about back in Salem. It didn't seem right that ma, who they didn't like, had saved them from an Indian attack, and the fact that she talked Sioux like any Indian bothered them.

"As it happens," ma said, "I am not an Indian, although I should not be ashamed of it if I were. They have many admirable qualities. However, you need worry yourselves no longer, as we part company in the morning. I have no desire to travel further with you—*gentlemen*."

Mr. Buchanan's face got all angry, and he started up to say something mean. Nobody was about to speak rough to ma with me standing by, so I just picked up that ol' rifle and jacked a shell into the chamber. "Mr. Buchanan, this here's my ma, and she's a lady, so you just be careful what words you use."

"Put down that rifle, you young fool!" he shouted at me.

"Mr. Buchanan, I may be little and may be a fool, but this here rifle doesn't care who pulls its trigger."

He looked like he was going to have a stroke, but he just turned sharp around and walked away, all stiff in the back.

"Ma'am," Webb said, "you've nc cause to like me much, but you've shown more brains than that passel o' fools. I you'll be so kind, me and my boy would like to trail along with you."

"I like a man who speaks his mind, Mr. Webb. I would consider it an honor to have your company."

Tryon Burt looked quizzically at ma. "Why, now, seems to me this is a time for a man to make up his mind, and I'd like to be included along with Webb."

"Mr. Burt," ma said, "for your own information, I grew up among Sioux children in Minnesota. They were my playmates."

Come daylight our wagon pulled off to one side, pointing northwest at the mountains, and Mr. Buchanan led off to the west. Webb followed ma's wagon, and I sat watching Mr. Buchanan's eyes get angrier as John Sampson, Neely Stuart, the two Shafter wagons and Tom Croft all fell in behind us.

Tryon Burt had been talking to Mr. Buchanan, but he left off and trotted his horse over to where I sat my horse. Mr. Buchanan looked mighty sullen when he saw half his wagon train gone and with it a lot of his importance as captain.

Two days and nearly forty miles further and we topped out on a rise and paused to let the oxen take a blow. A long valley lay across our route, with mountains beyond it, and tall grass wet with rain, and a flat bench on the mountainside seen through a gray veil of a light shower falling. There was that bench, with the white trunks of aspen on the mountainside beyond it looking like ranks of slim soldiers guarding the bench against the storms.

"Ma," I said.

"All right, Bud," she said quietly, "we've come home."

And I started up the oxen and drove down into the valley where I was to become a man. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"John can't wait to take a dip when he gets home from work."

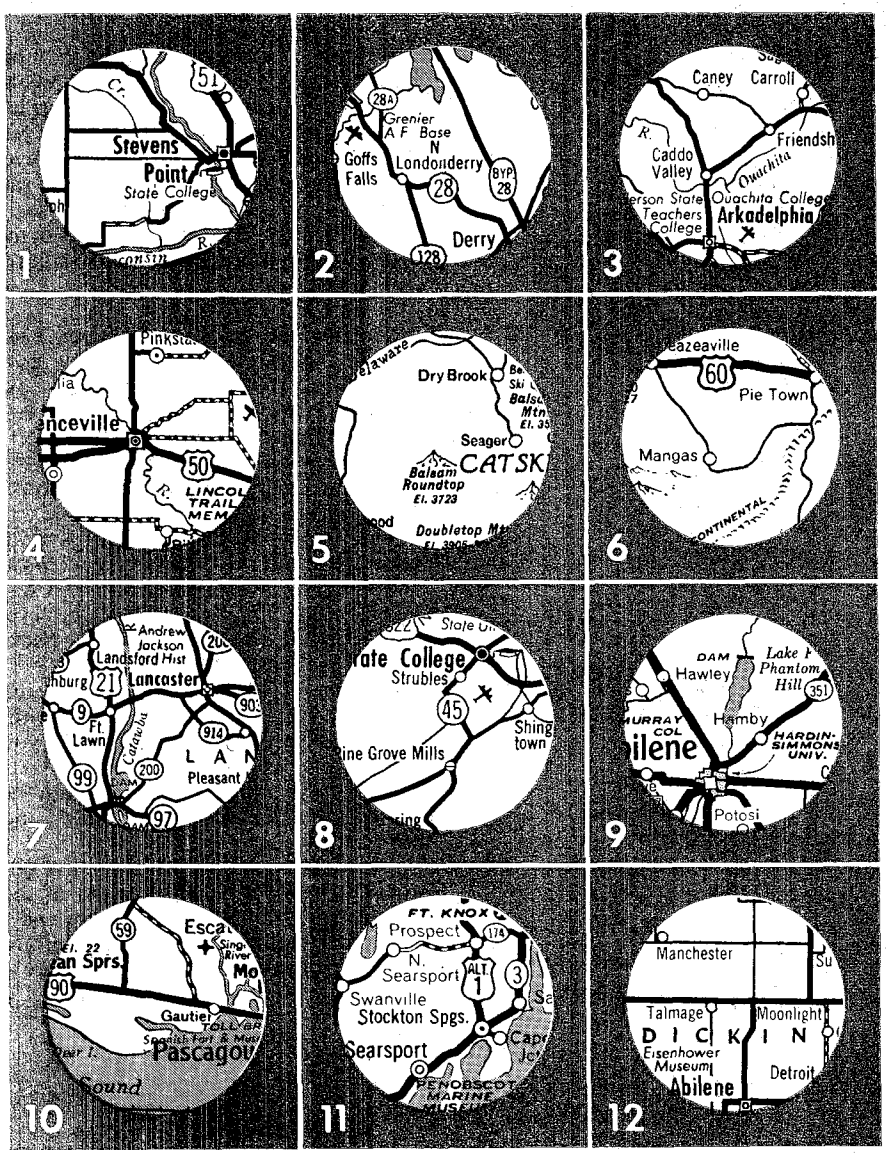
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# For Outlaws Only (Continued from Page 24)

He chuckled, and swinging the two filled buckets back where they belonged beside his sink, he turned back the corn-husk mattress on his iron cot and took his small rifle, an ancient stubby .38-55 carbine, from atop the cot springs. He threw it up for a quick squint down the bore, took three tarnished shells from the small pile in the back corner of the commode drawer where his fine jail wool socks, each pair neatly balled, were stored, coiled a twelve-foot length of braided clothesline around his middle, gave his big pocket knife a quick hone on the worn-down stone that sat on his sink counter, put on his patched army jacket and swung down the trail behind his cabin. He would kill himself some meat ahead of the snow. A nice little spikehorn buck, it would be. He would rather have a nice little fat doe, but does were carrying their fawns now. But a small spikehorn would do and he knew just the place where one would be, or, if he wasn't exactly there, he would be in another place he knew too.

He was back within an hour with the first of the snow falling in big flakes whitening his shoulders. It did not whiten his red bandanna handkerchief that was swelled out in a round bundle swinging from the muzzle of the carbine over his shoulder. The bundle was steaming with warmth, for inside was a deer tenderloin, as plump and long as a man's forearm, coiled around a fat deer liver. A hundred yards away, where he had dragged him up, was the dressed-out buck hanging six feet off the ground from a bent-down sapling. Another thirty minutes of the snow and no one but a low-flying hawk could discover it or find the bloody spot where the deer had died and been relieved of his innards.

Obie came into his warm cheery cabin, sliced the liver while his hands were still soiled, laid out a fine big bait of it for supper, stored the rest with the tenderloin in a cooling box beside the sink window. He washed his hands and filled his pipe and drew up his armchair so he could cock up his boots on the oven shelf of the stove. He was filled with a great peace and security and love of the good world where the soft snow, blowing somewhat now and piling up to hide all scars, was shutting down the night. This whole last episode that began when the wardens had blundered into him with that big doe just before Christmas had been very pleasing. Perhaps the best of it had been when he had made his point before the judge. He pictured it again as he had a thousand times.

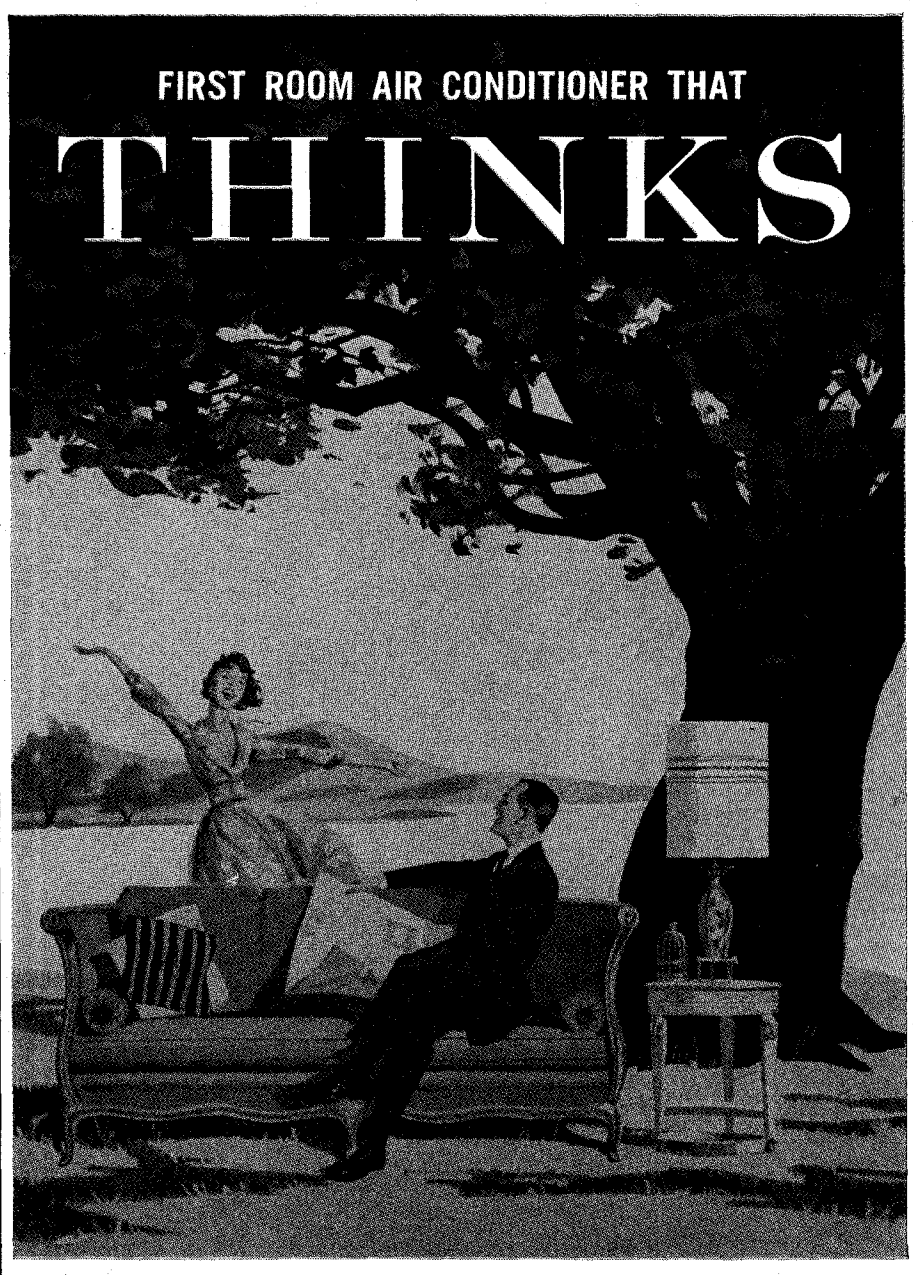



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

## Where Do You Think You Are?

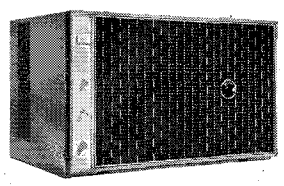
East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on page 70*)

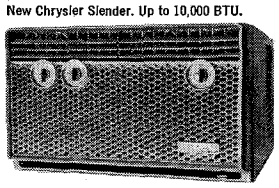




**Automatically, constantly balances temperature and humidity**

**Tunes in Spring... all summer long!**



New Chrysler Slender. Up to 10,000 BTU.



New Chrysler High Power. Up to 21,000 BTU.

More than a room unit! More than a dehumidifier! Fabulous Chrysler room air conditioner with Climate-Minder actually thinks of your comfort—day and night. On humid days, ordinary room units stop too soon—leave the air moist and clammy. But your Chrysler air conditioner keeps going until it tunes in—not just coolness—but refreshing Spring Climate. Call your Chrysler dealer today. He's in your Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment".

CHRYSLER
AIRTEMP

Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation, Dept. A-69, Dayton 1, Ohio


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Did you get your deer in November when it would have been within the law?" the judge had said.

"No, sir," said Obie.

"Why not?" said the judge.

"No sense in it," Obie said.

"Why no sense?" the judge said.

"Hot weather and blowflies all November. A deer would have soured and rotted hanging."

"So you waited until now when the weather has cooled sufficiently and the meat would not be wasted?"

"Yes, sir."

The judge had sighed and looked at the wardens and then back at Obie. Obie stood there unafraid, unashamed, a short swarthy man with black heavy brows and a mop of black hair, a stocky bear cub of a man, smelling not unlike one.

"Why," said the judge up at the ceiling of the courtroom, "in this state, one of the oldest in the nation, do we still have this frontier type of mind?"

He looked down at Obie again and then over at the two wardens and waved his finger at them as if in admonition.

"It is quite general, you know, this old Maine frontier that will not die," he said. Then he stiffened in his chair and frowned at Obie. "What you did is not without its logic," he said. "However, you have broken the law—again. Sixty days or one hundred dollars fine."

"The frontier type of mind," Obie smiled to himself. He did not know exactly what that meant, but it had something to do with the woods and the oldtimers. It had a good sound to it as if it was prideful. That fine big doe the wardens had seized sort of went with it. He was not ashamed of that doe. He would try to find out where she had ended up; the old man's home or the hospital or the poor farm. He'd like to know if she had eaten as good as she looked. Not that it mattered. He had a fine little spikehorn buck that would eat like butter and see him through the rest of the winter. A fat white perch out of the ice on Deer Meadow Pond now and then to make a change of meat, and he would fare like a king. He would overhaul his ice-fishing gear in the morning and get it into the ice and fishing. There would be mummy-chubs in the brook for bait just as there always had been.

That queer critter down the road would have to be watched. Maybe he wasn't walking for his health every morning to Water Fence Cove with his two setter dogs the way he had been, prowling around right where the fish traps must be set. He was a poor, lost dreamy critter who had moved in last June from somewhere away, some sort of an artist as ga-aa-my and strange as a 'mazed giraffe and looking like one for all the world with his long neck and those round eyeglasses. Why such a lonely, 'mazed person had ever come to this one spot in Maine, heaven alone knew. Maybe it was his woman. She was a little chubby body who looked as if she might be able to tell a veal from a cow and had known something besides the city. But the artist didn't, and he'd have to be watched and handled someway.

Obie was scraping the backbone of his breakfast perch into the stove two weeks later when the artist critter rapped at his door. He needed a shave and his big yellow quilted jacket and the round eyeglasses made him look just like a sad giraffe.

"Mr. Speaks," he said, "this was in my mailbox this morning. It is a beautiful fish, but I can't accept it."

"Come in," Obie said.

"I know you put it in the box even though this morning's early snow covered your track. You are a genius in covering your track. I appreciate your gesture, although it smacks of a bribe. I can't accept it."

"Have a chair," Obie said. "That looks like a right handsome perch."

The round eyeglasses were white with vapor now and the critter took them off and fished for a handkerchief and it was a white one and he rubbed the eyeglasses round and round and his puckered-up eyes looked sad and teary.

"I think it is the finest white perch I've ever seen," he said. "There's nothing the matter with the fish. It's how you caught it."

Back behind the spectacles again he stowed the white handkerchief and leaned forward.

"Now, Mr. Speaks," he said, "I've got to ask you to get those traps out of the cove. I know I only own the shore and I cannot claim trespass because they are out in open lake. But they are where I

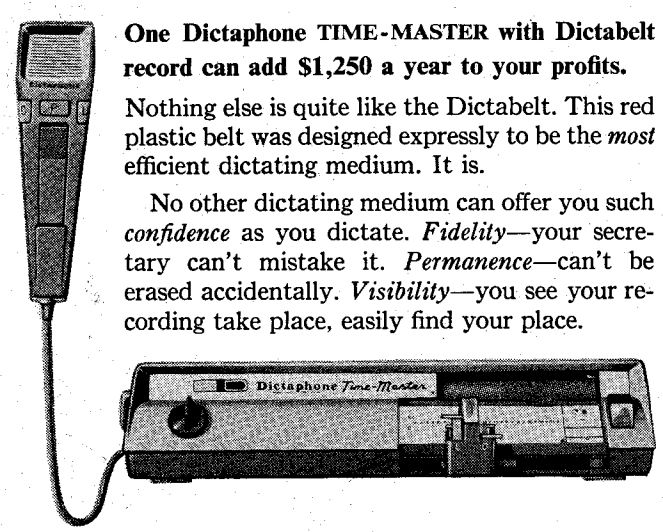
Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

(Page 69)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Wis. | 2. N.H. | 3. Ark. |
| 4. Ill. | 5. N.Y. | 6. N. Mex. |
| 7. S.C. | 8. Pa. | 9. Texas |
| 10. Miss. | 11. Maine | 12. Kan. |

# How a RED belt can keep you in the BLACK




**One Dictaphone TIME-MASTER with Dictabelt record can add $1,250 a year to your profits.**

Nothing else is quite like the Dictabelt. This red plastic belt was designed expressly to be the *most* efficient dictating medium. It is.

No other dictating medium can offer you such *confidence* as you dictate. *Fidelity*—your secretary can't mistake it. *Permanence*—can't be erased accidentally. *Visibility*—you see your recording take place, easily find your place.

The Dictabelt with the new, all-transistor TIME-MASTER dictating machine can gain an hour a day in communications—an executive's first and most important job. For a $10,000-a-year man, this is $1,250 gained in a year.

Together, the Dictabelt and TIME-MASTER make the finest system for business communications in the world . . . and the best *value* in dictating equipment you can buy.

With automatic dictation, not a second is wasted waiting for your secretary . . . pick up the microphone and talk your work away. All the necessary controls are there under your thumb.

Phone any of Dictaphone's 200 local offices for a free demonstration at your desk.

**THE NEW, ALL-TRANSISTOR Dictaphone TIME-MASTER**

Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.; 204 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto, Canada; 17-19 Stratford Pl., London W.1, England.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must see them and be aware of them every time I use that part of my property. They are a worry to me largely because they are in absolute defiance of the law. The law says ice-fishing gear must be under constant surveillance. The law defines the legal hours as sunup to sundown. Those traps are not under surveillance and they are allowed to fish all night, every night. They have not been taken up since you put them in two weeks ago."

Obie had split the mysterious perch by this time and its two splendid halves had begun to sizzle in the frying pan. He walked to his apple-box cupboard for a second cup and poured it full of coffee and refilled his own and brought them both to the table and sat down.

"I could have gone to the Fish and Game Department, of course," the spectacled man said, "but I haven't. We're neighbors. I want very much to live happily with my neighbors."

He took the coffee before him and sipped, then as if the taste of it startled him he drank deep and hungrily.

"That's good," he said. "I needed that. I had a bad night. A very worried night. Now, Mr. Speaks, I don't mean to be arbitrary or heartless about this matter. Maybe you won't understand, but that cove means a great deal to me. I'm an artist—an illustrator. Getting down to that cove with my dogs is pure heaven to me. I love that place. With the green pines as background for that absolutely unspoiled, alabaster-white expanse of the frozen lake with the sun sparkling on it like diamonds and my dogs spuming up the snow as they race back and forth across it, loving it as much as I, I think it is the most beautiful spot in the world. There is absolutely perfect peace there. Or there would be if those nasty, defiant five fish traps were out of there. If I stay in Maine ——"

He took off his wool cap and ran his hand back through his thin hair and his face screwed up in anguish.

"If I *can* stay in Maine," he said, "I intend to build a log-cabin studio on the point of that cove. I'd have built it long since if I could have found someone to help me. If I had known how to find someone to help me."

He fished in his jacket pocket and came out with a straight-stemmed pipe and a soft leather pouch. Obie reached to the window sill for his pipe and the red tin of tobacco there. The tall man held out his pouch, offering, and Obie took it and filled. Blue smoke, delicious smoke, coiled upward. Obie cleared his throat.

"Well now, sir," he said. "Simpson's the name, isn't it? The one on the mailbox? Well now, Mr. Simpson, the feller that owns those traps is very likely fishin' the only way makes sense. That's a slow little pond. Those big perch after the ice thickens up seem to be aprowlin' only nighttimes. However, this feller confided in me that he'd be willin' to sell. Seems he needs a little stake of money for sugar and flour, winter gettin' along. He'd sell those traps, he said, for five dollars."

Mr. Simpson stared down his long giraffe nose through the thick eyeglasses for a long, cold moment. Then like a cloud passing, like a sudden gleam on gray water, his face was alight and he put back his head and roared with merry laughter.

"You tell that feller," he said, "I'll buy."

There was the sound of an approaching car. Obie parted the window curtains, saw that it was the bread truck on its way back to Augusta, then settled back in his chair.

"All right," he said, "as this feller's representative, I'll close the deal. Now a leetle advice about when and how to take up those traps ——"

Mr. Simpson chopped his long arm, cutting Obie off.

"Don't tell me," he said. "I'll get them out. I'll hack them to pieces. Here's the five."

Obie took the wrinkled bill, smoothed it carefully and put it in his pants pocket.

"From this moment you're the sole and single owner, sir," he said. "That's understood? All right then, as owner don't you think you ought to taste the fine food your new gear can catch for ye? It's there in the skillet. You've had no breakfast now, have you?"

"No," Mr. Simpson said. "I haven't. Very well. Scruples be damned. Let's have the lovely thing."

"I've been wondering, Harold, if it wouldn't be wise to cut our vacation short and get back to the city before it's too late."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He stood, a towering beanpole of a man, and shed the quilted jacket and loosed his fine plaid shirt where the imprisoned heat of the hot little cabin had stuck it to his lank bones. He sat down and started the fork expertly into the tail end of the fish and rolled the fillet off the backbone.

"Wonderful!" he said. "I know this fish. Fat and firm out of the ice, it is better than any *pompano en papillote*. Thank you for cooking it. Yes! Yes! For heaven's sake, help yourself to that tobacco."

"Why, now," Obie said, settling back behind another delicious cloud, "do you think you'll have to flee away from Maine?"

The long thin face clouded with worry and anguish again.

"My work," he said.

He chewed a big mouthful of the moist and white inside, crisp and brown outside fish.

"I'm an illustrator," he said; "advertising illustrations—the pictures you see in magazine ads. My last job was very bad. It failed."

He stopped and looked at Obie with the hurt, lost look of an injured child, a look of complete appeal. Obie nodded as if he understood, but said nothing.

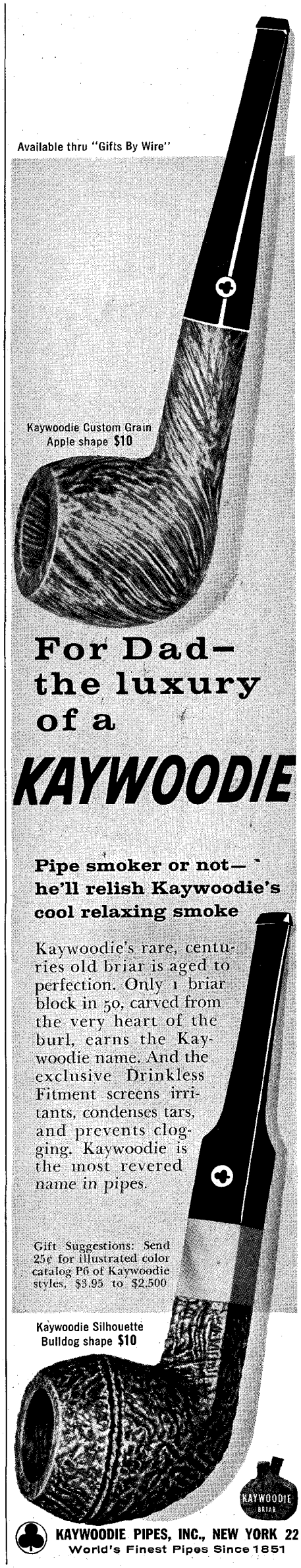
"It was a simple little job, as easy as could be. Just a beer-ad picture. A pair of men in bird-hunting jackets sitting on a log with shotguns and a dog. In New York I could have gone to the telephone and called up a model agency and told them to send over a couple of outdoor-type men to pose and I could have done the thing in half a day. Here I couldn't do that. There is no model agency for artists in Newscotta, Maine."

He pecked his fork at the fish bones on the plate, looking for a last morsel, then pushed it away.

"That town! That town! I've been here eight months and I don't feel I've a single friend in it. And I love the little place, really. It's full of finer faces than any model agency can hire. Nine out of ten men you see on the street are fine outdoor types, but even if I could have panhandled them and asked them to pose for me it would have been no good. They would have been stiff and formal and curious. I'd have been tense and probably lost my temper. I'm no good at mixing with people. I tried to get up my courage, but I simply could not do it. I bluffed the two men I had to paint. Tried to draw them from memory. Faces are hard to paint from memory. I don't do it well. Hardly anybody does. The job flopped. My dog was good, they said, but the men were zombies. The thing will be back, express collect on the Thursday train. I'll have to do it over someway."

"Newscotta's a nice town," Obie said. "I'm acquainted some. I guide in deer season for some of the sports. They'd do a man a favor if they knew he needed. If they understood and liked the man."

"I wish they liked me," Mr. Simpson said, standing up and reaching for his jacket. "We love this place, my wife and I. We want to stay here. Hang it"—he hurled his jacket down into the chair and waved his long arms—"there's so much to do here. Deer! I want to learn how to come up on deer and study, study them. They're beautiful! Paint deer! I can paint deer better than they have ever been painted before. They're here. They're right here in these woods, but I can't find them. Coons! Br'er Raccoon! Do you know how wonderful coons are? They have the faces of saints. I want to look at thousands of coons. If I could stay here and make a go of things, I'd make the world cry with joy about my coons. Well—I don't know why I go on ranting this way to you. You're the first person



Available thru "Gifts By Wire"
Kaywoodie Custom Grain
Apple shape $10
For Dad—
the luxury
of a
KAYWOODIE
Pipe smoker or not—
he'll relish Kaywoodie's
cool relaxing smoke
Kaywoodie's rare, centuries old briar is aged to perfection. Only 1 briar block in 50, carved from the very heart of the burl, earns the Kaywoodie name. And the exclusive Drinkless Fitment screens irritants, condenses tars, and prevents clogging. Kaywoodie is the most revered name in pipes.
Gift Suggestions: Send 25¢ for illustrated color catalog P6 of Kaywoodie styles, $3.95 to $2,500
Kaywoodie Silhouette
Bulldog shape $10
KAYWOODIE
BRIAR
KAYWOODIE PIPES, INC., NEW YORK 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in eight months I've been comfortable with, I guess. And I came here ready to fight."

"But you reckoned us for neighbors," Obie said. "Men reckoning neighbor back and forth won't fight much. Now about those traps. You'd best let them fish a leetle more. I think I should warn ye ——"

Obie stood and looked out the window, studying up the road.

"You ever been arrested?" he said with his back still turned.

"No-o-o!"

"Got no record at all?"

Simpson's snort was a sound of bewildered incredulity.

"No, of course not," he said. "Now listen, Mr. Speaks, we simply do not think alike on this business. There is going to be no compromise over those nasty little fish traps in my cove. They offend me morally, aesthetically, emotionally. They are coming out, right now."

Obie sat at his littered table and let the noise of the slammed door and the long strides crunching hurriedly away in the snow fade into silence. Mr. Simpson had left his tobacco pouch. It was still open. Obie picked it up and smelled deep of the expensive tobacco. Then he carefully folded it closed and placed it on the window sill. Standing, he put on his tattered coat and went out his back door, clicking its latch silently behind him. He slid into a thicket of alder bush at the edge of the pond and froze there as the two red-coated wardens, each one carrying an ax, came from the green growth fifty yards away. Mr. Simpson, with the near trap hole chopped out, was just beginning to haul up line when they came on him from behind.

"Whose traps are these?" Obie could hear Regan, the older warden, say in the loud now-you-poacher-I've-got-you voice of his.

Mr. Simpson dropped the line as if it were hot, and jumped around to face the unmistakable legal majesty of those two fiery brass-badged coats. Terrorized by their awfulness he made a turn as if to run, then braced himself. He bent down and picked up the line he had dropped and began to coil it again. Obie could see the water drops sparkling in the nine-o'clock sun as they slithered off the line coming steadily up out of the hole in the ice. It was a steady haul of line.

"I own these traps," Mr. Simpson said.

Obie wiped a drop that had hung in bated suspension on the end of his nose, then froze immobile again.

"Now, mister," Regan said, "we're law officers. We have reason to believe these traps are somebody else's. I'm asking you again. Whose traps are these?"

Mr. Simpson turned and looked across the ice as if he could see Obie's house through the hundred yards of alder and green-growth thicket. All Obie could see of the look on his face was the two round eyeglasses glinting in the morning sun. They looked wild and frantic, like the eyes of a deer caught in a jacker's light. The vapor of Obie's breath as he eased it silently from his nose held up and stopped, and all of him strained to hear.

"I own these traps," Mr. Simpson said again.

"You in the habit of doing things like this?" Regan said. "You're breaking the law every way there is here, mister. You ever been arrested?"

Mr. Simpson looked toward Obie's house again.

"No," he said. "I've never been arrested. I've got no record."

Obie could see his head bob as he snorted, recalling the ironic rehearsal of those words just minutes ago beyond the thicket.

"Well, you're arrested now," Regan said. "These traps have got to be chopped out and destroyed. And then, mister, you're coming with us to see the judge."

Obie turned and as silently as he had come drifted back into the dense cover.

The next day it was in the column headed "Court News" in the Lincoln County Item, Newscotta's newspaper. William Simpson had pleaded guilty to illegal fishing and been fined ten dollars and costs of four dollars and sixty cents, the minimum penalty for a game-law offense.

Obie folded the paper back neatly and put it under the sugar bowl on the shelf over his table. Tomorrow, Thursday, Mr. Simpson said he was going to meet the train and get his returned painting. Obie decided he would shave now before it got dark and be up bright and early to catch a ride on the bread truck as it came from Augusta and do what needed to be done in Newscotta.

The two-thirty train from Portland, one baggage car and two coaches, blew for the crossing and puffed its diesel exhaust to a stop at the brown station. Bill Simpson, sitting in his jeep behind the canvas winter curtains, waited as the baggage hand cart was loaded and wheeled up before the tiny ten-by-ten express office and then unloaded. His returned painting was aboard. He recognized its flat cardboard cover and the red label of his agent. Why he ever bothered to go and get it he did not know. It was hopeless. It could not be saved.

It was a by-product of this whole rum show, this crazy dream he had had that he could escape New York and live where he wanted to live and try to grow a little. It was all hopeless. None of it could be saved now. He was a queer bird before to these people, and now that he had been pinched, his goose really was cooked. He wondered what they were saying and thinking about him now. Too stupid to know what the fishing laws were? Too New Yorkish to give a hang. Probably they knew by this time what the two wardens had known all along: that old Obie had played him for a sucker—that old varmint Obie—and they were laughing at him. He heaved himself out of the jeep, a disheveled, grim, unhappy giraffe of a man in that ludicrous yellow quilted coat that had cost one hundred and twenty bucks in New York, and strode into the express office.

Jim Hodgkins, the express agent, nodded and reached for the thin cardboard package ready beside his desk, flipped open the book of invoices and held it out with a stubby pencil for signing.

"Those big winter perch are good, ain't they?" he said. "Best fish eating we have in the State of Maine."

Bill Simpson's glare changed into a perplexed scowl at the twinkling grin he saw. It was a warm grin of understanding and cordiality.

"If I lived out where you do, I'd have done just what you did. Only way to fish that slow little pond," the agent said. "Ain't that right, Mike?"

Simpson turned to the embrace of an arm around his shoulder. It was the town policeman, Mike Higgins, in a red-checked shirt and revolver belt.

"Certainly!" he said. "Mr. Simpson, can I hook a ride with you into midtown?"

"Well, I'm a little leery of uniforms," Simpson said, "but come along."

"Now draw up right here," Mike Higgins said after the jeep had cleared the

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## The Breach

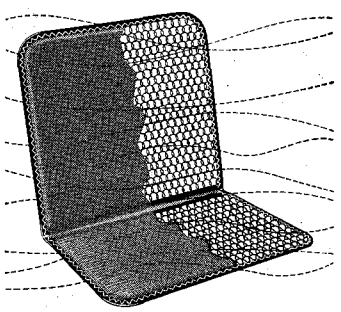
By Cosette Middleton

Ten thousand times ten
thousand miles away
You sit across the room,
your back to me,
Remote and silent. Nothing
that I say
Can penetrate your private
galaxy.
How may I bridge the frozen
space that lies
Between me and the planet
where you are?
If you would turn and let
me see your eyes,
The journey might not seem
so cold or far.
Ah—now you've smiled and
made a pleasant sound ——
I cross the chasm in a
single bound!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**Put a *breeze***
**where you need it . . .**

*between you and the seat!*



Ride on a MITCHELL Air-Cooled Seat Cushion and you'll no longer stick to the upholstery in hot, perspiring discomfort. Sturdy interlaced coil springs hold you away from the seat and allow cooling air to circulate behind and beneath you. MITCHELL Cushions –and the companion AIRY line–are covered with long-wearing vinyl-coated fabric in smart, colorful tweeds. Single or full-seat sizes, both pleasantly economical.

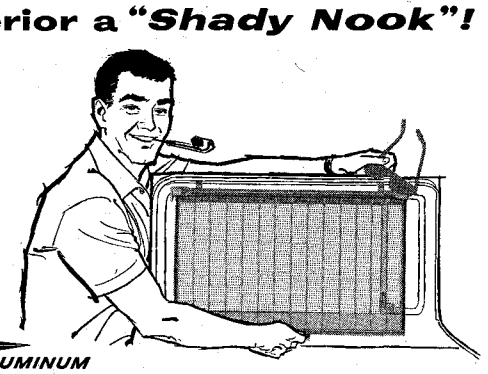
AIR-COOLED
**SEAT CUSHIONS**
AT SERVICE STATIONS—AUTO ACCESSORY STORES

*Mitchell*

AUTO
**SHADE SCREENS**

**Make your car interior a "*Shady Nook*"!**

To shut out glaring summer sun and noisy gusts of wind, just pull down your MITCHELL Roll-Away Auto Shade Screens and relax! Cool your car as much as 15%. Easily installed on all conventional cars; made to order for late model station wagons.



ShadeScreen by Kaiser Aluminum

MITCHELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY - FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stop light and moved into an area of shops and crowded sidewalks. "This is where I get out. You come along too. Come on. This is a sort of pinch."

"Now listen," Simpson said, "I've paid my fine ——"

The grin on the big policeman's face belied the strength of his grip on the thin arm.

"I said come along," he said, "and you better come."

Joe's beer bar was a long and narrow building lit day and night by ghostly fluorescent-tube lights. It was a stool bar as Maine law insisted, where no one shall drink voluble and erect, but must stay docile and noncombative, seated on a stool. It housed a strangely large group for the three-o'clock hour of a working day. There was a scattering of white aprons on grocery and meat-counter clerks, one white uniform from the hospital, and Joe's bartender was in a very neat white starched jacket. Joe himself wore a fine cardigan sweater of light beige and a white collar with a blue necktie, as became a man of position and authority. The rest were attired in the wool shirts, mostly red-and-black-checked, that live in the truck cabs and garages and out in the pulpwood cuttings of a small Maine community. They turned as Mike Higgins, still steering Bill Simpson by the arm, entered, and the place grew still.

"No drinking off the stool," Joe's shrill call warned. "Leave your glasses, gentlemen, on the bar."

The whole room moved forward and clustered around Bill Simpson, as if they had been awaiting him. Hands extended, demanding his to shake in greeting. With a look of complete bewilderment he took them and, realizing his hand was limp, suddenly tensed it and gripped hard. Bently Corliss, the hardware-store owner, his round face beaming under the eternal fedora hat that served him fishing, hunting, behind his store counter and on social occasions and that made him look like Smokey the Bear, stepped forward and held up his hand for silence.

"William Simpson—Bill, it is from now on," he said—"we welcome you into our chapter of the Arrested-Just-a-Little Club. You are our first artist and we welcome you with open arms. Meet some of the members. I'll introduce them by their accomplishments. You can learn their legal names later. Here's Didn't Register a Deer Soon Enough. Here's Caught Fishing on January Second Without the License He Should Have Bought January First. Here's Got a Double on Deer, a Left and a Right, and Both of Them Running Like Bats Out of Hell. Here's Had a Mink Trap Out After His Name Tag Had Dropped Off of it. I had three wood duck instead of two. There are others, but you can learn their names and achievements later on. And, oh, yes, there's Obie Speaks hiding there at the end of the bar. He's disqualified himself as a member because he gets arrested just a little all the time. Membership in the club is automatically canceled if a member is arrested more than once. But we have given Obie the title of poacher emeritus and use him in an advisory capacity."

The round face under the perched, pointed hat beamed with such warmth and friendliness and sincerity that Bill Simpson's eyes looked on it still in disbelief. Welling up inside him was a shout of denial. A "No! No!—all this is wrong. Every bit of this is a mistake"; but he swallowed it and simply stood there looking bewildered and gawky. He had to say something.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks! I appreciate very much meeting you guys." His voice was husky with joy. At last Maine had accepted him. Now he could learn about deer and raccoons—and how to build a cabin studio. Now he had the models he needed to make his work good again. Now he could stay in this place he loved.

The yellow quilted coat was suddenly stifling hot. He struggled out of it.

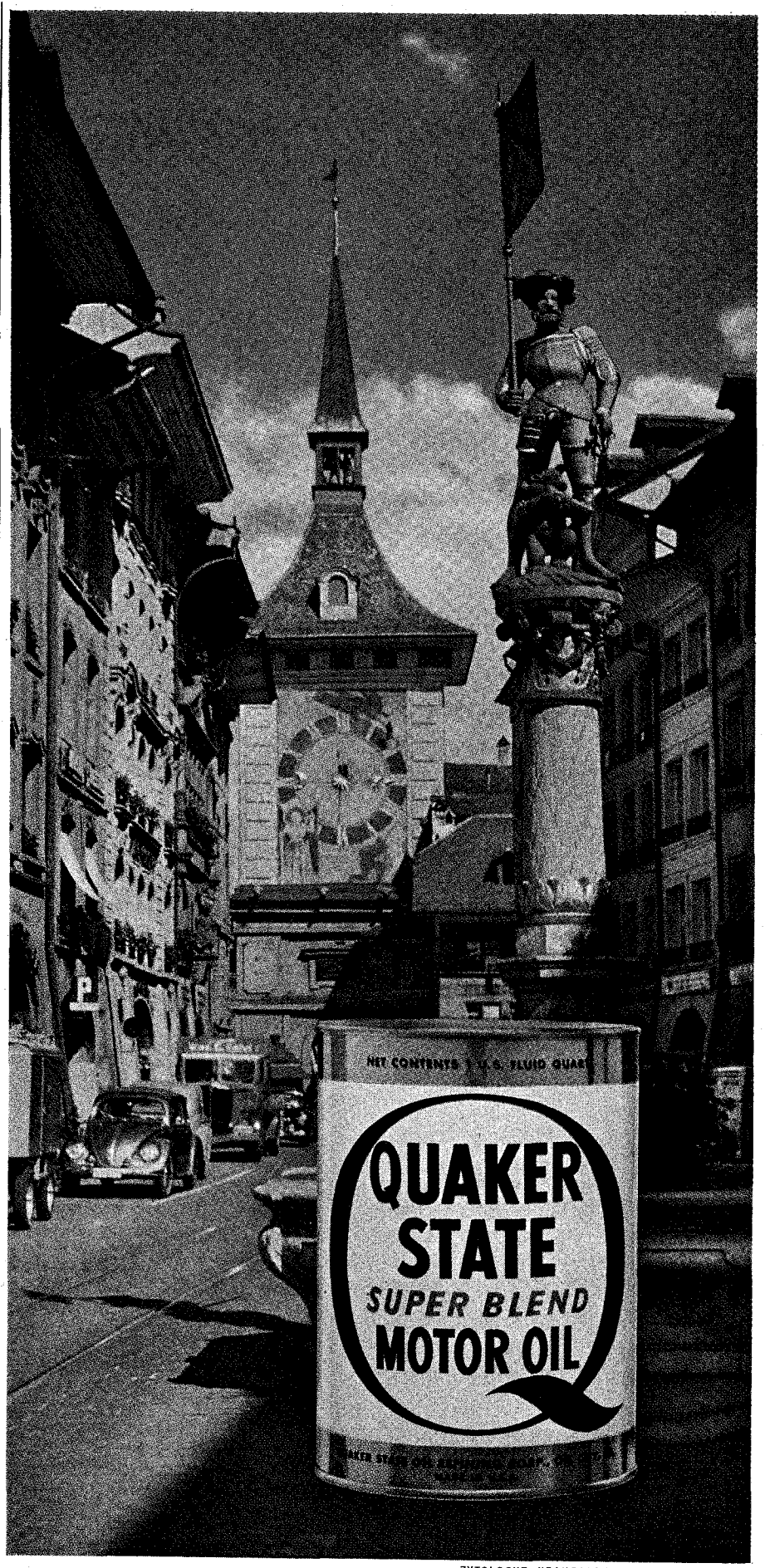
"I'll buy a beer," he said.

"Now, sit down, gentlemen," Joe said from behind his bar. "Get seated."

THE END

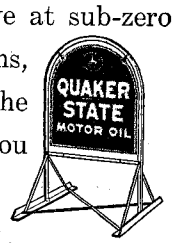
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He thinks of me every waking moment—of course that isn't a very large part of his day."




ZYTGLOCKE, KRANGASSE, BERNE, SWITZERLAND

**On tour or around town,** get year-round protection with the years-ahead motor oil—Quaker State Super Blend. Here's rich, pure Pennsylvania oil that won't thin out when your engine is oven-hot. Nor will Super Blend thicken up next winter when you drive at sub-zero temperatures! In any weather, under all driving conditions, you get full-time protection against engine wear. In all the world, it's the best motor oil money can buy. Wherever you drive, ask for Quaker State Super Blend by name!




QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

1859—100th Anniversary of Drake Oil Well and Founding of the Petroleum Industry—1959

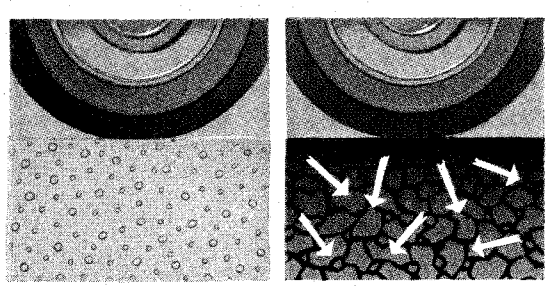
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

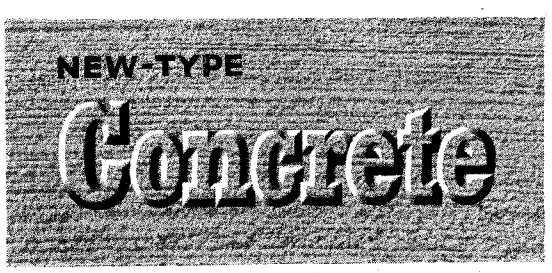
*Another highway of new-type concrete—approaching Mackinac Straits Bridge*

# "For any man on the go, new-type concrete is top news. Smooth-riding, solid, safe!"

Says **ALEX DREIER,**
noted newscaster, famous as
Radio-TV's "Man on the Go"



**No moving parts in concrete** to cause hidden wear. It is rigid, stable (*at left*) for long life. Movement in flexible pavement (*at right*) creates friction that brings wear and break-up.




**"I checked new-type concrete on mile after mile of new roads. In my book it's the flattest pavement ever put under cars—no 'ups and downs.' And no thumps. You get real comfort—and a sense of surer control of the wheel. The big use of this concrete on our Interstate System makes good sense."**

From Michigan's beautiful Interstate 75 to Interstate 45 in Texas . . . from the California freeways to Connecticut's great Turnpike . . . new-type concrete is creating wonderful driving pleasure.

New-type concrete is really flat. No dips, waves or grooves. And never any thumps! This is *sound-conditioned* concrete. Continuous-laid, it has only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces you can't hear or feel. And specially designed subbases help keep this pavement flat and smooth-riding an expected *50 years and more.*

Surface roughening from freezing and de-icers can't happen, either. A remarkable process called "*air entrainment*" puts billions of tiny bubbles into new-type concrete and prevents this.

Concrete means extra safety. Even soaking wet, its grainy surface gives tires a good grip to resist skids. At night, its light color helps you see better.

As a taxpayer, you'll be glad to know concrete's first cost is moderate—and maintenance expense will be as much as 60% lower than for asphalt.

It's easy to understand why so many highway engineers stake their reputations on new-type concrete . . . and why it's the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System.

**PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION**

*A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Taking a Family Vacation?

(Continued from Page 25)

sights are grouped and divided into Recommended Tours—Tour A, B, C, and so on, through the alphabet. The sharp-eyed sight-seer can ferret out these schedules, attractively mapped for his sight-seeing convenience, by observing carefully the top of his hotel or motel dresser, and all menus, paper napkins and place mats. He will also find them under his windshield wiper and stuck in his hatband.

However, as the vacationing family soon discovers, all the real sockdolagers are usually lumped into Tour A, and after that they peter out at a rate that is truly breath-taking. After Tour A, during which you've done the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, Old Faithful and the newest atom smasher—or their local equivalents—you are stuck with Tour B, which gives you the oldest grade school of fiberboard-and-concrete-block construction west of the Appalachians, as well as the house where Emerson would have stayed overnight if he hadn't decided to stay somewhere else. Or you may take Tours C and D, which make even Tour B look good. Inasmuch as you've booked your lodgings for another night, there you are.

Often, too, you find you're up against a conspiracy of silence which, oddly enough, you eventually find yourself joining. At dinner one evening a tourist at the next table asks you if you've seen, say, the old cemetery—Tour C.

"Darned interesting," he says, with a faraway look in his eye.

Well, being as alert as the next one, you make a point of seeing it the next day, and though it looks like any other old graveyard to you, you don't quite want to admit this.

So that night at dinner you ask the tourist next to you if he's seen the old cemetery. "Darned interesting," you say, with this faraway look.

Then, as though the sights themselves weren't trouble enough, most vacationing families run into a certain lack of accord on what the various members want to see. A friend of ours, the tired-looking father of two teen-age daughters, said he never thought he'd live to see the day he'd drive 2000 miles to look at Pat Boone's birthplace; but so it turned out on last summer's vacation trip.

His daughters tell it differently. They said daddy's idea of a neat vacation was to go through every mosquito-control center they ran across, which was rather uninteresting or, as they put it, stinko. And all three ganged up on mother, who wanted to forage through every second-hand store they came to for cute old candlesticks. Men often have to face this problem. Their wives can pass the home-town junkyard with never a second glance, but they tend to regard each one en route as chock-full of goodies.

Of course, teen-age daughters require deft handling under the best of circumstances. I know a pair of parents who—driven by the modern compulsion to show their daughter a little night life so she won't be too dazzled when she finally escapes the parental roof—took her along on a Manhattan weekend.

Once they got there, however, they couldn't pry her away from the TV set in the hotel room. She couldn't be seen without a date on Saturday night—and with her mother and father—not even in a strange town.

"I'd rather die!" she choked. So the family spent a rather quiet weekend, and the father is still talking to himself.

With smaller children it is different. They are happy to look at whatever you want to look at—for several seconds; and their little minds are clean, thirsty sponges, all set to soak up and retain the things you'd rather they didn't. That is, they note and remember how funny daddy sounded fixing the carburetor that time, but not Pikes Peak.

An example of this is our four-year-old daughter, who recently spent quite a week in San Francisco, full of cable cars and Chinatown and the zoo and the Japanese Tea Garden, and had lunch in one of the city's excellent restaurants. Her ten-year-old cousin who went along on the trip took her to the bathroom; but coming back they took the wrong turn and ended up in the bar, where the bartender gave them each a maraschino cherry. Our daughter will always remember San Francisco. It is a little dark room where a man gives you cherries.

Groceries, in fact, loom large with most children. Some Seattle friends of ours took their boy, aged nine, on a whale of a trek through the Southwest, Yosemite and Disneyland, then up the coast back home. All he talks about is the two-foot hot dog he got somewhere along El Camino. His father says that this summer he's going to save money

> What usually makes them the good old days is a rich imagination and a poor memory.
>
> CY N. PEACE

and just give the lad six bits to spend at the local food store.

But we had better push on—if we're going to log another 150 miles before sundown—to the matter of good grooming along the way. From sight-seeing to the way the average family looks while seeing them is not so broad a jump as you might think.

A friend of mine, the mother of three, puts the situation concisely. She says her family is a mess for a week before they go because their decent clothes are at the dry cleaner's or in the wash; and they're a mess en route because their things are packed; and they're a mess after they get to where they're going because none of them can pack very well; and they're a mess for about a week after they get home, till their clothes get back from the dry cleaner's or out of the washing machine again.

It's not that the wife, or wardrobe mistress, hasn't given the matter considerable thought. She has. Before the vacation begins, she has quite a pretty mental picture of her family traveling. It resembles one of those traveling families in the airline ads—everyone coming at you smiling, hand-in-hand and crisply turned out.

But shortly before they leave, her courage fails. After all, there's simply no sense in wearing your good clothes to travel in. You won't be seeing anyone you know, for goodness' sake. So she puts the children into a random assortment of corduroy and seersucker, and she takes the new sport jacket off her husband, whose lower lip trembles a bit; but he knows better than to start anything at this late date, so he goes ahead packing the car. Thus the family has a couple of sartorial strikes against them even before they hit the road.

These afterthoughts are things to be wary of, incidentally, whether you're traveling *en famille* or solo. This is illustrated by the case of my sister-in-law and her sculptured skirt. After considerable expense and an untold number of fittings, she had a skirt custom-made which she planned to wear on a plane trip. Shortly before departure time, however, she remembered what the *couturière* had said—if the skirt were much sat in, it would get sat out. She advised my sister-in-law to hike it up five or six inches if she planned to do much sitting.

Well, custom-made skirts don't grow on trees, at least in my sister-in-law's orchard, and she wasn't about to ruin this one. Neither was she about to hike it up six inches on a public plane, skirts being—she felt—quite short enough now anyway. So she fished from the depths of the closet a saggy old black gabardine skirt with two moth-holes in front—perfectly all right over a dark petticoat in a dim light. What she didn't realize was that she was being met at the airport and the party was proceeding from there, and the next day the weather changed.

But back to our little family, now plummeting down the superhighway, with the wardrobe mistress figuring that of course they'll change for dinner when they make their first night's stand.

However, by that time, something usually happens. For one thing, a certain muscular rigidity has set in. It would be a lot simpler just to have a bite, take a bath and fall in. Also, the children—who have been yelling, "Whenner we gonna eat?" for the last 200 miles—are not about to head for the showers.

Often, too, as you look at the outside of the Okay Eatery, which seems the likeliest place in town, you realize that changing your clothes would not only be trouble, it would be downright unkind. And if the town sports an Olde Colonial Pizza and Smorgasbord Château, recommended by various tourist associations, it usually has a sign anyway which says, COME AS YOU ARE. . . . See, right there, next to the spinning wheel.

All in all, the general appearance of the vacationing family is nothing to be preserved for posterity. But unfortunately it often is, on 35-mm. color film or nice, clear black-and-white.

This brings us to a problem I think we must touch on, however briefly—picture taking. This is a problem not only to the people in front of the camera and to the people back home who will have to look at all those slides, but to the gear-laden vacation photographer himself.

He has been criticized on many counts. When his candid shot of Ethel climbing Bull Mountain leaves some doubt as to which is which, the tendency is to lambaste the cameraman. But the fact is, as every photographer knows, some cameras just take odder pictures than others, depending on who is in front of them.

Another common criticism is that when the vacation photographer takes a picture of Walden Pond or Hoover Dam, he always puts Sis and Buddy in the foreground. Actually, though, he must put Sis and Buddy in the foreground or nobody will believe he took the picture. These days you can buy good slides of anything anywhere . . . see, right there, next to that dish of mints by the cash register.

Nevertheless, we must face up to the fact that vacation picture taking is here to stay. Half the fun of a trip, like an operation, is talking about it, and one picture is notoriously worth a thousand words. And of course you must have something to show the neighbors back home.

And so to the moment, or problem, of home-coming. It is true that there is no place like home exactly, but I've often


EAT ANYTHING!

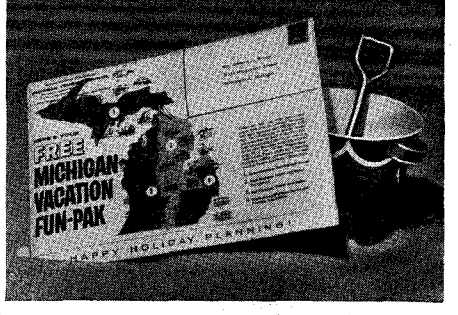
ORA-FIX holds dentures fast—all day!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

BETTER... by McKESSON

Vacation planning made easy!




FREE... michigan VACATION FUN-PAK

Beachcomber . . . explorer . . . legend-tracer . . . just plain fun-seeker. Here's all you need to plan a marvelous Michigan holiday. Send for your free Fun-Pak today!

*See the New Mackinac Bridge.*

Fun-Pak contains informative 32-page color booklet, and special accommodations brochure. YOURS FREE! *Drive Safely!*

69

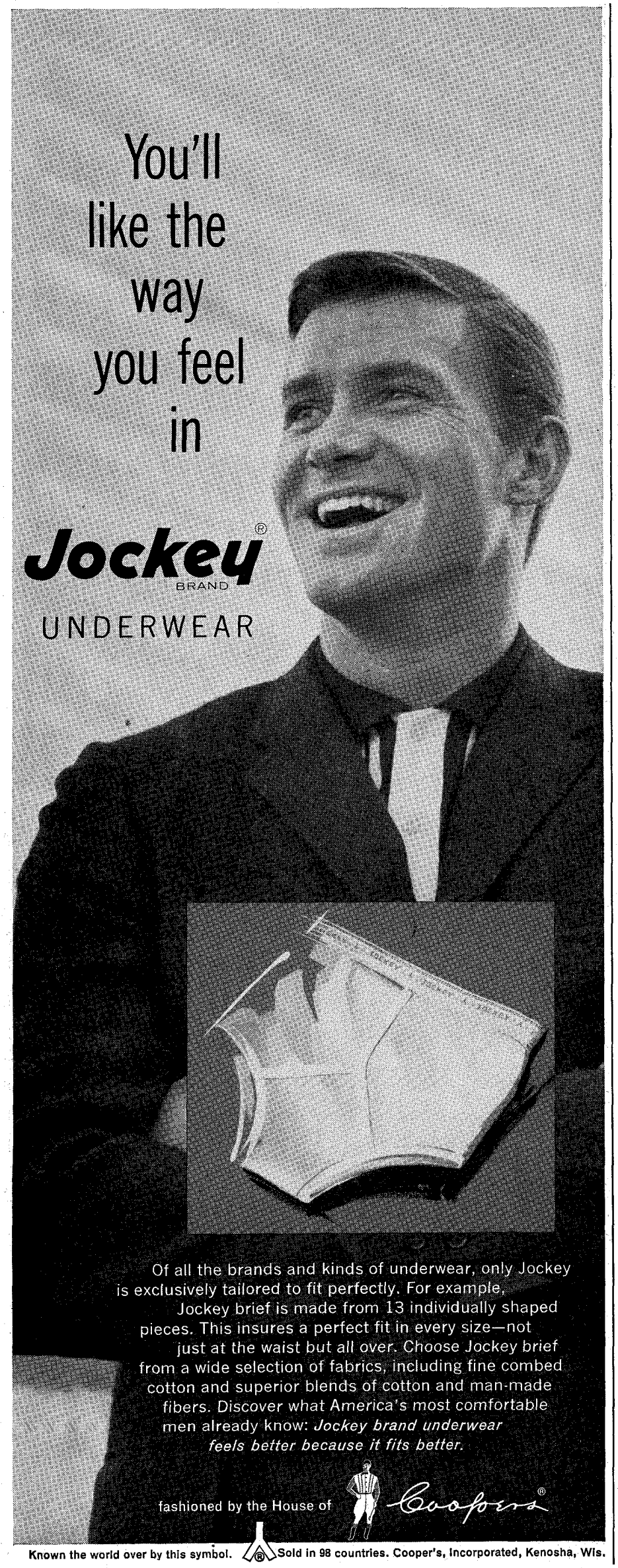
MICHIGAN TOURIST COUNCIL
Room 13, Mason Bldg., Lansing 26, Michigan
I do! I do! I do want that FUN-PAK.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


You'll like the way you feel in
Jockey®
BRAND
UNDERWEAR
Of all the brands and kinds of underwear, only Jockey is exclusively tailored to fit perfectly. For example, Jockey brief is made from 13 individually shaped pieces. This insures a perfect fit in every size—not just at the waist but all over. Choose Jockey brief from a wide selection of fabrics, including fine combed cotton and superior blends of cotton and man-made fibers. Discover what America's most comfortable men already know: Jockey brand underwear feels better because it fits better.
fashioned by the House of Coopers®
Known the world over by this symbol. Sold in 98 countries. Cooper's, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wis.

wondered, on returning from vacation trips, why anyone ever bothered to set this fact to music. The moment of home-coming is seldom easy.

Perhaps contrast has something to do with this—the contrast between what you just left and what you return to.

The sensible vacationing family, of course, would spend its two or three weeks with pay in a fifty-cents-per-night fleabag with bath down the hall. This would fulfill all the requirements of a good vacation—change of scene, sound economy and plenty of wholesome exercise in getting away from the place and staying away. Also, there would be no temptation for father to pass up the morning tour of the Civic Center in favor of a late breakfast preceded by a couple of silver fizzes via Room Service, and the family would see more sights than anybody.

But most vacationers aren't sensible. We tend to upgrade ourselves a bit, so that when we come home we more or less wish we hadn't. The back-yard barbecue is pretty poor stuff compared with the pool-side dining at La Hasta La Vista; and the mattresses on our own beds, compared with the mattresses we left behind us, have all the buoyancy of a cast-iron hammock. Even after a rugged outdoor vacation in sleeping bags under a towering fir beside a purling stream, the contrast is quite as bad. Home is the essence of tameness and sameness, and why did we come back?

Worst of all is the bleak fact of returning to the unoccupied house. Some people, I understand, have staffs in residence, so that they may be greeted at any time after a year-long absence with a discreet, "Good evening, madam; dinner will be served in half an hour." But this isn't the set I belong to.

On the contrary, the situation faced by so many of us is this: The family returns to a house that smells like the inside of a long-closed icebox, and the family invariably arrives shortly after the stores have closed. Indeed, everything is shut up, but the children won't when they discover that half a box of limp corn flakes is about all they can expect in the way of dinner.

The father of the family catches echoes of all this as he goes out to unpack the car, valiantly resisting an urge just to saw off the back seat. This is when the neighbor, who has been feeding the cat and picking up the mail, comes over with a tall stack of old magazines and new bills, which is the only kind of mail that ever comes while you're away.

It is about now that father, looking around him at his crabby little crew and the way the moles have dug up the front yard again, begins to wonder how he ever got himself into this box. As for mother, listening to his measured comments, she now, if ever, will think pensively of the men she might have married.

The moment of home-coming is, indeed, the worst problem the vacationing family has to face. But I am glad to say that to this one I can propose a solution.

What we need is a house sitter—preferably one per block—who would move in a day or so before the family returns, and bring the house back to life.

I picture the house sitter as the motherly type, kindly and immensely competent, clear-eyed and close-mouthed. She would have the kitchen redolent of good cooking, and the bedrooms breathing lavender and fresh linen. She'd have taken that pile of bills and hidden them in various crannies so they wouldn't all turn up at once. And when the family arrived—bruised, broke and belligerent—she would greet them with a cold Collins or a cheery wood fire, as the weather warranted.

Then, as a last, exquisite refinement, she would feed, curry and bed the children and shovel out the car while mother and father spent their last few jingling coins taxiing down to a good, home restaurant—the last oasis, their last small fling. And there they could sit in glum but companionable silence, leveling off. It was quite a trip, all right. Quite a trip.

Then, over the second cup of coffee, they might touch in a random fashion on some of the highlights. Remember the sunrise on the desert that morning? Remember old Tioga Pass? And those blueberry muffins? And over the third cup, they'd very probably drop the seed for next summer. Next summer it might be fun to go a little farther north. And then there's always Gettysburg. The kids certainly ought to see Gettysburg.

For this surely is the way to end a trip—not with a whimper, but on a note of mellow rumination, the opportunity for which the house sitter could so easily provide.

I heartily recommend house sitting to retired or otherwise unoccupied ladies who want to start a small, dignified business. I believe they will find it a rewarding occupation if they will take only one small precaution. It is essential that they demand full payment in advance before the family ever leaves town.

## How We Broke the Montana Prison Riot

(Continued from Page 27)

medieval fortress, standing on level ground between U.S. Highway 10 and Clark Fork River in the little town of Deer Lodge. The prison is surrounded by a high wall, topped with guard towers; just inside this rectangle made by the wall is an empty strip, or moat, which the wall guards can cover with their weapons. Along the front side of this inner compound, back of the moat, is a string of connected buildings. Looking at this layout from the main gate on the east, or Highway 10, side, one can see Cellblock 2, built in 1889, at the left. In the middle, directly in front of the gate, is the administration building. On the right is the new Cellblock 1, built in 1912. At the far right end of the compound is the license-plate factory, which is at the far left of the theater. In between is the large exercise yard. The warden's office is not in the administration building behind the walls, but is across the street in front of the prison. I came to this scene last fall on my first job as a prison sociologist. I am twenty-four years old and was born and raised in Butte, thirty-two miles southeast of here.

There are many deep-rooted reasons for a prison riot, but the spark that set off this one in these surroundings was the deep sense of insecurity of the middle-aged convict, Jerry Myles. He was born in a maternity home in Sioux City, Iowa, and his mother gave him up for adoption. When he was fifteen years old his foster parents put him in a correctional home and, after his release, the boy spent two years searching for his real mother. He finally found her, but she had remarried and refused to take him into her life. Thereafter Myles wandered around the country—when he wasn't serving time for auto theft and burglary. At the Montana penitentiary the prison-wise Myles had become a shop supervisor under the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

previous administration and had used his position to demand favors, such as cigarettes and general obsequiousness from the other inmates. Among other things he was a homosexual.

When a new prison administration took over last year, Deputy Warden Rothe discovered the manner in which Myles was levying tribute and attempting to build a private empire within the prison. Rothe discharged Myles from the supervisor's job, and Myles' following among the inmates quickly melted away. The formerly powerful "con boss" complained bitterly to me about it. "Prison is my home," he said, "and you're making it a tough place for me to live." Later he had particular reason, by his lights, to believe I was persecuting him. When, because of his infractions of rules, I requested that Myles be segregated, he exploded, "I warn you! Don't push me too far." As a result of this threat he was put in an isolation cell.

Myles launched his last desperate drive for recognition in his "home" at four P.M. on that fateful Thursday when he appeared at the gate between the recreation yard and the administration building. With him were Lee Smart, a pimply nineteen-year-old who had beaten a man to death with a tire pump in order to steal a car, and George Alton, a twice-convicted twenty-five-year-old burglar. Myles and Alton had knives hidden in the sleeves of their shirts. Smart had a .30-caliber rifle plunged down a leg of his prison pants; the trio had captured the rifle shortly before by bushwhacking a guard on patrol in the old cellblock.

The motives of the three convicts were as tangled as their lives. Alton's was the least complicated; he had broken out of prison for two months last fall and simply wanted to escape again. Smart faced a thirty-year sentence and probably believed he had nothing to lose in an escape attempt; at his trial, when he was seventeen years old, he had begged to be hanged rather than sent to prison for a long term. And I am convinced that Myles wasn't as interested in escaping as he was in rebuilding his own ego and taking revenge on those he believed had persecuted him.

At the gate Myles asked one of the officers, William C. Cox, for some pills that had been prescribed for his migraine headaches. Cox went to the deputy warden's office, just off the lobby of the building, to get the medicine, and while he was gone the turnkey opened the gate to pass an officer. This was the break the three convicts had been waiting for; they whipped out their weapons and rushed the gate, overpowering the two guards. Myles and Smart then headed for the deputy warden's office, where Ted Rothe was at his desk talking with Cox. Myles burst in on Rothe, yelling, "I'm going to kill you," and slashing with his knife. Rothe grabbed his In-Out message basket and was using it to fend off Myles' knife when Smart brought up his rifle and shot Rothe through the heart. Myles then wheeled with his knife and ripped Cox's inner arm from elbow to armpit.

After the murder of Rothe, Myles and Smart picked up two recruits and fanned into the cellblocks on either side of the administration building, moving so swiftly that they caught the guards completely by surprise. In the blocks about twenty other convicts joined them. A large number of others weren't eager to take sides; in fact, most of the 425 convicts in the prison either locked themselves in their own cells or watched developments from a prudent distance. In a matter of minutes the rioters controlled the administration building and the two cellblocks, and also had gained another rifle, the "inside" keys and the supply of narcotics. But they still were far from escaping to the outside. The guns of the guards on the outer wall covered the moat and the exercise yard.

While this general take-over was in progress, I was interviewing three inmates in the athletic office, located off the lobby of the old cellblock. I first learned of the uprising when the door of the office flew open and George Alton stood there with a rifle aimed at my chest.

"O.K., Jones," Alton said. "Come out of there and don't try anything."

I raised my hands. While Alton covered me, another convict searched me. I had no idea what was going on—whether I was involved in an incident or a major outbreak. But I didn't ask questions. I didn't know how touchy my captors might be or what might stir them up. I fought for self-control and said nothing.

My captors marched me to Cellblock 1, where the other hostages were being locked in, two to a cell. "Just like we live," one convict said with a grin.

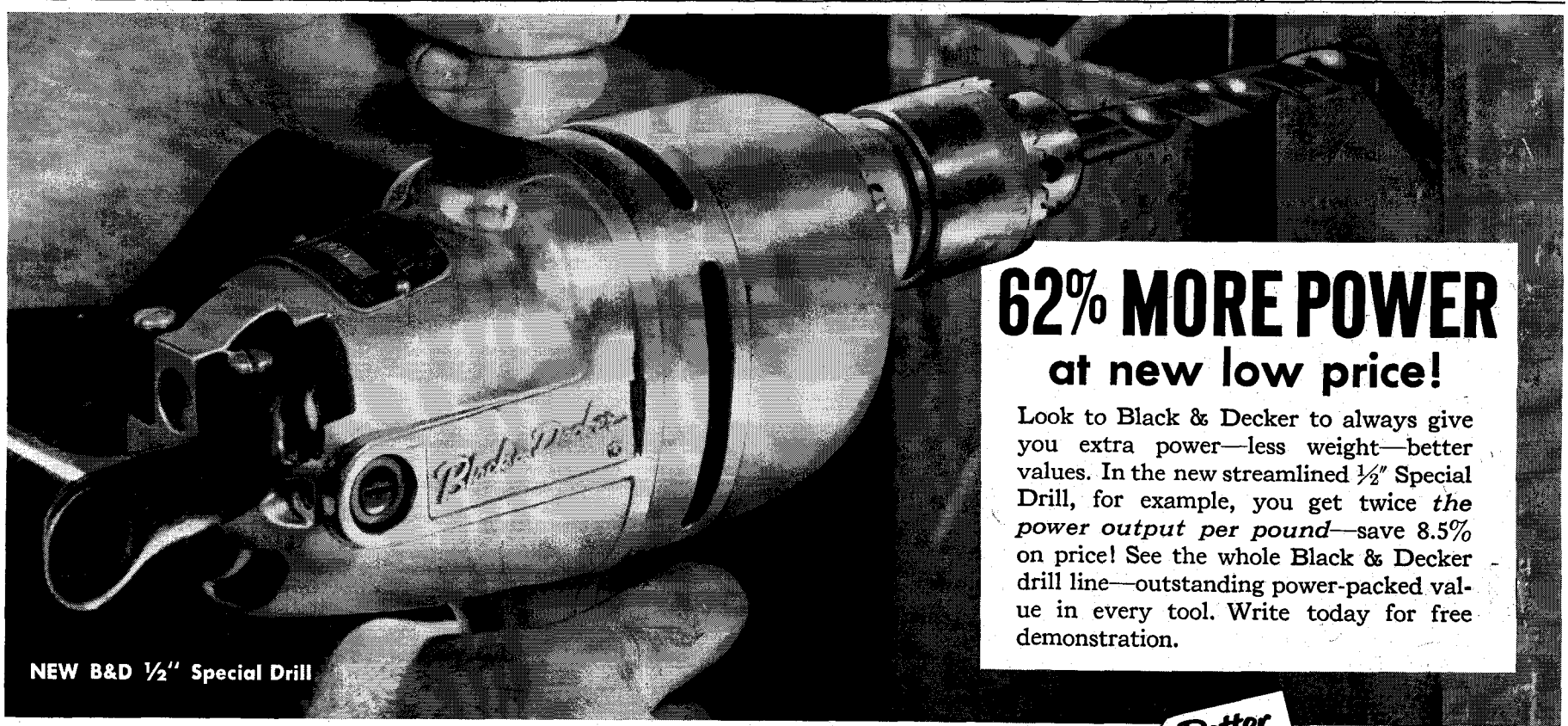
There were only about fifteen or twenty active rioters, and they didn't seem sure of what they wanted. They were nervous and jumpy, shouting orders and countermanding them almost as quickly. Alton seemed to be in charge in our area, and he trotted from place to place, panting hard, with the sweat pouring off his thin face. Many of the actives seemed eager to stay on the good side of the hostages, in case the uprising failed. Quite early in the siege they released the wounded Cox and another officer, Chris Pletan, who is a diabetic. Some of our captors seemed quite concerned about our comfort and told us, "We'll have coffee and sandwiches for you soon," or asked, "How are you doing? Can we get you anything? Coffee? Water?" I had to keep reminding myself that all this actually was happening.

Soon after their take-over, the convict ringleaders had plotted to capture Warden Floyd E. Powell, a soft-voiced but tough-willed forty-six-year-old career penologist. They forced officer John Simonsen to telephone the warden, tell him there had been a knifing and ask him to come inside.

Naturally the warden headed for the scene of the reported trouble. Accompanied by a guard and Elmer Ericksen, the prison's business manager, he hurried across the highway and through the main outer gate of the prison. This particular entrance through the prison wall is something like an air lock. It has two gates, with a space between them. To get in, a visitor must wait on the sidewalk until the guard in the gun turret above has identified him. Then the guard lowers a key on a wire; the visitor unlocks the outer gate and steps into the entrance, then locks the gate behind him. Only when the outer gate is locked and the key pulled up does the guard lower a second key to the inner gate, which opens onto the moat.

The guards in the gate turret still didn't know that a riot was under way when the warden and his escort came through, but just as Powell stepped through the administration building doorway Ericksen saw something was wrong. "Don't go in," he yelled, literally sprawling backward. But the convicts had grabbed the warden and aimed guns at him. Ericksen and the guard retreated through the gate under cover of the guards in the gate turret.

The strategy of Myles and his lieutenants evidently was to force Warden Powell to issue "Don't shoot" orders to the guards on the walls or to use him as a human shield in a breakout attempt. But Powell refused to crack under pressure—then or later—but calmly proceeded to talk himself out of the convicts' hands. The ringleaders made the mistake of

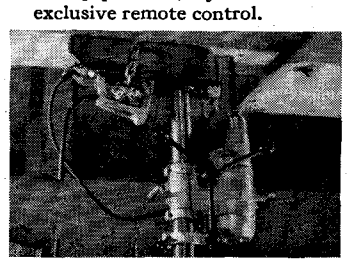




62% MORE POWER
at new low price!

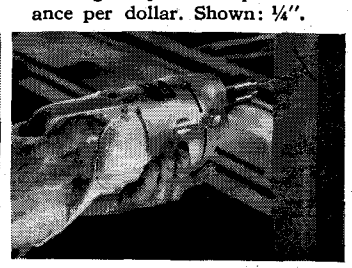
Look to Black & Decker to always give you extra power—less weight—better values. In the new streamlined ½" Special Drill, for example, you get twice *the power output per pound*—save 8.5% on price! See the whole Black & Decker drill line—outstanding power-packed value in every tool. Write today for free demonstration.

**TREMENDOUS TORQUE!** ⅜" H.D. Holgun® is geared and powered to take on the tough ones. Compact to work in tight quarters.

**DRILL UPSIDE DOWN!** B&D Magnetic Drill Presses stick like glue in any position; try them with exclusive remote control.



**POWER NEARLY DOUBLED** in B&D ¼", 5/16" and ⅜" End Handle Drills gives you more performance per dollar. Shown: ¼".



YOU GET A Better Value FROM

Black & Decker®

Dept. 0106, Towson 4, Md.—Quality Electric Tools

Name_____ Company_____

Company Address_____


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WHO CARES

what brand of
brake lining you have?

# I CARE!

I walk to school,
across two main streets.

GET 1959 STOPPING POWER BEFORE YOU DRIVE ANOTHER MILE!

Ask your American Brakeblok dealer to check your entire brake system. Let him bring your safety up to date with the same brake lining used in the finest '59 cars. Look for the red and yellow sign: American Brakeblok Brake Service.

American Brakeblok®

AMERICA'S SAFETY BRAKE LINING
FRICTIONEERED FOR POWER
OR STANDARD BRAKES

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

NAPA Assurance of Quality

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
*Executive Offices* P. O. Box 21, Birmingham, Michigan
*Plants* in Winchester, Va. • Cleveland, O. • Hillburn, N.Y.
Lindsay, Ontario • Mexico City, Mexico • Gif, France


keeping Powell in the administration-building lobby under the guard while they—Myles, Smart and Alton—were busy deploying their henchmen over the prison, arming them with knives from the kitchen and shops, and locking up hostages. Powell used the time to convince his guards, particularly one recruited convict who was armed with a meat cleaver, that the uprising was bound to fail. "You know," he told them, "this is the worst possible thing you could do. If you continue, you'll all be charged with murder. Even if you escape, you'll be caught eventually and have extra time to serve. What can you possibly gain?"

After two hours of this, during a period when they were left alone, the convict with the cleaver suddenly handed his weapon to the warden. "I can't kill anybody," he said. Then he pulled a picture of his wife and children from his shirt pocket. "Look at what those s.o.b.'s are costing me."

"No, they're not," Powell said. "You can get out of this. I'll tell the wall guards to pass you through."

"If I go, they'll kill you," the convict protested.

"I'll go with you," Powell replied, and then coolly ordered the erstwhile guard to step into the cellblock and ask if any other rioters wanted out. Fortunately Myles and his pals were in another part of the prison. About ten of the inmates decided to get out of the riot while they could. When they came into the administration-building lobby, Powell opened the front door, called to the wall guards, "We're coming out," and led his troop through the main gate. Once free, he detailed an officer to take the ex-rioters to the nearby trusty compound and give them dinner.

It was that evening when Jerry Myles came to my cell and threatened me. After he left and I had thought through the situation, I attempted to put a diversionary plan in motion—and almost got off on the wrong foot.

It seemed a good idea to make my "mouthpiece" offer to George Alton, rather than Jerry Myles. Alton only wanted to escape, not to get revenge. Also, what I knew of him indicated that he had a fairly strong sense of right and wrong and would be opposed to harming the hostages. Perhaps I could work on him, I thought, and wheedle him into turning against Myles and Smart.

I went to the cell door and shouted, "Hey, Alton! George Alton! Come here."

I heard footsteps approaching down the corridor. Then a squat, square-cut figure appeared in front of my cell. It was Myles!

"What do you want?" he asked suspiciously.

Quickly I decided to make my pitch, even if it had to be to Myles. Because he placed an inordinate value on rank and knew that I sat in on prison staff meetings, I aimed at this weak spot.

"Look, Myles," I said, "I'm your most valuable hostage. Right?"

"Yeah," he agreed, "I guess so."

"All right," I continued. "You're going to want certain things. And you need somebody to talk to the warden about them. Who can do that better than I?"

The convict thought a moment and then answered cautiously, "I'll think about it."

Sometime after midnight Myles returned to my cell and I felt a sense of elation as he announced, "I think we'll use you." Then he added sourly, "But I'm still going to kill you."

I held my voice steady and said only, "I know."

There was no sleep for me as the night passed. My wrist watch had been taken from me, so I didn't know exactly what time it was when Myles returned to my cell, but it must have been around 3:30 A.M. "We want you to do some talking," he said. He opened the cell door and ordered me to turn around. Handcuffs were snapped on my wrists, holding my arms taut behind my back.

Myles stuck a rifle at my back and marched me across a twelve-inch plank the inmates had laid from the third tier of cells to the guards' catwalk, a ledge along the inside of the building wall, about thirty feet above the floor. Where the catwalk turns the corner at the far end of the cellblock there is a gun cage. Smart had made this gun cage the defense headquarters of the rebellion. From it he could command the cells in which the hostages were held and also from the building windows could look out over the walls to study activity across the street.

Myles gave the orders at the gun cage. "You're going to walk the catwalk and talk through the windows to the people outside."

"What do you want me to say?" I asked.

"Tell them not to storm us. We heard on the cell head-set radios that the troops are going to attack. Tell them if they storm I'll shoot you and kill the rest of the hostages."

He didn't have to tell me that twenty of the hostages were married. Later I counted up that among them they had a total of forty-one children. I strode along the catwalk to one of the windows and yelled out, "This is Jones. J-O-N-E-S." I wanted no National Guard marksmen to mistake my identity. "Do not, whatever you do, storm this place because they are ready to kill us. I repeat, don't storm or we'll lose all."

> Most parents would find it easier to get their children to bed on time if they had their children's energy.
>
> BOB BROWN

Then Myles yelled out the window, "I hate this man, but he's doing the right thing now."

There is no doubt in my mind that Myles would have slaughtered the hostages if the troops had attacked then. He thoroughly enjoyed demonstrating his control by parading me along the catwalk. He had traded his rifle for a knife and, gripping one of my arms and holding a knife against my side, he used me as a shield. Smart covered me with his rifle from the gun cage.

Their precautions struck me as so ridiculous that, despite the danger, I couldn't help laughing at least once, and asking Myles, "What do you think I'm going to do—fly out?" Later a convict warned Myles to get away from the windows or he might get picked off.

"Naw," Myles answered. "I got Jones with me, and if they get me, so what?"

I added, "I couldn't care less." Smart gave me a double-take, saying, "You're a damned fool too."

After tiring of this display Myles waved me back into the gun cage, and for half an hour or more I sat while he kept a gun trained on me. At one point he poked the rifle barrel between the window bars and aimed it toward the brightly lighted windows of a café about seventy-five yards diagonally across the street. "I think I'll shoot a few," he said, cocking the gun.

As calmly as I could I said, "That wouldn't be very smart."

He turned and looked at me suspiciously. "Why not?"

"Well, you'll use all your ammunition, and I thought you wanted to save your last shots for you and me."

He mulled it over and slowly put down the rifle.

At last I was shuffled to a cell on the third tier of the new block, close to the ringleaders' headquarters. An inmate immediately trotted up and asked if I wanted sandwiches and coffee. I said that I certainly did, but couldn't very well eat with my hands handcuffed behind my back.

The solicitous convict opened the cell door and led me out. Then, in what must have been a strange scene, he fed me an egg sandwich, bite by bite, and gave me coffee, sip by sip. Later I stretched out on the cell cot and managed to doze for no more than half an hour—and woke up wishing I hadn't because I had rolled on the handcuffs, jamming them painfully tight on my wrists.

Soon, before dawn, I was summoned again, this time by Alton. "We're going to take you to the dining room to talk to the warden," he told me. From scraps of conversation I had overheard, I realized that now the convicts were playing for time. They were attempting to tunnel under the surrounding wall, but had run into the deep wall foundation. They needed a justification to continue holding the hostages and had decided to make demands for prison reform. Myles was particularly taken with the reform idea, because these demands served to swell his importance.

The dining room where the conference was held was a sort of no man's land. It was on the ground floor of the administration building, and in one corner had an elevated, steel-screened gun cage, which was connected by a tunnel to an access point at the main gate. The warden was to come to this cage. The convicts stood in the corridor leading from the cellblock to the dining room, around the corner and out of sight, and stationed me, with their guns and knives at my back, in the entrance of the dining room.

Our first meeting quickly came to nothing. The warden had some other people in the gun cage with him—it was too dark for me to see who they were. The convicts were suspicious of some trick and told the warden they wouldn't talk unless he came alone. He promised to come back alone, and both sides withdrew.

As I returned to my cell, my fellow hostages asked how things were going. I told them sincerely I hoped we were making some progress.

"Stick with it, Jones," the guards said. "It's your baby." And then they probably prayed that I wouldn't do anything wrong. Well they might, seeing the cans of naphtha and those torches that the convicts had assembled in the cell corridors.

Soon I was marched off, dreadfully tired, to a second meeting with the warden. My shoulders were cramped and my arms ached from being handcuffed. Alton kept a knife at my throat, and Smart kept his gun aimed at me. Alton obviously was heavily doped up, but suddenly he whispered to me, "Jones, this is turning out real bad." My spirits soared because I thought he was weakening and the time might soon be ripe for suggesting that he take control away from Myles and Smart. I couldn't have been more wrong, but I'm glad I didn't know it then.

This time I relayed the convicts' grievances to the warden. There was some validity to their complaints, but they also knew that steps already were being taken to improve conditions. For example, the only plumbing facilities in the old cellblock are two (*Continued on Page 80*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inexpensive sprayers (several brands available) attach to hose, make water pressure do the work. Pour malathion into jar, spray properly mixed solution. New plastic dust guns eliminate muss and fuss. Aerosols also available.

# Bug-Free Gardens In Minutes Per Week

## New "hose" sprayers and all-purpose malathion insecticides take the work *and guesswork* out of bug control.

Malathion insecticides not only wipe out the insects that cause damage you can *see,* but they also control the tiny pests responsible for the yellowish leaves and frowsy blooms of so many mid-summer gardens. The vivid colors of malathion protected gardens come from a *natural* vitality that unprotected gardens can never develop.

Over 100 well-known manufacturers package malathion sprays, dusts and aerosols under their own brand names. Ask your hardware or garden supply dealer for the brands he carries. Look for malathion on the label or list of ingredients.

**For free color leaflet** – Write: American Cyanamid Company, Dept. P, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has O.K.'d malathion for 105 destructive pests. Here is damage caused by 6 common garden insects. Top row: aphids (plant lice), leaf miners, beetles. Bottom row: mites, fruit worms, webworms.

Malathion keeps pets flea-free and happy, controls indoor pests, too. Are flies and mosquitoes uninvited guests at your barbecues? Spray malathion on nearby lawn and shrubs when you light the fire.

CYANAMID

**MALATHION**

INSECTICIDES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 78*) buckets per cell, one for drinking water and one for human wastes. There are no lights in the old cells, and even in the new ones the wiring won't carry more than a sixty-watt bulb per cell. There is neither a full-time doctor nor dentist on the staff; a trained inmate treats patients and gives inoculations.

The convicts also demanded the resignation of the director of the state parole board. I will observe neutrally that the director did resign that day. In general Montana's parole system still is in its infancy, with only three parole officers to cover the entire state. Clearly they can't give the counseling and guidance the parolees need. Montana also issues flat sentences—five years, ten years, and so on—rather than the indeterminate ones, such as five years to life, which better enable a prison classification-parole team to appraise a man's rehabilitation and return him to society when he is ready. We in prison work know that putting across such reforms takes time and can't be done all at once. As a first step in Montana we hope the voters will approve a $5,500,000 bond issue to build a new institution which can be adequately staffed for individual handling of offenders.

Warden Powell listened patiently to the convicts' grievances and tried to explain that as much as possible was being done, and even more could be accomplished when the new budget becomes effective on July first.

This conference then took an unexpected twist. The convicts asked that three newspapermen be allowed in the prison to hear the inmates' own story of their conditions—and it was stipulated that I would go outside the prison walls, get the newspapermen, and then return to the prison as hostage as a show of good faith. The warden agreed to this arrangement—if the hostages would be freed. To emphasize his point he stated that the newspapermen would have to promise to print nothing of their conversation with the inmates until the hostages were released.

When Myles and Alton prepared to release me, they discovered they had lost the key to the handcuffs. They hunted up a hammer and chisel to cut the chain between the cuffs, and while this was being done, Myles warned me, "Tell the warden that if you don't come back I've got six hostages set up to hang, and I'll burn the rest of them."

A few minutes later I stepped through the main gate to freedom. Relief—even if temporary—left me almost limp. Father Gerald Lynam, the prison chaplain, shook my hand, and I talked with Warden Powell, who was briefing the selected reporters. Then I had a moment with my father and my older brother, Gordon, who were among the crowd of hostages' families who were sweating it out.

Finally I said, "I've got to go in again."

My father, a sixty-nine-year-old retired mining-shift boss asked only, "Will you be back, son?"

"I don't know, dad," I answered, and, after just eight minutes outside, I turned to escort the reporters. Strangely enough I still was relaxed. I felt we were making progress.

As I started toward the gate, Warden Powell touched my shoulder. "You don't have to go back, Walt," he said quietly.

"Let's go for broke, warden," I said.

The newsmen and the warden took the tunnel that led them to the gun cage in the dining room, and I returned to the cellblock. Myles met me and said, "I didn't think you'd do it, Jones—but it's a damn good thing you did or twenty-two men would have died."

Alton had a wide grin. "Now I think we can accomplish something," he said. I hoped he was right.

But in the conference with the newsmen, Myles jacked up his price. He now demanded that they come through the prison, see conditions for themselves and take photographs. The warden, with the newsmen in the gun cage, agreed to these new conditions—if the hostages were released immediately.

After the meeting, when we were back in the cellblocks, Myles raised his price again. "You go get the newsmen and photographers," he told me. "And tell the warden that when I see a story or a picture in a newspaper—any newspaper—the hostages go free."

Alton tried to argue. "But we promised that the hostages would go free the minute the newsmen came in," he pointed out.

"No." Myles said. "Get it in print first."

That's when Alton gave up. Although some of the inmates still were working on their escape tunnel, trying to dig under the foundation, he concluded that little hope remained. More important, he saw that Myles wasn't particularly interested in escape as long as he could use the hostages for bargaining power and publicity. I sincerely believe this jolted Alton's sense of right and wrong. But in any case he was so doped that he had neither the courage nor the will to stand against the power-hungry Myles.

He went back to his cell and stayed there for the duration of the riot, and with him went any hope I had for breaking down Myles' leadership.

With this new blow I was desperate. "Let's compromise," I said to Myles. "Let me go out with six hostages. I'll come back and you keep the rest of us until something has been published."

"No," Myles answered. "It's all the way or nothing."

I sighed. "O.K., let me go out and tell the warden about this new setup. I'll come back."

So at 4:30 P.M. on Friday, twenty-four hours after the riot started, I walked out of the main gate for the second time. I met Warden Powell in the middle of U.S. Highway 10 and told him of Myles' enlarged demands. Then I turned back toward the prison.

"No, Walt," the warden said. "There's no reason for you to go back in."

"I promised, warden," I answered, again turning toward the gate.

"Jones," the warden ordered crisply, "Stay here." Then his voice softened. "Your usefulness has ended. The more concessions we grant, the more they'll ask. There will never be a guarantee they will turn the hostages free. If you went back, it would be just another life endangered."

The warden sent me home. On the way I stopped to see Mrs. Rothe and her two children to say—well, what could I say? I had started work at Montana prison, after graduation from Montana State University, the same day as forty-year-old Ted Rothe—last October tenth. We all had admired Ted Rothe for his sensitivity combined with a puckish sense of humor. We would miss him much.

When I didn't show up in the prison, Myles flew into a towering rage. He stamped up and down in front of the hostages' cells, screaming, "I'll burn you all."

"We sure figured we'd had it," officer George Schaffer told me later. "I've never seen a man so mad."

Late Friday night Warden Powell got a secret message from an inmate that the rioters were making one last attempt to drive their tunnel under the wall, but had sworn a pact that if they weren't out by daybreak they would kill all the hostages and commit suicide.

The warden moved swiftly, calling the National Guard officers together and explaining the situation. He pointed out that most of the rioters would be working on the tunnel, so that if the attack hit fast enough, the convicts wouldn't be able to get back to the cellblock in time to carry out their threats.

The attack was touched off with a blast from a bazooka which hit the upper part of the new cellblock. Covered by machine gun and rifle fire, fifty National Guardsmen and prison guards, led by Warden Powell, charged through the back gate and across the exercise yard to the cellblock. Some of them carried fire extinguishers which they hoped they wouldn't have to use. The convicts returned the fire, and Guardsman Lt. Francis Pulliam was hit in the arm, the only casualty. Resistance was short-lived. The convicts weren't given time to pour the jugs of naphtha over the hostages. By 4:30 A.M. Saturday, April eighteenth, all but two convicts had surrendered. The twenty-two hostages were safe—brave men all who had lived thirty-six hours under threat of a horrible death, without whimpering or pleading. With calm resourcefulness, refusing to let grief, bitterness or anger unsettle him, Warden Powell had regained control of the prison without losing the hostages.

The two convicts who did not surrender were Jerry Myles and Lee Smart. They were found sprawled on the floor of the cellblock turret, killed by rifle bullets. There was only one rifle with them, and it was still in Smart's hands. The evidence indicated that Smart had killed Myles and then himself.

For ten days after the end of the riot the National Guard troops shook down the prison, using mine detectors to probe through mattresses and walls in search of weapons, narcotics and keys which might have been hidden during the rebellion. All convicts who took part in the riot will stand trial, of course.

Warden Powell blames himself for "not having had the time to adequately train a staff to handle such an emergency." But I believe the warden will agree that there are deeper reasons for prison uprisings. And I'm afraid that until the time comes when the world emphasizes social and human sciences and learns to bridge the gap between society and its weakest members, we will have incorrigibles and prison riots.

Of course, I do not condone any part of Montana's riot or any convict who participated. However, I can't help remembering something that happened during that predawn period on Friday when Myles was guarding me in the catwalk gun cage. There was a sharp explosion outside the prison wall, and instantly Myles aimed his cocked rifle at my stomach. He listened intently, but no more sounds came—evidently the noise had been a car backfiring. Then his angry face relaxed and he said a strange thing: "I wonder where you and I would have been tonight if I'd had a family when I was a kid." THE END


# NEXT WEEK

A VISIT WITH
HEAVYWEIGHT CHALLENGER
## INGEMAR JOHANSSON

## ARE WE RETIRING PEOPLE TOO EARLY?
New Careers for Workers Over Sixty-Five

## REVOLUTION ON MAIN STREET
The Big Change in the American Small Town
By Stewart Alsop

## DON'T CALL THEM BABY SITTERS
The Teen-Agers Who
Care for Cerebral-Palsied Children

THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK
## BOMB SCARES AND BAYONETS
By Virgil T. Blossom


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# In your hands . . . the lifelong answer

## that solves all their shaving problems...*Roll-A-Matically!*

**HE SETS THE CONTROL PANEL**

**LEFT TO LOWER** Roller Combs for tough whiskers, as on chin.

**RIGHT TO RAISE** them for tender skin, as on neck.

**UNLIMITED SETTINGS** in between for every skin and beard need.

*Newest gift in the world* for your man is a fabulous new electric shaver that actually *adjusts* to each beard and skin problem he has . . . the Remington Roll-A-Matic Shaver. No other shaver made can be set – and can *hold* its settings – where a man wants them and needs them. Only a Roll-A-Matic Shaver can guarantee it—*and does!*

Is Dad like most men – tough beard on chin, tender skin on neck? He simply sets exclusive Roll-A-Matic Roller Combs low for "heavy-duty" shaving, and to trim sideburns or mustache. Then, he raises the Roller Combs for more comfort on sensitive areas. That's why Roll-A-Matic shaving is so ideal for your son's teen-age skin, too. Unlimited adjustments meet every need.

So give Dad and Son the only shaver with adjustability *they can count on* – the new Remington Roll-A-Matic Shaver. Now at all Remington dealers, including drug, jewelry, department and appliance stores.

Product of *Remington Rand Electric Shaver*, Division of Sperry Rand Corporation, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

New! ADJUSTABLE to every beard or skin condition

# REMINGTON® ROLL-A-MATIC TRADE MARK ELECTRIC SHAVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Your Car Benefits

## from the New and Better Filtrants Found Only in

WIX-KNIT employs soft, long staple cotton yarn knitted into sleeves and drawn over perforated aluminum to give you premium filtration and reduced oil acidity.

Your car benefits from WIX Prescription Filtration, and so do you . . . in smoother engine performance, in freedom from engine wear and . . . SAVED DOLLARS.

WIX Prescription Filtration enables your service man to give you the Oil or Air Filter Cartridge that precisely suits *your* car, the motor oil *you* use and the type of driving *you* do. Obviously, a single filtrant or a single class of filtrants cannot possibly cover all of these conditions. WIX Laboratory and Research technicians have developed a broad selection of high performance filtering media —proved in laboratory and on the road— and this superior filtration service is made available to you at better service stations across the country.

Next time you stop for gas—tell your service man to check your oil and air filters and demand that he give you the benefits of WIX Prescription Filtration.

**WIX-KNIT**—the Premium Full-Flow Oil Filter Cartridge in the Gold can—developed expressly to provide peak performance for users of Premium Motor Oils.

wix® FILTERS

**Write for:**
**"WHAT'S UNDER THE HOOD"**
This 24-page book dispels the mystery – tells you what's under the hood of your car and why it's there. Write for it – it's FREE!

WIX CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N. C.
In Canada: Wix Corporation Ltd., Toronto


## The Last Solo (Continued from Page 23)

solo. If," Malon said, reaching for my shirt again—I side-stepped—"she played something neat, soothing and not savage—maybe a flute or viola—but a *Flügelhorn!* I hardly blame everybody who is not a Spiker for snickering."

I told Malon, "She says it doesn't matter who laughs as long as you are enjoying yourself."

"I know. And all very well. For her. When you get her age you can be eccentric and not care. But her playing reflects on the kaboodle of us. Now, Buck, are you going to steal that horn?"

"Well," I said, "I am not making any promises. I'll think about it."

"The whole honor of the younger Spikers is resting right square on you, Buck."

"So I see," I said sourly. "I told you I would think."

"Think hard, Buck. If ever we needed a hero it is now. It is your chance to be one, and at the same time to perform a service we can't forget. We will love you to the end of our days for it, son."

Malon is only three years older than I, though a bit higher on the hoof. He irked me, you might say. He had his hand on my shoulder like Washington talking to the troops. All the same, he meant it; and it really was important. No use anybody going straight to Miss Moira and arguing with her. She couldn't understand the sensitivity of the youthful Spikers. Anyhow, she went deaf when she felt like it—she could hear a mouse footfall a mile away when she wanted to—and if you talked about something she didn't care to hear, you might as well be hollering at the flank of a silo. She had taken me to raise when I was four, after my parents were killed by a train in a car my father stalled on the Monon tracks; I guess I knew Miss Moira as well as anybody; she couldn't be persuaded out of her reunion solo.

I said, "I've got the picture, Malon. So long," and ducked away. Moose Point is small, but one of the prettiest towns in Indiana; yet when I looked back at Malon staring after me with his same deep look like Uncas, Last of the Mohicans, even though the day kept on being fine-weathered and grand, I couldn't enjoy it. There was what you might call a point of conscience in me which started right then getting wider. You see, I like Miss Moira a lot; as much as any older woman in the world. On the other hand I knew exactly what Malon and all the rest of those cousins meant. A *Flügelhorn* solo is a really terrible thing.

I'd left my summer job at the Adams Hardware the week before; I'd be going back to college in another week. So now I just walked around town a bit, thinking. I went into Bartley's for a trotline to replace one I'd lost. Bartley's is Adams Hardware's opposition; Mr. Adams liked me to spy now and then. While I was looking over the trotlines, and some bobbers, Mr. Hem Bartley came up and said, "H'lo, Buck. Reunion tomorrow, hey?"

"It is," I said. "How much are your bobbers—these old ones here with the paint worn off?"

"You'll have nice weather for it." Hem looked out at the sky. "Weather's goin' to hold for a week. Guess Miss Moira will play her instrument?"

"Expect you're selling cheap," I said. "They don't look like the cork's so good either. Probably got very little float left."

"Lord, Lord," Hem Bartley said, smiling as if just to himself. "When I think of the lung power in that sweet elderly lady. You know, this store's a mile from Reunion Park, but she shakes my windows every year?"

"Do you care to unload on a poor unlucky customer like me?" I asked, testy-like.

Hem blinked. "New bobbers, eleven cents per. If you want the trotline, just say so—otherwise I'd be obliged if you wouldn't finger it to the detriment of stock."

When I'd made a deal for the trotline and bobbers I went out, headed for the bluffs above the river. There were people at the swimming beach, gay-colored umbrellas stuck in the sand; when I'd climbed high enough the people turned small, flickering like bright dots in a faraway picture. Up here were the rock pools.

I chopped off some of the trotline, attached a bobber, fixed on a hook I'd had pocketed, found a couple of nightcrawlers, and moved over to a rock pool. Far down past the boulder I leaned on I could see Reunion Park. A big place, it is bordered by fields on three flanks, with the river on the fourth. The crowns of willows in the park looked like the heads of green friendly giants; the air was so clear you could see a chicken hawk a mile away, hardly using his wings, but taking the best air currents. I could see a lot of the county, farmhouses and fields—then on one of the side roads, a gentle boiling of dust, and a black speck that was Miss Moira's electric car. It goes eleven miles an hour at the utmost, and she drives it as if she were Barney Oldfield come back to earth. I couldn't see her, it was too far; but I could visualize her, bent over the tiller with her hat veil floating. And I thought, *I can't do it. I can't steal that horn.*

Came a rustle behind me, and there stood Sal-Grace Mathers. Sal-Grace is slim, dark, like a living willow herself, except naturally more humorous. She has eyes people often say you could drown puppies in; it is better just to look at them, and the nearer the finer. "Get anything?" she asked.

She was wearing an orange dress, her arms and knees and face brown as the rocks around us. She sat down on a tuft of bunch grass. I fished on while we talked about nothing much—how sorry we were the summer was about over and yet how we looked forward to school. Her college, girls only, wasn't far from mine; it came to me while I watched the bobber, and Sal-Grace's reflection shimmering beside it, that we'd never dated to speak of—and that was funny, because I'd thought a good deal about Sal-Grace. It was quiet; as if we were very far from Reunion Park and the roads and the whole county—flying with the hawk above the world. A lazy and delicate feeling.

I heard myself say, "Sal-Grace, I've got a problem. Since you're not in the Spiker family, any way shape or form, you can maybe help me decide one way or the other." While I told her about the job of stealing that *Flügelhorn* and how it went against the grain, she sat hugging her fine knees and staring across the river toward the Spanish Bluffs. There are caves there; in the old times—even before Indians—somebody was supposed to have buried gold in them. Nobody'd ever found it; I'd scoured that caveland myself when I was a child.

Sal-Grace's hair, black as India ink, blew in the mild breeze. She said, "Well, Buck, I wouldn't advise you. Because ——" Then she kept quiet; all at once I knew it was because she liked me too much to have advice go wrong.

It made a peculiar warm sensation around my chest. I said, "Sal-Grace, there are a good many fall dances coming up at school, and I was wondering ——"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right then the bobber (a good one, all right) sank in a hurry, and the line jerked. Sal-Grace was jumping up and down and helping with encouragement and enthusiasm; it took about five minutes to get the fish out. He wasn't as big as he had felt in water; a trout, with nice colors, flashing on the rock. I unhooked the lip and tossed him back; he gave one tail flirt, went out of sight, and I said, "He wasn't very good-sized anyhow." Then—it was the way we were standing after the flurry; or it was in the air—we kissed each other. Sal-Grace's lips felt light as moth wings on mine, yet firm, like a long time of goodness, of *being*.

We went down by the path, talking about outer things—the town, which we'd both known since we were born; the Spanish Bluffs with their quartz sparkles shining across the river; the Spiker family reunion, which I suddenly invited her to. I'd never taken anybody before. You were allowed to if you felt like it, but the thought had never come to me. She said she'd be glad to come, and there was something about the way she said it. We'd made a promise without putting it in words.

But when we got down lower, it rolled back to me what I had to do or not do that night; I felt mean and scrunched-down again. I said, "Sal-Grace, I can see it's my own problem. Tell you, if you're interested, I'll give you a phone call tonight and let you know what I decided."

"I'm interested, Buck." We walked back to town, sat around Carter's drugstore for a while and had phosphates, and I walked her home; she lived about a block from Miss Moira's. Then I went on to Miss Moira's. She had come back from her Friday trip into the country to collect butter, eggs, and such; the electric car was in the drive and Sam Hokes was washing it, as he does even when it has gone the simple distance of a few houses away. Sam Hokes believes Miss Moira closely related to an angel; Sam has been with her since the early days of her marriage—a bull-necked, strong, single-minded man. He took the sponge, dipping it in the bucket, swashing over the velvetlike finish. Miss Moira stood watching, then turned cheerfully. "Oh, Buck. Take this butter in the crock and put it down cellar? I'm going in the parlor and practice. I've let my lip get all soft this summer. Not even sure the last two weeks of work have hardened my embouchure to the point where I'm playing well." She dumped the crock in my arms.

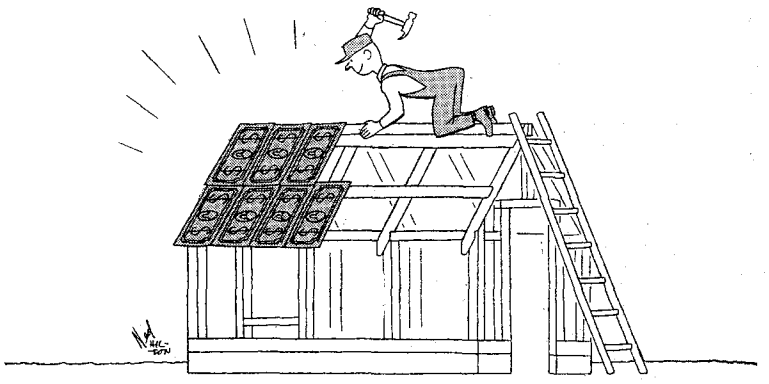
Sam Hokes said, "What selection you favorin' them with this time, Miss Moira?"

Miss Moira put a forefinger to her underlip. "Well, Sam, I thought at first I'd do A Perfect Day again, but I thrill to the challenge of The Carnival of Venice."

"Both mighty sweet," said Sam.

"Or it might even be something in a more popular vein—The Saints Go Marching In, maybe."

"Now you got my vote," Sam Hokes said, smiling. He glanced up at her, face flashing in darkness like the river around the bluffs. "Them kinfolk will knock



## You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Being temporarily laid off, Sven, an industrious carpenter, spent the time completing his own dwelling rather than idling. The state unemployment board, however, stopped his unemployment compensation. Sven learned he had built a booby trap, not a home. In working on it, the board said, he was self-employed rather than unemployed. Sven objected and sued.

"What difference does it make to the board if I spend my otherwise idle time building my own home?" he asked. "I wasn't self-employed, as I didn't and couldn't pay myself a cent for the work."

"Sven's carpentry developed a property of value to him," counsel for the board replied, "and that amounts to the same thing as paying himself an actual working wage. Our unemployment compensation is to protect against loss of earnings. To Sven it would have been a bonus on top of the home value he earned."

If you were the judge, would you withhold Sven's unemployment compensation?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sven lost. The court said that while a man need not sit idle to draw unemployment compensation, Sven did more than odd jobs for petty cash when he completed his home. "The term 'wages,'" the court defined, "means all remuneration from whatever source, including the cash value of any medium other than cash."

*Based upon a 1957 Idaho decision.*


SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE ON Velvet

YOU'LL WIN TWO WAYS!

YOU'LL WIN PURE PLEASURE. In time of stress, in perplexity, in the quiet hour with good books, "when good fellows get together," afoot or on wheels, afield or afloat—a pipeful of smooth-burning Velvet is a man's best friend.

YOU MAY WIN UP TO $25.00 simply by describing the pleasure you get from Velvet. After enjoying a few pipefuls of Velvet, send us your description of that wonderful Velvet flavor, in 25 words or less. We'll pay a dollar a word (up to $25.00) for the best description received each month. Mail yours to Velvet, P. O. Box 63, New York 46, N. Y. All statements become the property of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. The decision of the judges is final. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1959.

Smokes smooth — the whole bowl through!

POCKET TINS . . . MEDIUM AND LARGE SIZE HUMIDORS

Now! SAVE VALUABLE UNUSED MILEAGE in car or truck body by exchanging worn out motor for DEPENDABLE, LOW COST Mustang REPLACEMENT ENGINES

AS LOW AS $188.00 A new standard of value in engineering excellence assures new car performance, 10% more power, big savings in gas, oil and repair bills.

EASY PAYMENTS THROUGH LOCAL DEALERS

MUSTANG ENGINES

315 INTERNATIONAL RD. • GARLAND, TEXAS

HEART burn?

KEEP YOUR TUMMY UNDER TUMS CONTROL!

TUMS ARE ECONOMICAL—3 ROLLS ONLY 25¢

OPPORTUNITY

If you want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

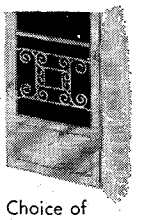
Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
755 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

For Beauty and Protection

md DOOR GRILLES

Available in 3 beautiful lifetime finishes. Will not rust or tarnish! Gracefully designed of sturdy aluminum.



Choice of many designs and sizes

At Hardware & Lumber Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

America has enjoyed over 125,000,000 bottles

OLD HICKORY

Straight BOURBON Whisky

86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands together till the whole park rocks! Saints is it."

"You really think so? What do you think, Buck?"

I said, "Nice number, Miss Moira," and went on. She gave me a slight, semi-perturbed look—she'd be thinking I had the summer collywobbles again, and probably give me a glass of lithia water to clear up my mental outlook. But maybe Sam knew. He went deep in intuition; anything that threatened Miss Moira was his enemy; and doubtless he'd heard the fuss my young Striker relatives were making.

My grandfather built the house in the late 1800's; it hasn't changed much since. Twenty-some rooms upstairs; bigger, longer, high-ceilinged rooms on the ground floor—relics of Victorianism as exported to America all over the place. Yet the jumble has blended; the shadows of elms falling over many roofs, the green shade of the great yards, are all touched with a kind of happiness. I liked my room on the west end of the second floor. After putting the butter in the cool of down cellar I went up there, leaned on the window sill, and studied a blue jay which was trying to walk the gutterspout without falling off. A wonderful day. I thought almost without thinking—letting the message float in, whole and supreme—of Sal-Grace. All of a sudden then nobody could think.

From downstairs came the blast. It didn't blow the net curtains straight out of the windows; only seemed to. Like most loud noises, it was bearable if you hardened yourself and clung to the idea that this had to stop sometime. In the driveway I saw Sam Hokes stop washing the electric car, sit back on his heels, beatitude on his face, his head cocked. The blue jay fell off the gutterspout and flew away like light going from tree to tree. And I speculated on how my grandfather had played the *Flügelhorn* in the Moose Point Silver Cornet Band; how this had interested my grandmother in the days before she married him. I thought—still not very consecutive or rational thinking—what a strange instrument a *Flügelhorn* is: a large-bore trumpet, with a tone that flats except under the control of an expert. Miss Moira was still not expert. I thought of my cousin Malon and how truly he meant what he said.

Practice sessions lasted for one hour, which she would be marking off by the clock in the parlor. This session got blurred toward the last; the tune—the Saints—which had been recognizable, could have been anything by that time. But she would feel refreshed, justified, having had a workout.

I wandered down to the kitchen, where I built myself a sandwich, washed it down with milk, and watched Jane Ricks, who had been with Miss Moira almost as long as Sam, shelling peas on the back steps. Jane was loyal—but, toward Miss Moira's hornwork, of two minds. Neither of us tried to talk now; when I wanted some salt, I communicated by finger signs; she answered the same way.

All at once it was over. You could never quite believe the silence would last. In the yard the birds were starting to cheep, tentatively, as they did early when they weren't sure dawn had come. And the insects began their noises again; far off a mower clacked in a field. It went to show how abiding the earth was; the sound hadn't changed anything.

Jane Ricks sighed, got up from the steps, and came in. She looked at me; I looked at her; she shook her head. I didn't even have to shake mine. We knew, but we didn't say anything. It came to me with reluctance that I'd made up my mind.

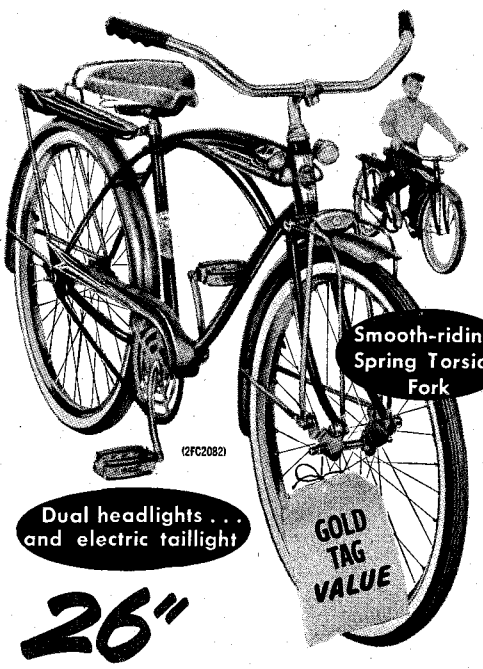
Sam Hokes carried the baskets full of fried chicken, jam roll and twelve-egger angel-food cake; he perched on the front seat of the electric beside Miss Moira. The car was so polished it hurt your eyes. I sat in back, with Jane Ricks carrying more food—the Spikers eat tons at these reunions—and Sal-Grace, whom we'd just picked up, looking bright as a tumblebug in a pretty summer dress. I felt strange and rueful. Another beautiful day. The funny part was, nobody (except Sal-Grace when I'd called her on the phone last night after I'd stolen the horn) had said a word about the horn being gone.

So it was a chancy sensation, stepping on eggshells. Cars were already flooding the roads—there are a lot of Spikers in that county. Every once in a while some uncle or aunt or great-aunt would call or honk genially at Miss Moira as a vehicle swerved around us with a pumping of dust; Sam Hokes would lean forward with a blue-and-white bandana, flick off dust from the forepart of the car, and settle back gravely into place.

Miss Moira turned around toward Sal-Grace and me, and risked lifting her left hand from the tiller—she kept the right firmly clutched on it—to point. "You," she said to Sal-Grace, "look like the young dream of the world, my dear. I don't blame Buck for being tongue-tied in your presence. But as a rule he is a person of keen mental agility. Did I tell you about the contest he won? There was this darling pony, which the soft-drink people wished a name for; he ——"

I said, "I've told her about that, Miss Moira." I flicked a glance at Sal-Grace. "Thirty-second place," I said.

Sal-Grace smiled. But she looked worried too. Like me, she was seeing the mo-

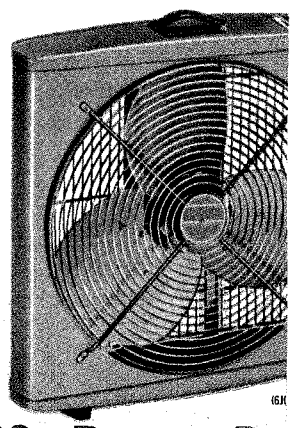




26"
**Western Flyer**

**Here's the all-new Western Flyer** with the advanced features of a 1960 car! "Jet-Swept" frame, tank, luggage carrier. Smooth-ride front wheel suspension. Foam-cushioned saddle with chrome crash rails. Ball bearing pedals. Lustrous finish . . . . . **$59.95** Easy Terms

*$274.95 Value*
**Wizard 2 H.P. Air Conditioner**

**Family-size luxury cooling** at amazingly low cost! Smart lean and low styling. Fully automatic temperature control with large, select-ease dial. Directional air louvers behind grill! 14,000 BTU cooling capacity. 230 volts. Easy terms. **Sale price $248.88**



**20" Breeze Bo**

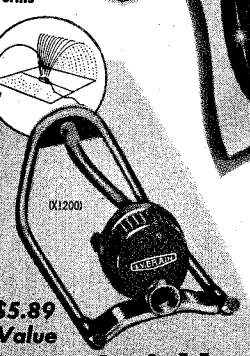
**Use it anywhere** — as portal floor fan or mounted in windo Electrically reversible! Draws or exhausts air at touch o knob. 20" whirlwind blade. Guaranteed 5 years. **Sale price . . . $2**

**Western Auto's 50th Anniversa**

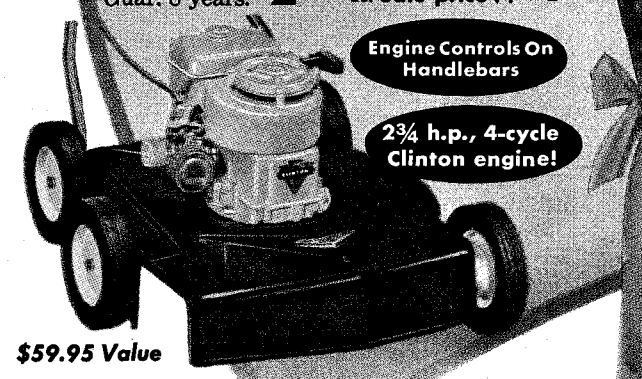
**GOLD TA**

** To celebrate our 50th Anniversary, we're changin Red Tags to Gold this year, and bringing our cus bigger values than ever—our way of saying "Tha for 50 years of patronage from America's familie*

**50 Ft. ½" Hose**
**Lightweight vinyl plastic.** Won't crack, rot, mildew. Guar. 8 years. **$2.99**




*$5.89 Value*
**Lawn Sprinkler**
**Oscillating type.** 14" long. Adjusts to areas up to 1500 sq. ft. **Sale price . . $4.44**




*$59.95 Value*
**Wizard 22" Deluxe Power Mower**

**Brawny enough to trim stubborn grass**-large enough to cut long minutes off mowing time! 22 inch hollow-ground suction-lift blade. 4 cutting heights. No windrow. Shatterproof steel high-dome base. Leaf pulverizer. . . **$49.88** Sale price

**Wizard 15' Chest Freeze**
***Sensational Golden Anniversary special!***

Lift-out basket and divider. 3" glass fiber insulation. DuPont Dulux finish. 92 lb. fast-freeze compartment. 5-year guaranteed Tecumseh unit. **$198.8** $5 I $2.5

NOT ~~$319.95~~ NOT ~~$299.95~~ NOT ~~$270.95~~


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment when Miss Moira—who wasn't usually so flutterbrained as not to have checked beforehand—would realize her *Flügelhorn* was missing. I think Sal-Grace felt the unfairness of it; the betrayal. She understood all right; knew the need to stop a nuisance. Sal-Grace had good—perfect—perception, and realized just how Malon and the rest of the junior Spikers felt. All the same, I was more ashamed of myself than I ever have been before or since.

Miss Moira waved at a swallow-tailed butterfly. It drifted through her fingers, then she clutched the tiller with both hands again. When it came time for her solo, noon sharp, she would peel off the gloves and hand them to me or Sam Hokes to hold. I couldn't let her find out at the last moment about the horn. Before long I'd have to tell her, hint at it somehow.

Another car passed; we were doing an easy ten miles per hour. Then we had sighted the willows of Reunion Park, were turning between the large stone pillars past the green gates. Under the willows and beyond you could see the people; they seemed braided together, moving as the river moved in a kind of living confluence, a water of life that would somehow last. I felt that. I think even Malon, and the rest—Peter-Dandy and George and Sam (not Sam Hokes, this was Sam Spiker) and Ruth and Wellington and Grady and Justine and Farraday—knew it as well. They were ashamed of the funny talk Miss Moira's horn playing made in town, because they felt the strength of the family. They themselves could laugh about it. But they wouldn't have it laughed at.

I knew all this as we drove in, bumping over the grass. We passed Malon and Grady, standing together, tossing a ball so slowly between them you could count the stitches in the horsehide. Malon whistled a wolf call at Sal-Grace. She smiled with just a mouth-corner lifting, and he made a thumb-and-forefinger-circling sign to me. I stuck my hand up, not high, returning it; he nodded. I had done the dirty work. My heart felt shameful, black as the earth under the grass over which we rambled to a stop.

I couldn't look at Miss Moira; she was chirping, "Well, here we are again! Put the basket down on that table right over there, Sam—Jane, you bring yours—children ——"

Miss Moira had turned to us; I had to meet her eyes. They were as blue as they'd ever been; snapping with anticipation.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## How Many Leaves

By Jane Merchant

I do not know how many
leaves I see.
Has anyone counted the
leaves on a maple tree?
How does one estimate the
green amount
Of any summertime? And
who can count
How many thousand leaves
may come—and go—
Upon a single maple in four
slow
Unquiet years? Four years
he has been gone,
And now the flickering
myriads upon
Our maple bring again
their green redress.
Oh, I am thankful that I
could not guess
How many thousand green
leaves it would take
To ease my heart a little of
its ache.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

Children, all ages, came running; Miss Moira was famous for the brisk-gentle way she treated them and for handouts at any hour, let alone lunch time.

But it was to Sal-Grace and me that Miss Moira said, "Children, I can't put in words how proud I am to have you along. You, Sal-Grace; it is a real honor to be visited by beauty, and—oh, it always fills me brimful, plump to the top, to see so many young people around me on these days. I want you to know it." She took my arm, and Sal-Grace's, walking between us. We three went under the nearest willow, where the kids came chattering while Sam Hokes and Jane Ricks set the food out of the baskets. Older people were coming along; Aunt Hazel, from edge-of-the-county, with her long husband Jarl—and Mosey Spiker, who, people said, never did a lick, but who contained a kind of jollity as infectious (even though corny) as the smell of gunpowder on the Fourth.

As Mosey came rolling up, all two hundred and fourteen-odd pounds of him, I turned to Miss Moira; Sal-Grace could hear me.

I said, "Your horn ——"

"Yes," she said, smiling quickly. "There it is. Sam Hokes put it in the big basket—right at the bottom—first thing. He

GOLD TAG VALUE
22" Ice Chest
Galvanized interior resists rusting! Roomy food tray. Drain plug. Extra thick insulation.
SALE PRICE $13.44
$14.75 Value
(7GC5285)
80-lb. true zero freezer compartment!
Convenient roll-out shelf!
Carefree automatic-defrosting fresh food area!
1-Gal. Picnic Jug
Handsome 2-tone finish. Heavy insulation. Stain-proof porcelain liner. Only... $4.19 SALE PRICE
$5.10 Value
(7GC5242)
June 11 to June 27
Sale...
Wizard "Two-Temp" 14'
Two roomy, modern appliances in one handsome cabinet! A true-zero 80-lb. freezer plus an automatic defrosting refrigerator. Bank-vault door has 7 utility compartments . . . 4 storage shelves with tall-bottle rack . . . 2 egg drawers. Lifetime porcelain interior. "Square-Flair" styling with flush-door hinges. "Thrift Temp" unit guaranteed 5 years. $269.95
Easy Terms
GOLD TAG VALUE

Big Savings In Guaranteed Auto Parts And Accessories!
Wizard "Twin-Fire"
Twin electrodes for: easier starts, faster acceleration, smoother idling, greater fuel economy. Guaranteed 18,000 miles. For all gasoline engines.
Sale price (Each, in sets) 89¢
Shock Absorbers
Enjoy "new car ride" at economy prices! Makes steering easier . . driving safer. Prevents swaying. Saves wear on tires and car! As low as Sale Price $3.66 ea.
$4.75 Value
(S4210-11)
Wizard "Standard" Battery
Guaranteed 24 months! Silver Cobalt "Pow'r Sealed" plates defy corrosion, end the main cause of premature battery failure. Full 85 amps. For all popular cars. 6-Volt $8.95* Sale price . . .
*With exchange battery
12-Volt as low as $13.88*
$11.45 Value
Heavy-tufted for extra wear!
$4.75 Value
Terry Cloth Seat Covers
Attractive, comfortable, economical protection for your car seats. Easy to install and remove. Wash as easily as a bath towel—wear just as long. Solid or split-back models for all popular cars. Choose from blue, green, yellow or gray. While supply lasts. . . $3.44 Sale Price
Western Auto
Golden Anniversary 50 Years of Family Service
Western Auto STORES AND ASSOCIATE STORES
Our 50th Year
. . . serving America's families with quality merchandise for car, home and outdoor living. Ask about our Catalog Order Plan, available at more than 4,000 stores from coast to coast. Choose from over 14,000 items . . . each one backed by Western Auto's famous guarantee of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back."
Western Auto dealers own their stores and set their own terms. Prices may vary slightly in some parts of the U.S. (S69)


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always does. Didn't think I'd forget that, did you?" And she laughed with a silver trill.

She didn't know; didn't know I'd taken it. I felt even stranger; light-hearted, as though a balloon were lifting me. With Sal-Grace's fingers trailing in mine I stepped away from those clustered around Miss Moira and over to Sam. Grave, quiet-faced, in his best black suit and sparkling white linen, he was taking plates of napkin-wrapped food from the tall basket. After a moment he turned to me. As he did so, he lifted out the *Flügelhorn*. There it was, shining, freshly polished, fat curves catching the light as, with tenderness, he laid it on the table alongside the basket.

The night before—a very soft moonlit night—I had hidden it on one of the carriage-house beams completely out of sight. And all at once I remembered how Sam Hokes had watched me climb up there when I was six years old, counseling me then about the danger of falling—how in that gone time he had swung up among the beams as easily as a big black panther. He cut an eye at me now; he said, "Things go on. They go on because they got to."

That was all the communication Sam Hokes and I ever had about that.

Turning away—we'd never have to talk about it—I felt even lighter; but I also felt Malon's wrath and that of my other anti-horn relatives for what it would be. I said to Sal-Grace, "Let's walk downriver; place there where you can cut willow whistles."

On the table behind us lay the famous instrument in full sight. I wanted to get away before Malon saw it. Malon and Grady—Justine had joined them now—hailed me, but Sal-Grace and I moved faster. We went through poke-brush and then we were at the rim of Reunion Park; looking back, I saw a knot around Miss Moira, heard everybody laughing and talking on a puff of breeze.

I said, "Sal-Grace, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Honest. I don't know."

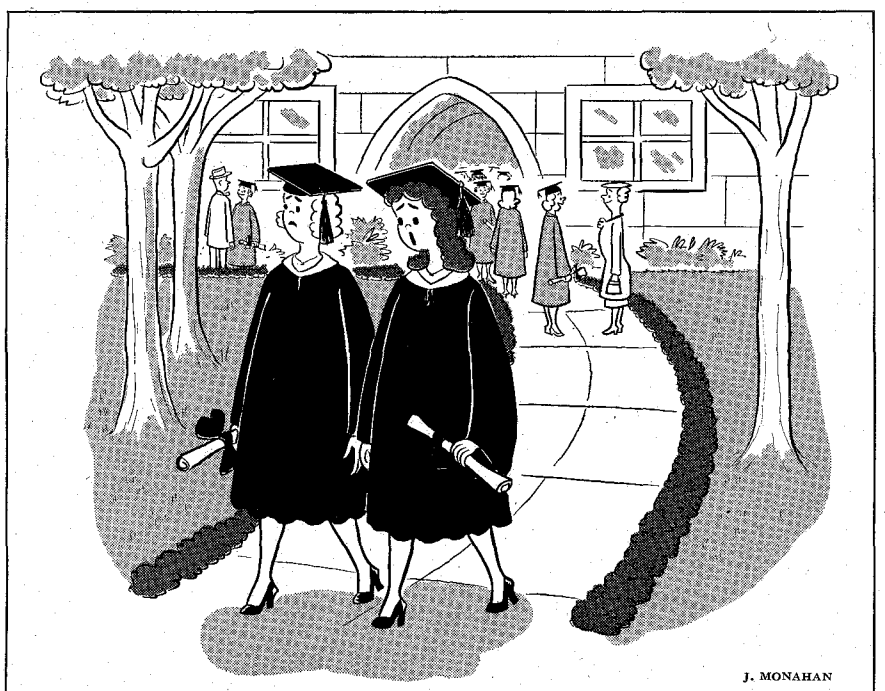
Her dress kept catching shadows of the willows, which were wilder along this path. "Laugh," she said after a minute. "It's easier, and I guess you can't always stop things just because you want to."

"No. It's like what Sam said."

"That's it." She took my hand and we swung our arms. "Anyhow," she said, "your grandmother's right. Her pride and her satisfaction in being in the middle of everything."

I wanted to tell Sal-Grace how I'd grown more sure of myself than ever before. Whatever name this feeling has, it was there in spite of all the horn business. But she knew. I didn't have to put a frame around it.

After while we'd wandered quite a way off, up a slope through late daisies. From



J. MONAHAN

"Four years of college and whom has it gotten us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

here we could see the rock steppingstones in the distance, broad and flat above the water; and I remembered learning to swim there. Now we weren't talking, but sitting quietly, feeling the richness of the day weave around us.

Sal-Grace laughed. "What's a good name for a pony?" she asked.

I said, "Ralph. It's a great name."

Then it must have been later than I'd thought, because I saw Miss Moira. Carefully, with Sam Hokes at her elbow to steady her even though she never needed help, she was picking her way to the middle of the river on the steppingstones. That was where she played her yearly public solo.

I felt both sinking and anticipation. The sun was straight above; my watch said a few seconds till noon. After Miss Moira's solo everybody would have lunch. You weren't supposed to as much as thumb a chicken thigh before the last note died.

A curling flash of light came from the bell of the *Flügelhorn;* Sam had handed it to her. She stood squarely on the stone in the center of the river. Sun tied the water in long, gold ribbons.

I could hear Sal-Grace's breath. A shadow of a daisy stem fell across her brown cheek.

"It's The Saints," I said. "They're going to march."

Then the first note came. It was the strongest, I believe, Miss Moira ever made. It surprised me, and I'd been ready. Sal-Grace quivered, and I tried to say something more, but the second note was there. For all her fiddling around about not-enough-practice, Miss Moira's embouchure was in fine shape. That second note went sailing, split apart on the Spanish Bluffs across the river. In the instant I thought about how Hem Bartley had said she shook his windows a mile from the park; even though I resented his saying it, it was probably the truth. In the same instant, something else happened.

A roaring noise erupted. For a second it was as if it answered Miss Moira. Looking directly at her, tiny in the distance, sort of indefatigable there, I could see that even she had stopped playing. The roaring increased.

"Look!" Sal-Grace shouted. "The cliff!"

Something moved near the cliff top. It was a fluid line like film when it is watery and the images move as though your eyes themselves did the moving. The rocks were falling slowly at first, while the roaring, sliding shale-sound that went on seemed to bear no relation to the motion. Even as I started running I realized there was no real danger; the rocks were tumbling down the bluff into the river, but they were a long way from Miss Moira and couldn't hit her, and nobody was standing on that side of the river. Sal-Grace was racing beside me. The first rock hit the earth of the riverbank with a solid *floom*, bounced a little, and was still; others, falling on it, made a tremendous giant's booming of stone on stone; then there was silence. Silence, dust; and through it, the sound of our footfalls as we ran out through the brush. Then chattering again, confusion—and a heavy splashing as the last of the great rocks fell in the river.

Sam Hokes was already guiding Miss Moira ashore. They were having some sort of argument. Then I knew why. She was empty-handed. She had dropped the horn. "The water," I said to Sal-Grace. "Forty feet deep there. Steppingstones come straight up—sheer. She's lost the horn."

"It's gone," Sal-Grace agreed, panting.

"I'll dive. Get it for her if it's the last ——"

But then I saw that Miss Moira was smiling, and—yes, triumphant.

"Sympathetic echo!" she called to me. "Buck, did you see? Did you hear? Caruso used to break glasses that way—with his voice alone! My voice is nothing, but the horn did it. I was planning to give up the horn next year; I'm not so young as I was, and even if you young people begged, I don't think I could go on—but ——" Her face was radiant. "What an exit! What a final concert!"

Sam said, "What's gone's gone, Miss Moira. I ain't gone fish for that ol' horn, but I ain't the only one. Nobody is; no ma'm."

"Very well," she said. She stepped onto the bank, immaculate, and reached for her gloves, which he handed her, and began drawing their crocheted fingers over her own. Her lifted face still caught the full sun. "Imagine! The Saint Joe joins other rivers, then the Mississippi. There's where my horn will be; with De Soto's bones, with history—with time!"

Malon had come up beside us. He looked at me, and scowled, and then winked. He pointed up across-river. "Spanish Bluffs," he said breathily. "You opened up another cave in 'em. That's history, Miss Moira!"

"Yes." She kissed him lightly on the forehead. Then she looked around at all of us. "Well, shall we eat? I must say I've worked up an enormous appetite."

She sighed, like a girl after a most pleasant waltz; and she moved forward toward the tables again, everyone crowding around and trailing her.

After lunch some of us went across on the stones and climbed the Spanish Bluffs. It was a large cave she'd opened; it hasn't all been explored yet, but it doesn't contain any treasure. That would be too much, as Malon said. But it is named Miss Moira's Cave; there's talk of having it officially entered on the new maps. Sal-Grace and I may go there on our honeymoon. And in case our first child turns out in any way musical—well, I understand you can still find those horns, if you look hard enough, and have the urge.

## The Case of the Mythical Monkeys (Continued from Page 42)

buck to the jury to decide what's to be done. You see, a district attorney can always dismiss a case if he can't get more evidence, but a judge never knows when more evidence may show up."

"Well," Drake blurted, "the thing that bothers me is this fellow Kelton."

"What about him?"

"He told one of the newspapermen this morning that he was right at the forks of the road, that he had to make a decision that might determine his entire future in the detective business. He said that he always tried to be loyal to his clients, but that a man had his career to think of and that he couldn't violate the law—in short, he seemed terribly worried."

"You think he's worrying about that stuff we found and didn't turn in?" Mason asked.

"Of course he is," Drake said. "Now then, the newspaper reporter thought it over, then rang up my office to try and find out what Kelton was talking about. The newspaper is on the trail of a story.

"Well, of course, I tried to get in touch with Kelton as soon as I heard about it. We couldn't get a line on the guy at all, and finally I had another operative ring up his wife and say that he was a detective out of Homicide and he had to get hold of Kelton right away for the district attorney. I just wanted to see what Mrs. Kelton would say.

"She fell for it hook, line and sinker and said, 'Why, Mr. Kelton is at the district attorney's office now—at least I think he is.'"

"Oh-oh," Mason said.

Della Street glanced up at the lawyer in swift dismay.

"Well," Mason said, holding the door of the restaurant open, "here's where we turn in. They have a very fine saddle of lamb here."

"What difference does it make to you?" Drake asked. "All you eat is a pineapple-and-cottage-cheese salad."

"I don't dare to drug myself with food when I'm going into court," Mason said.

"How about Della?"

"She can eat," Mason said. "And she will."

A headwaiter came forward and bowed deferentially.

Mason said, "What about that small dining room, Pedro?"

"You mean the private dining room for twelve?"

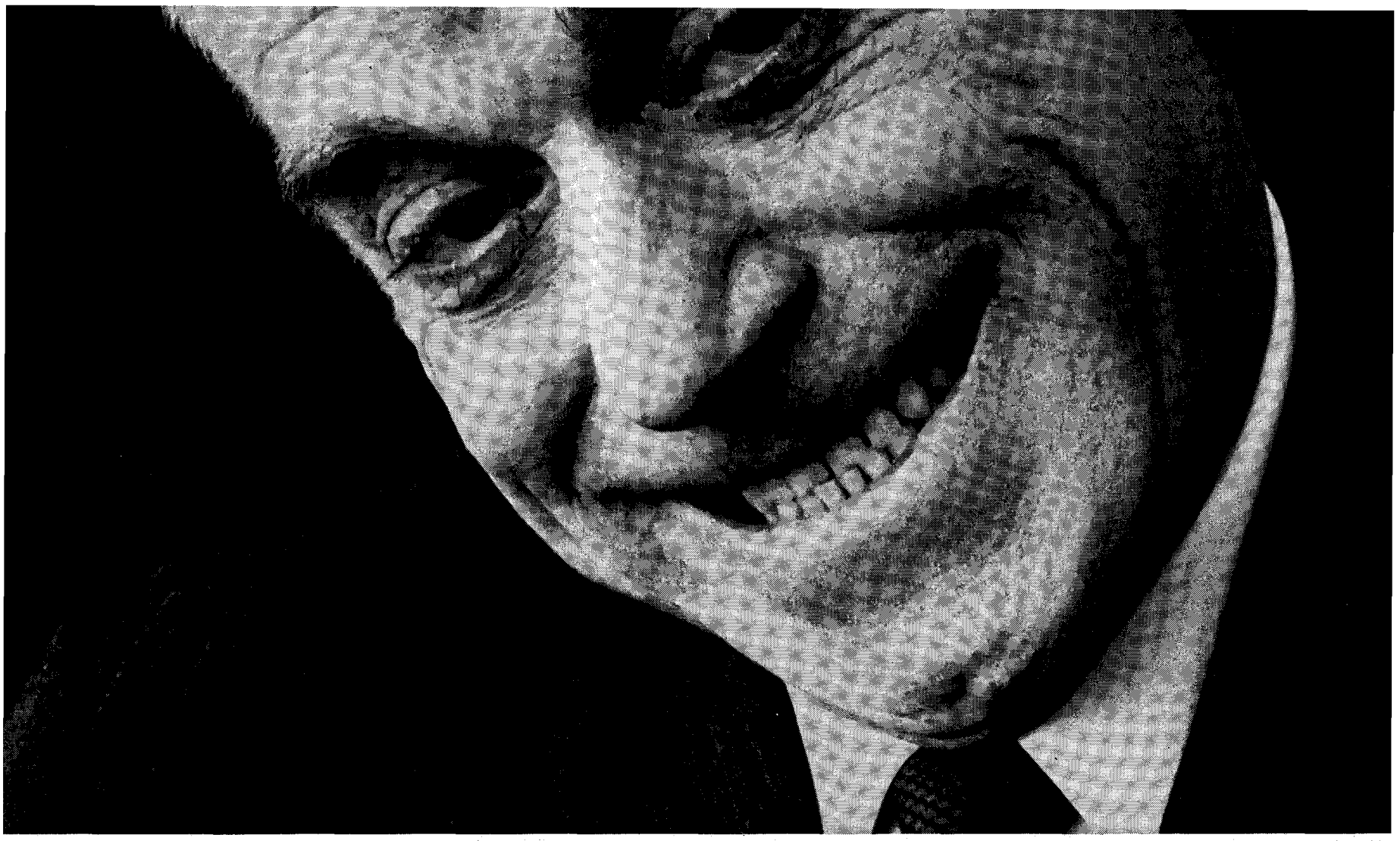
"That's right. Anyone in it?"

"No one is there. I will look to see if there are reservations."

Mason looked over the head of the waiter, caught the eye of the manager and said, "Hi, Jim," to Selkirk.

Selkirk came hurrying over. "They want the (*Continued on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Twenty-seven ever lovin' dollars. Could've saved that on car insurance with State Farm—even after paying my Lifetime Membership Fee. My renewal saving would now be $44 a year!* ¶ State Farm members save $12—$30—as high as $125 a year compared to what many people pay.** We keep our rates low by aiming to insure careful drivers only. Yet you can't get better protection or faster, fairer claim service. Can you qualify? Four out of five average drivers can. See the friendly, capable State Farm man in your neighborhood. Look under "State Farm Insurance" in the Yellow Pages. **STATE FARM MUTUAL** Automobile Insurance Company...world's largest. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

STATE FARM
Auto
Life Fire
INSURANCE

*Based on Case No. 11563, details on request.*

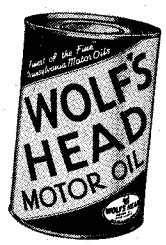
***In Texas, substantial savings have been returned to eligible members in the form of dividends.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRI-EX REFINED
XXX
Wolf's Head Oil

Outstandingly different

WOLF'S HEAD definitely makes a difference in your car's performance . . . in smoother operation . . . fewer repairs . . . less oil added between regular changes! WOLF'S HEAD, "finest of the fine" premium motor oils, is 100% Pure Pennsylvania . . . the oil with Nature's Miracle Molecule. And it's Tri-Ex refined three important *extra* steps for truly superior performance; scientifically fortified for complete engine protection. Try it — prove the difference yourself.




WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.

FUN COUNTRY FOR THE FAMILY!
the BLACK HILLS of South Dakota
The whole family gets in the act! See Black Hills rodeos, Western celebrations, Indian pageantry. Visit famed Mount Rushmore, attend the Passion Play, tour the nearby Badlands. For an unforgettable vacation, come this summer to *Fun Country* . . . to the Black Hills of South Dakota!
Write for FREE color folder!
SOUTH DAKOTA DEPT. OF HIGHWAYS
Publicity Director, Pierre 17, South Dakota

New PULVEX AEROSOL
FLEA AND TICK KILLER
30 SECOND TREATMENT
PROTECTS 7 ways! KILLS fleas, ticks, lice, sticktites, sarcoptic mange. REPELS flies, gnats, mosquitoes, sand flies. DEODORIZES, too. Get PULVEX Aerosol Flea and Tick Killer at pet, drug and department stores.

(*Continued from Page 86*) small private dining room," the headwaiter said.

"Well, give it to them," Selkirk said. "What are you waiting for?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," the headwaiter said. "Right this way, please."

"Thanks, Jim," Mason said.

Selkirk smiled and nodded.

"You have a telephone jack in there?" Mason asked the headwaiter.

"Two of them."

"Then bring in two telephones," Mason said. "We're going to be busy."

The lawyer turned to Drake and said, "All right, Paul, you get busy on one of the telephones and keep in touch with your office. I want you to find out everything you can about Kelton."

"Will Ellington use the evidence if he gets it?"

"You're darn right he'll use it," Mason said. "He'll use it on several counts. One of them is that by putting Kelton on the stand under oath he ties him down and gets him so he can't change his story. The other one is that if Kelton should skip out before the case comes to trial, he can show that he can't find Kelton within the state and then seek to use his evidence given at the preliminary examination. The advantage of that is that if he catches me by surprise, my cross-examination may not be quite so effective as it would be later."

The waiter appeared with two telephones and plugged them in.

Mason said, "Hang it! I just can't understand why we haven't heard from that man."

"What man?"

"The one who was in the cabin. I was betting that he'd come forward—unless, of course, he's the murderer."

Drake was skeptical. "You think there really was a man in the cabin?" he asked.

"Sure there was," Mason said. "My client says there was."

"That's all the evidence there is to indicate it," Drake said. "He didn't leave a fingerprint."

Mason said, "They only found one of the defendant's fingerprints, and that was on the gun. If she'd been in the place turning on water faucets in the bathroom, drinking out of a cup, why didn't they find her fingerprints?"

"I never thought of that," Drake admitted. "You mean her fingerprints had been removed?"

"There's a darned good chance," Mason said, "that somebody removed a lot of fingerprints."

The headwaiter appeared in the door and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Mason, but there is a telephone call for you."

Mason exchanged glances with Paul Drake and Della Street. "Either of you say where we were going to eat lunch?"

Della Street shook her head.

"We didn't even know," Drake said. "You were the one who was calling the shots. Frankly, I was thinking we were going to eat at Tony's."

"Shall I say you are not here?" Pedro asked.

"No," Mason said, picking up the telephone. "I'll take the call."

He said to the operator, "There's an incoming call for Perry Mason."

A moment later the operator said, "There's your party. Go ahead, please."

"Hello," Mason said.

A man's voice, speaking in a low monotone, said, "Perry Mason?"

"That's right. May I ask who's talking?"

"Never mind my name," the man said. "I've got a tip for you. When the police fingerprinted that cabin, they found remarkably few fingerprints. Someone had apparently rubbed off a lot of fingerprints, but there was a stainless-steel teakettle in the cupboard above the stove. Now don't make any mistake about this. There was an aluminum teakettle on the wood stove, a rather battered kettle, but there was a stainless-steel teakettle on the upper shelf, and ——"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "Excuse me." And then, in a loud voice, "Please don't disturb me at the moment. I'm talking over the telephone. . . . How's that?"

Mason clapped his palm over the telephone and motioned to Paul Drake. "Get busy and trace this call, Paul," he said.

Drake moved so rapidly that he toppled his chair backward as he raced for the door of the private dining room.

Mason, removing his hand, engaged apparently in an altercation with someone. "I'm sorry. I tell you, I can't be disturbed now. I'm talking on the phone. Will you please leave me alone?" Mason closed his right eye in a wink at Della Street and said, "Della, can you take care of this? I want to be free to talk on the phone. . . . This is my secretary, Miss Street. She'll take care of you."

Then Mason said into the phone, "You'll pardon me. I had a most annoying interruption. Now what was it?"

The voice at the other end of the line, speaking so hastily that the words tumbled all over themselves, said, "Look, Mason, you're smart. That may have been on the square, but it may have been a stall to trace this call. Don't try it. There was a stainless-steel teakettle, and there were prints on that teakettle. The police couldn't identify those prints. Make Tragg produce the prints."

The receiver banged at the other end of the line and the telephone went dead.

Mason slowly and thoughtfully replaced the receiver on the hook.

"A tip?" Della Street asked.

"More than a tip," Mason said, his eyes narrowed in concentration. "A man's voice giving a tip about something that the police have kept very well hushed up. If that information is true, it's of the utmost importance. He says the police found fingerprints on a stainless-steel teakettle that was in a cupboard above the stove. The police haven't been able to identify all of those fingerprints."

The door from the main dining room opened and Paul Drake came in. "He was too smart for us, Perry. He hung up before I could get to first base."

"I know," Mason said. "Hang it, Paul, that's the break I've been waiting for. Now how did he know where to find us?"

"I'll bite," Drake said. "How did he?"

"We picked this restaurant on the spur of the moment," Mason said. "We were followed here, Paul."

"I guess so," Drake admitted.

"Then it was an expert tailing job," Mason went on.

Abruptly Mason pushed back his chair. "All right, Paul," he said, "we're taking fifteen minutes out."

Dismay showed on Drake's face.

"We leave here," Mason said, speaking rapidly. "You turn to the left, Paul. You turn to the right, Della. I'll cross the street and try working both ways as best I can. Go into each place you see, look for a phone booth and ask if a man recently used the telephone. Ask if he was a man six feet tall with big shoulders, a slender waist, wavy dark hair and steel-gray eyes. The eyes will be the most important part of his face. Get busy."

They pell-melled out of the restaurant. Mason said to the headwaiter, "Hold the private dining room. We'll be back."

Mason dashed across the street and entered a liquor store.

"Phone booth?" he asked.

The man shook his head. "We have a public phone there, but——"

"Anyone use it within the last two minutes?"

"Not within the last half hour."

Mason hurried into a candy store, asked the same question, got the same answer, walked on down the street, covering store after store until he noticed a parking lot. He started to walk past, then saw a telephone booth back against the checking stand.

Mason walked into the parking lot.

The man came forward. "Got a ticket?" he asked.

Mason shook his head. "I'm after information. That telephone booth. Do you remember anyone going in it in the last few minutes?"

"Could be," the attendant said, looking at him curiously. "Why?"

"A man about six feet tall," Mason said, "wavy dark hair, light steel-gray eyes. He has a rugged face and ——"

"I didn't see him use the phone," the checker said, "but he sure parked a car here about five minutes ago."

"Oh, yes, there's a built-in ironing board."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Is there any chance you'd be able to point out the car?" Mason asked.

"Look, mister, we're busy. We have a stream of cars and ——"

Mason handed him a five-dollar bill.

"That's different," the fellow said. "That gray car over there."

"That's the one?"

He nodded.

"All right. Cover me for a minute," Mason said.

"Now wait a minute. What is this? You can't move that car."

"I just want to look at the registration," Mason said.

The lawyer walked across to the car, jotted down the license number, opened the door, looked on the steering column and found the certificate of registration with this address: RICHARD GILMAN, 2912 MOSSWOOD APARTMENTS.

Mason walked back to the booth.

"Find what you wanted?" the parking attendant asked.

"I think so," Mason said. "I take it you don't have a very good memory?"

"Poorest in the world."

"You've forgotten all about my being here?"

"I'd forgotten all about you by the time I got that five bucks in my pocket. I just work here, you know."

"That's fine," Mason said. He walked into the telephone booth, found the number of Selkirk's, called it and asked to speak with the headwaiter. When he had him on the line, he said, "This is Perry Mason. I'm at Crestwood six, nine six six six. As soon as the parties who were with me come in, tell them to call me at this number. It's important."

The waiter assured him that he would, also that he was holding the private dining room.

Mason took a blank subpoena from his pocket, filled in the name of Richard Gilman as a witness for the defense in the preliminary examination in the case of the people of the state of California versus Gladys Doyle.

The lawyer opened the door of the telephone booth and waited, standing at a point where he could see the gray automobile and also where he could hear the ringing of the telephone bell.

It was ten minutes before the telephone bell jangled. "Hello," Mason said.

Paul Drake's voice came over the wire. "Perry?"

"Yes."

"I struck a blank, Perry. I covered I guess a dozen public telephones and five booths. I asked ——"

"Never mind," Mason said. "I've struck pay dirt. How quick can you get a man out here to serve a paper, Paul? A really good operative."

"Oh," Drake said, "fifteen minutes on a guess, if I'm lucky and hurry."

"Get lucky and hurry," Mason said. "I'm waiting right here. This is a telephone booth in the Twenty-four Hour Parking Lot just across the intersection. You have the telephone number. I'm waiting here. You and Della go ahead and order something to eat. I'll wait until your process server shows up, then I'll come over and join you. This man I want may be here inside of two minutes or he may not be here for hours. I'll cover the place until your man comes. Get him here as fast as possible."

Mason had been waiting less than ten minutes when a man, walking vigorously down the sidewalk, swung into the parking lot. He was holding out the ticket for his car before he was halfway to the checking station. The attendant took the check, glanced over toward the telephone booth, nodded imperceptibly, then went over and got into the gray automobile with the license number NRG 936.

The man waited impatiently until the attendant swung the car out into the driveway. It was just as he was opening the door to get in that Mason tapped him on the shoulder. The man whirled.

Mason extended the paper at him. "Mr. Gilman?" he asked.

"What the devil's this?" Gilman asked.

"Subpoena to appear this afternoon as a witness for the defense in the case of the people of the state of California versus Gladys Doyle. Court convenes at two o'clock. I'd like to have you there at that time, please."

"Perry Mason!" the man exclaimed.

"That's right."

"Good heavens!" the man said. "I—look here, Mason, I can't possibly be a witness for you."

"You can't possibly get out of it," Mason said.

The man was thoughtful. "Look, Mason, where did I make my mistake? Where did I slip up? I'm certainly not that dumb and not that amateurish. I know you didn't have any idea I was following you. I—will you tell me where I made my mistake?"

"After you've testified, I will," Mason said.

"I can't testify."

"You've been subpoenaed. You'll be there."

"I tell you, I can't. I'll have to ignore the subpoena."

Mason grinned. "Like that, eh?"

"It's like that, Mason. Now look, let's be reasonable about this thing."

"You be in court at two o'clock this afternoon," Mason said. "If there's any reason you can't be there, I'll make a showing to the judge as to what your testimony would be and get a continuance."

"You don't know what my testimony would be," the man said.

Mason grinned. "You'll testify that you were in the cabin when Gladys Doyle arrived, that her story of what happened is substantially true, that sometime after midnight you went out and got her car out of the mudhole, then drove it down the hill past the cabin, turned it around, and then, because you're an experienced dirt-road driver, managed to work the car through to the upgrade side of the mudhole. You may have used your jeep to help you. You wiped the cabin clean of fingerprints, turned out the oil stove and left the place, leaving Gladys Doyle still asleep.

"I don't know what else you can testify to, but I hope it will be something that will help my client because, if it doesn't, I'm going to make you the murderer of Joseph Manly. Now, if you'll pardon me, I have a luncheon engagement."

Mason walked briskly away.

Back in the restaurant, Mason joined Della Street and Paul Drake, who were already eating.

"What was it?" Della Street asked.

Mason grinned. "When your process server gets there, tell him to go back, Paul. The guy showed up and I did the job myself. Come on, children, hurry through your food. We're going up to court so we can be there as much before two as possible."

"What's going to happen?" Drake asked.

"A well-dressed man carrying a briefcase is going to come and talk with me," Mason said, "and then I wouldn't be too surprised if we didn't have a conference with Harvey Ellington, and there's a possibility that Hamilton Burger, the district attorney in person, will be in attendance."

Della Street said to the puzzled Paul Drake, "He's located the man who was in the cabin with Gladys Doyle."

Perry Mason entered the courtroom at ten minutes to two o'clock. A man

when GAS does the 7 big household jobs... *Automatically*

GAS is 7 ways better for the 7 big household services

Gas air conditioning makes any summer comfortably cool—circulates clean, dehumidified air all year long. Gas heating keeps your home cozily warm on the coldest winter days.

For comfort and convenience, you'll want economical gas cooking, house heating, water heating, air conditioning, incineration, clothes drying and refrigeration. Gas equipment saves space and money—costs less to buy, less to install and less to operate year after year. Gas gives you more free time, through modern, fast, clean, dependable, silent, safe service.

Ask your local gas company or appliance dealer to show you how easy it is to enjoy the perfect service of modern gas equipment.

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE GAS MAINS, LP-GAS (BOTTLED OR TANK) WILL SERVE YOU FAITHFULLY—DOING THE 7 BIG HOUSEHOLD JOBS ENTIRELY AUTOMATICALLY.

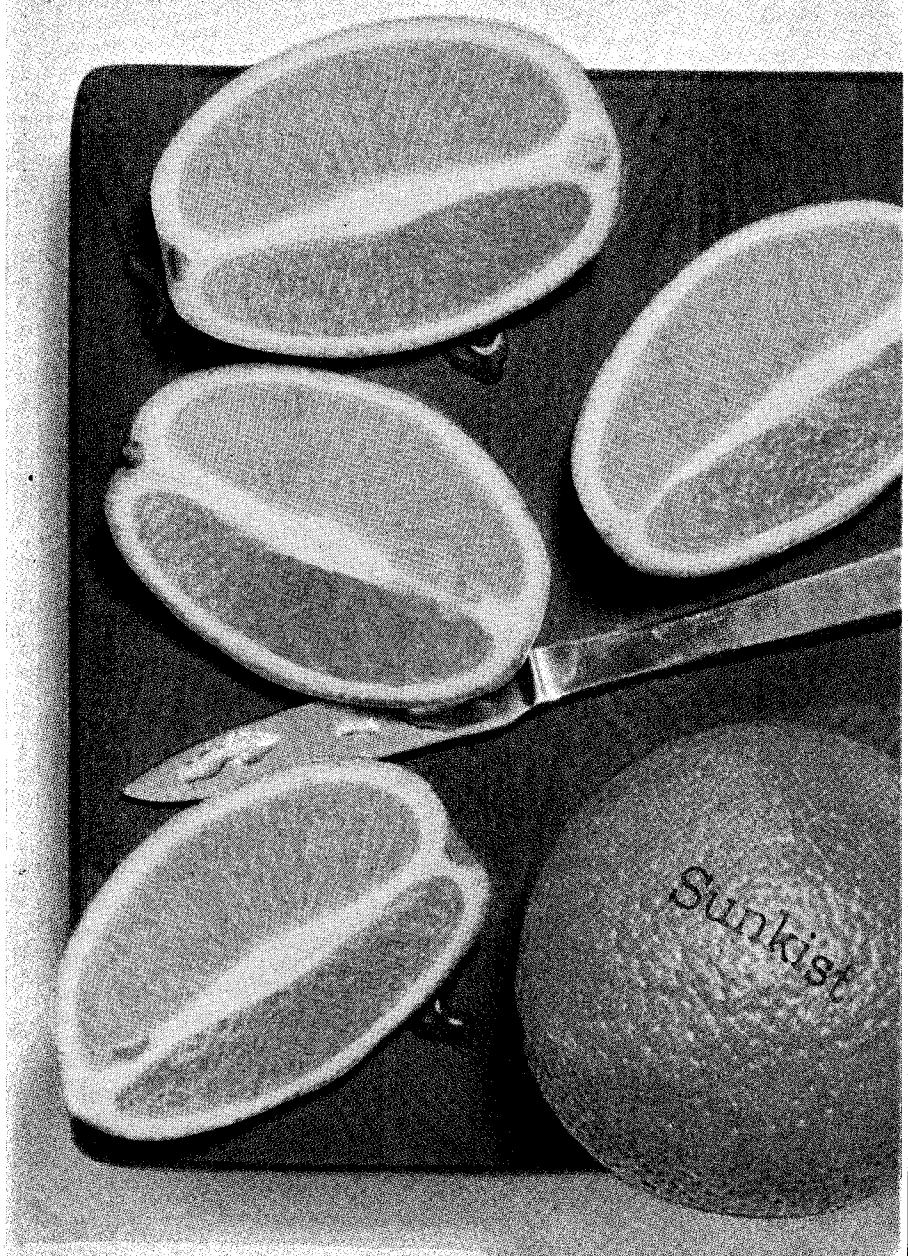
Look for the American Gas Association's Blue Star Seal of Approval.

The many ways gas makes homelife more comfortable and convenient are brought to your attention by these suppliers to the gas industry:

American Meter Co. — Rockwell Manufacturing Co.
Fisher Governor Co. — Sprague Meter Co.
U. S. Pipe and Foundry Co.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...




...fresh **Sunkist**® Oranges give your family much more of the important bio-flavonoids and protopectins than frozen orange juice.

...and you get all of the vitamin C plus more than 50 other health factors.

**Eat whole fresh oranges... drink whole fresh orange juice**

*The Sunkist trade-mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona. Accept nothing less.*

wearing a gray-flannel suit, carrying a briefcase, arose from one of the seats near the door. "Mr. Mason?" he asked.

Mason, striding down the aisle, turned, gave the man a swift appraisal. "That's right."

"Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Dartley B. Irwin."

Mason shook hands, said, "What's your line, Mr. Irwin?"

The man looked swiftly around, then put his hand into his pocket, brought out a leather folder and opened it to disclose a gold badge. Mason examined the badge, which was pinned to one side of the folder, and the identification card which showed through a cellophane window on the other side, then nodded gravely.

"Now look," Irwin said, "we don't want to be disagreeable about this, but you have subpoenaed one of our men."

"I have?" Mason asked, with every semblance of surprise.

"Richard Gilman," Irwin said.

"And he's one of your men?"

"Yes. He can't testify."

"Why not?"

"Because we're working undercover on a very important matter, and to have Gilman get on the witness stand and disclose his identity at this time, or to be examined about the matter on which we're working, would be fatal."

"Fatal to whom?" Mason asked.

"Fatal to the operation."

"And if he doesn't get on the stand and testify," Mason said, "this case may be fatal to the defendant. Have you ever stopped to think that one out?"

"I hadn't," Irwin admitted, "up to a short time ago, but within the last hour I've given the matter very careful consideration."

"And so?" Mason asked.

"This is a hearing addressed to the discretion of the magistrate. The question is whether there is sufficient evidence to connect the defendant with the crime of murder. That's all there is to it. The prosecution can't convict her in this court, and you can't get her acquitted. Now, we're willing to make a deal."

"What sort of a deal?" Mason asked.

"We're willing to have Richard Gilman appear in chambers before the magistrate. Both you and the prosecution can question him as to what happened. He'll make a statement. That statement won't be public, it won't be a part of the record in the case. It will be made outside the courtroom, but it will be stipulated between you and the prosecution that the magistrate may consider that statement as part of the evidence in the case."

Mason shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because that's not the legal procedure," Mason said. "I want an opportunity to examine this witness, I want to know what's happening, and I want the hearing to be in the presence of the defendant. The law says the defendant has those rights. Now then, Mr. Irwin, if I start stipulating those rights away on my own responsibility and the defendant winds up in the gas chamber, I've put myself in a very questionable and a very unenviable position."

"But I don't see what difference it makes," Irwin said. "We can, of course, go one step farther, if you want. We can have the court reporter present to take down what is said, and, as far as the presence of the defendant is concerned, there's certainly no objection to that. We just don't want Gilman appearing on the witness stand, we don't want his picture in the papers, and we don't want the newspaper notoriety that would be incident to a disclosure of how we work."

Mason frowned. "I'd feel more inclined to co-operate if we had received co-operation," he said. "Why didn't Richard Gilman come forward? Why didn't he get in touch with me?"

"Because I told him not to."

"And why did you tell him not to?"

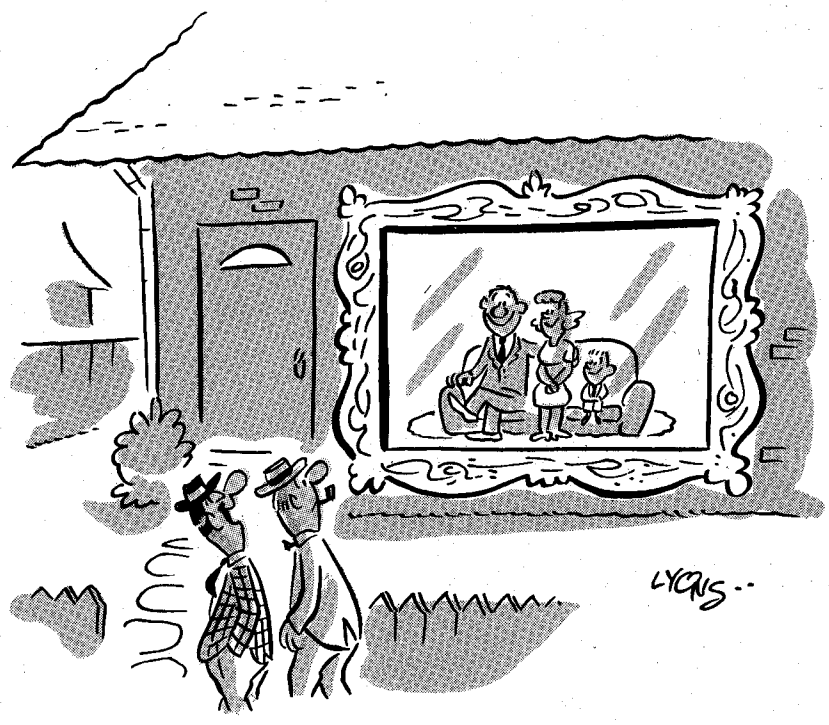
"Because I felt that there was plenty of time before trial to decide what to do. I have taken the matter up with Washington. I haven't as yet received my instructions. Until I did receive those instructions, I wanted to keep Gilman out of it."

"Regardless of what it might mean to the defendant?"

"I'd thought about that," Irwin admitted, "and I've been thinking of it a lot since Gilman reported that the subpoena had been served on him. I feel that you're an officer of the court, a responsible party and that we're entitled to your co-operation. Now remember this, Mason. Gilman's testimony may not do your client one bit of good."

"Why not?"

"She could have murdered Manly, and she probably did."




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's a unique picture window."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't subscribe to this—quote, probably, unquote—in a murder case," Mason said. "Now then, where's Gilman?"

"We can produce him if necessary."

"I'll go this far with you," Mason said. "We'll stipulate that the hearing may be continued in chambers, that the court reporter will be present, that the defendant will be present, that the bailiff will be present. We'll stipulate that Gilman can make a statement, provided it's a full and complete disclosure of everything he knows about the case—not only the matters that I would interrogate him about in court but any background information which you folks have that might be of value to the defendant."

Irwin shook his head. "We can't divulge information. The most we could do is to have Gilman tell about the physical facts—the things that happened there that evening at the cabin."

"He was there?" Mason asked.

"He was there."

"What was he doing?"

"Getting evidence."

"Against whom?"

"I'd rather not answer that at the moment."

"All right," Mason said, his eyes narrowing. "Have your man here at two o'clock. We'll put him on the stand."

"Now wait a minute, Mason," Irwin said. "I've approached you nicely, as man to man. We may be able to bring a little pressure to bear if we have to."

"Try bringing pressure to bear on me when I'm representing a defendant in a case," Mason said, "and see what happens. I'm going to do what is for the best interests of my client."

"Will you do this?" Irwin asked. "Will you attend a session in chambers with Judge Bagby? Then, if it appears that you're not getting the information you think is required, we'll discuss the courtroom procedure further."

"If it's satisfactory with the defendant, I'll go that far with you," Mason said.

Irwin looked at his watch. "We have only a few minutes."

"Does Judge Bagby know anything about this?"

"Not yet. We haven't approached him."

"The district attorney's office?"

"We have approached the district attorney's office. We have been in touch with Hamilton Burger. We contacted him within ten minutes of the time you served this subpoena on Gilman. Mr. Burger is very much concerned."

"I hope you didn't interfere with his lunch hour."

"You'd be surprised how many people have had no lunch on account of you."

"All right," Mason told him, "let's go into the judge's chambers and talk with Judge Bagby. How about Ellington? I'd want him present."

"Ellington will be there and so will Hamilton Burger, the district attorney."

"You're bringing out your big guns?" Mason asked.

"As big as we can find locally," Irwin said.

Mason walked over to where Gladys Doyle was seated, awaiting the opening of court. He leaned forward to whisper to her. "We've found the man who was in the cabin," he said.

"You have?" she asked in surprise.

Mason nodded.

"Well, then, he can vouch for my story. He ——"

"Wait a minute," Mason said. "It's not that simple. We don't know yet exactly what happened. This man is a Government investigator. But I've served a subpoena on him. His name is Richard Gilman. The Government doesn't want to tip its hand in public. Now it has been proposed that we have a hearing in chambers, with the public excluded, and that Gilman tell all he knows about the case. What do you think of that?"

"What do you think of it?"

Mason grinned. "I'm inclined to ride along. I always have the opportunity to state that I'm not satisfied with the procedure and that we're going back to court. If I think they are becoming unduly secretive, that gives me a weapon to hold over their heads. On the other hand, if I call this man as a witness in court, I've then lost all of the leverage I have, and if he is not very co-operative I can't do very much about it."

"I'm leaving the strategy entirely in your hands, Mr. Mason."

"I just wanted to be sure you understood," Mason told her.

"Will I be there?" she asked.

"In chambers?"

"Yes."

"They didn't want you there, but that was one of the conditions I insisted would have to be in the stipulation. I gather that this man, Gilman, is sympathetic and has been wanting to come forward and disclose his identity, but his superiors have told him not to until the matter can have been submitted to Washington, and apparently Washington can't make up its mind."

Mason glanced at his watch and said, "Well, we'd better get in to see Judge Bagby before he goes on the bench."

Mason looked back to where Dartley Irwin was standing and nodded his head. Irwin came bustling forward. Together they walked into the chambers of Judge Bagby. Harvey Ellington and Hamilton Burger, the district attorney, were already in the judge's chambers.

Judge Bagby looked grave. "I understand the situation, gentlemen," he said. "I am not certain that this is a matter which can be handled by stipulation. The law provides that hearings are to be public and witnesses are to testify in the presence of the defendant."

"That," Mason said, "was the point I had in mind."

"You're willing to proceed in chambers?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I'm willing to try it out," Mason said, "and see what happens. I want it understood that if, at any time, I am not satisfied we can adjourn the hearing to the courtroom and I'll interrogate the witness on a basis of question and answer, and take the ruling of the court as to whether the question calls for evidence which is competent, relevant and material."

Hamilton Burger shook his head. "I don't think that stipulation is fair."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"It gives you two strings to your bow—two shots at it. You can turn this man inside out, and then, after you have all the information and all the statements he's made, you can express dissatisfaction with something and call for the hearing to be transferred back to the courtroom. Then you get a chance to go over all the same ground again."

"What's the matter?" Mason asked. "Don't you think this man can tell the same story twice?"

Burger flushed. "I don't see any reason why you should have two shots at it, that's all."

"Well, if that's the case," Mason said, "then we're all finished before we start. There's nothing to be gained by having a discussion in chambers. We'll just go right ahead in court."

"Now just a moment, just a moment," Irwin interposed. "I think perhaps you're being unduly technical, Mr. Burger. That is, I think perhaps you're magnifying the possibilities of the situation."

"When you're dealing with Perry Mason," Hamilton Burger said, "you don't magnify anything. He carries his own magnifying glass."

Irwin said, "Nevertheless, we are very eager to try it this way. That is the only condition under which Mr. Mason will proceed, and the Government is very anxious to keep Gilman out of the courtroom."

"You tip your hand to Mason like that," Hamilton Burger said angrily, "and he'll trump every ace you've got."

"Unfortunately we don't have a chance to play our cards," Irwin said. "We're forced to put our hand on the table."

Burger yielded the point with poor grace. "All right," he said, "let's get the defendant in here and get it over with."

Judge Bagby sent for the bailiff to bring Gladys Doyle into his chambers.

While she was being brought in, Irwin stepped out into the corridor. A moment later he returned with Richard Gilman, opening the door and entering the chambers just as the bailiff was bringing Gladys Doyle through the courtroom entrance.

Gilman's grin was somewhat sheepish. "Hello, beautiful," he said.

She impulsively gave him her hand. "Hello. I knew I could count on you. I felt that sooner or later you'd come forward and clear me."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's later and I'm afraid I can't clear you."

"Now just a moment. Let's not have any further discussion until we get the record straight," Judge Bagby said. "Now, Mr. Court Reporter, I want to have the record on this. It appears that a witness who has been subpoenaed by the defense is in the employ of the United States Government. He is working undercover on a confidential matter, and the Government feels that it would be embarrassing if he should be brought into the courtroom and put on the witness stand.

"He is, however, concededly a man who knows something about the facts of the case. As I understand it, gentlemen, it is stipulated that he was at the cabin where the murder was committed on the night of the murder, and that he saw the defendant there. The defense wishes to examine this man as its own witness.

"The defense and the prosecution are willing to stipulate that this preliminary hearing can be had in chambers, that the court reporter will take down everything that is said, and that if counsel for both sides so stipulate, it can become a part of the record. It is further stipulated that if, at any time, counsel for the defense is dissatisfied with this procedure he can discontinue it at any time and adjourn the hearing to the courtroom. Is that generally the stipulation, gentlemen?"

"I don't approve of it, but I've been pressured into it," Hamilton Burger said.

"I'm agreeable," Mason said, "but I want the defendant to pass on it."

"That's what I'm coming to," Judge Bagby said. . . . "Now, Miss Doyle, you're the defendant in this case. You've

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### A Little to the Left, Please

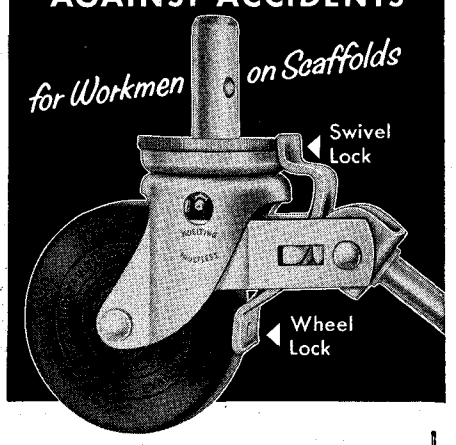
While my head hangs down
the shampoo tray,
She blithely talks as she
scrubs away,
Till all of my being fairly
twitches,
Wishing she'd scrub the
place that itches.

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

... ... ... ... ... ... ...


DOUBLE PROTECTION AGAINST ACCIDENTS

for Workmen on Scaffolds




Here's Extra Security at NO EXTRA COST!

The Faultless CL900 Scaffold Caster assures positive, safe handling of mobile equipment holding workmen. Caster brake *simultaneously* engages (1) swivel lock, and lower brake shoe engages (2) wheel tread to prevent any rolling movement when men are on platform. Double Ball Bearing Swivel construction for easy maneuverability, with minimum man-power effort, when desired. Your Industrial Distributor stocks Faultless Casters. Call him. He is listed in the Yellow Pages under "Casters."

NOELTING Faultless Casters

Faultless Caster Corporation
Evansville 7, Indiana

CORNS REMOVED BY MOSCO

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 35¢ and 60¢. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

*Your money refunded if not satisfied.* The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

STOP Flooding Stalling Vapor Lock Gas Waste

MAKE YOUR AUTO RUN BETTER

HAVE YOUR MECHANIC INSTALL FILT-O-REG®

FILTers the fuel...REGulates the pressure

DRAGGY SKATES?

*QUICK!* **Lubricate** with a few drops of famous 3-IN-ONE to make wheels run free and fast again. Prevents rust, too.

3-IN-ONE OIL

REGULAR · OIL SPRAY · ELECTRIC MOTOR


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard the stipulation. Is this procedure agreeable to you?"

"It is if it's agreeable to my attorney, Mr. Mason," she said. "I'm in his hands."

"Then let's proceed," Judge Bagby said. "Now, how do you want to handle this, gentlemen?"

Mason said, "I want Gilman to make a statement that will cover the whole background of this case, and ——"

"All the pertinent background," Irwin said. "There are some things we will have to withhold."

"I don't want anything withheld," Mason said. "I want a statement. Then, after he's made that statement, either the prosecution or the defense can question him, and it can be done informally. It won't be on the basis of a regular cross-examination. We'll just be trying to get at the evidence."

"Well," Irwin said, "we can start out on that basis."

"Now what about swearing the witness?" Judge Bagby asked.

"He isn't a witness at this point," Irwin said. "He's just making a statement in chambers."

"I want him sworn," Mason said.

Irwin flushed. "You're being rather difficult, Mr. Mason."

Mason surveyed him coldly. "I can," he said, "become even more difficult, if necessary. This is your proposition. Do you want to go through with it or not?"

"I told you he'd start trumping your aces," Hamilton Burger said.

Irwin said, "I haven't played any aces—yet."

"No," Burger said, "Mason has played all the cards so far—and taken all the tricks."

Irwin said with poor grace, "Very well, let Gilman be sworn."

The court clerk administered the oath to Gilman.

"Go ahead," Mason said, "make your statement."

Gilman said, 'We were working on some tax investigations. It was brought to our attention that Mauvis Niles Meade who had written a best-selling book titled, Chop the Man Down, had touched on some matters in that book which indicated she quite probably had firsthand information concerning certain avenues of tax dodging which are of very great interest to the department. It was decided to make an investigation of Miss Meade.

"It soon became apparent that Miss Meade was, from time to time, having a surreptitious rendezvous in a cabin up in the Pine Glen Canyon—the cabin, incidentally, where the murder was committed. I was commissioned to find out something about the cabin and what was going on there.

"I went up there on Sunday night, the eighth of this month. I started an investigation, trying to determine whether there were any papers in the cabin or any books of account which could be photostated to advantage. I arrived about ten o'clock in the evening. I found it rather cold and started an oil fire in the heating stove in the main cabin. I had just got to work when there was the sound of steps on the porch and someone pounding at the door.

"Quite naturally, I was annoyed and frankly somewhat apprehensive. I opened the door, however, and it was the defendant, Gladys Doyle. She told me that her car was stuck and she wanted me to get her out. I recognized Gladys Doyle immediately as being the secretary of Mauvis Meade, one of the persons we were investigating, and I assumed, of course, that I had walked into a trap.

"I am afraid that I was, therefore, rather unco-operative; particularly when Miss Doyle announced that she was going to take a hot shower and planned on spending the night there. I felt certain that this was an attempt to trap me, and while Miss Doyle was undressing and taking the shower, I stepped outside the cabin and looked around it in order to see if there were people planted around. I thought perhaps I was being framed for something, either assault with intent to commit rape or burglary. I had entered the house without a search warrant."

Mason said, "I would like to know exactly what you did after Miss Doyle arrived at the cabin."

Gilman hesitated a moment, then said, "Frankly, Mr. Mason, I wanted to be sure that I wasn't walking into a trap, so I waited until I was certain Miss Doyle was taking a shower. I felt that after she had divested herself of her wearing apparel she wouldn't be apt to try to follow me if I went out and investigated."

"You peeked," Gladys Doyle charged.

Richard Gilman hurried on. "When I was certain that she was actually taking a shower and not just stalling, I went out in the rain and went up the road to take a look and see if her car was actually there. Sure enough, the Mauvis Meade station wagon was bogged down in the mudhole just as she had described it. Looking the situation over, it seemed to me that it either represented a bona fide accident or that the stage had been very carefully set.

"I circled the cabin a couple of times, listening and trying as best I could to make certain that there was no one staked out, watching the cabin. When I had reassured myself, I returned to the cabin and then waited until I was certain Miss Doyle had gone to sleep.

"I then walked back up to the station wagon, started the motor and after some very careful driving managed to extricate it. I drove it down past the cabin to a flat where there's room to turn, turned the car around and drove back up the grade. I was able to get the car through the mud to the upper side of the mudhole. I left the car parked there, the keys in the ignition, all ready to go."

"Then what did you do?" Mason asked.

"I went back to the cabin, looked around and made certain everything was all right, turned off the fire in the oil stove, went back to where I had left my jeep, drove back to town and made a complete report."

"You reported about Gladys Doyle being at the cabin?" Mason asked.

"Certainly."

"And you were instructed to do what?" Mason asked. "To keep quiet?"

"I don't think I should betray my instructions," Gilman said.

"That would be hearsay anyway," Hamilton Burger interposed.

"What directed your attention to the cabin in the first place?" Mason asked

Irwin said, "I think I'll answer that question, if you don't mind, Mr. Mason."

"Wait a minute," Judge Bagby said. "You're not under oath and this is all ——"

"It's all informal anyway," Mason interposed, "We're simply getting a background here."

"Well, go ahead and explain if you want," Judge Bagby said, "and then we can ask Gilman if your statement is correct, according to his best recollection."

Irwin said, "We knew that Mauvis Meade had been intimately associated with some people whom we were investigating financially. We felt that she might well be juggling funds, so that it would be difficult to trace them.

"We also knew that there were other very attractive women working on some sort of a similar basis. We wanted very much to find out more about that.

"Then Miss Meade began to cultivate Manly, and soon this cabin was being used as a rendezvous for her and Manly."

"A romantic attachment?" Judge Bagby asked.

"Frankly I don't know," Irwin said. "That phase of it doesn't interest us as much as the purpose of the meetings and what was going on generally. We found that Manly was leading a double life. He'd leave home ostensibly on a business trip. Sometimes he would actually make a business trip, but quite frequently he would detour to an apartment which he maintained at the Gandarra Apartments under the name of Joe Fargo. The apartments are furnished, and there is a garage in the rear for each apartment.

"We checked Manly's apartment and the garage and found that he was keeping a jeep stored in the garage. The registration of that jeep shows that it had been purchased in his name and registered at his home address. Naturally, we put a shadow on Manly, paying particular attention to his comings and goings from the apartment house, and so found out about this cabin up on the Pine Glen Canyon road. Now, I think that's all the detail we care to go into at the present time."

"Then Mauvis Meade is the one who rented this cabin?" Hamilton Burger asked.

Irwin said, "I think you may assume that, but I won't confirm it."

Mason said to Gilman, "Now, as I understand it, when you first got to the cabin and the defendant showed up shortly after you arrived, you thought you had been trapped. Is that right?"

"I thought I'd walked right into a trap," Gilman admitted. "I recognized her as the secretary of Mauvis Meade and felt certain that I was being framed. I wanted to get out of there, but I didn't want to tip my hand."

"Subsequently, when you found out that the defendant was acting in good faith, your conscience bothered you?"

Gilman flashed Mason a look of pleading. "I don't know what you mean by saying that my conscience bothered me. I did nothing that was wrong." He held his eyes meaningly on Mason and said, "I haven't the slightest idea how it happened that you located me."

Irwin said, "I think, Mr. Mason, that since we're co-operating with you, you owe it to us to tell us how you got a line on Dick Gilman."

Mason eyed him coldly. "You're not co-operating with me," he said. "I'm simply trying to make up my mind whether I'm willing to co-operate with you."

There was a moment of silence. Gilman turned to Gladys Doyle and said, "You can see how I felt, Miss Doyle."

"Under the circumstances, I certainly can," she said.

Hamilton Burger said, "Your honor, this hearing is now getting down into an informal discussion which I don't think we should permit."

"Why not?" Mason asked. "This isn't part of the courtroom proceeding. If you want to be formal we'll go back to court."

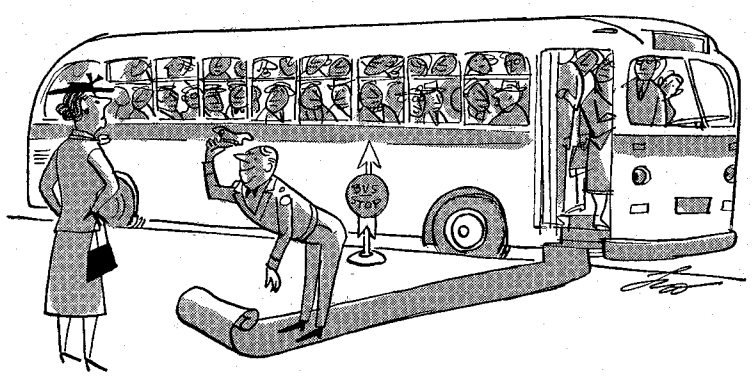
"It suits me all right," Burger said. "Let's go back to court."

"Well, it doesn't suit me," Irwin announced. "Your honor can see the situation in which our department is placed. The minute this man goes on the stand his undercover work is ruined."

"You're doing undercover work?" Mason asked Gilman.

"Of course I am," he said. "Otherwise I'd have ——" He caught himself abruptly and stopped in midsentence.

TO BE CONCLUDED



## The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Smith, a relatively young grandmother, believed that her matriarchal status entitled her to a seat no matter how crowded the bus was. Whenever she failed to find one, she seemed to blame the bus driver. She cited a local law authorizing drivers to "direct passengers" to seats, and criticized every driver who failed to aid her.

One day her animosity toward bus drivers took a broader theme. There was talk that they might strike over pay, and she launched into a denunciation of one quiet fellow who had often been her target.

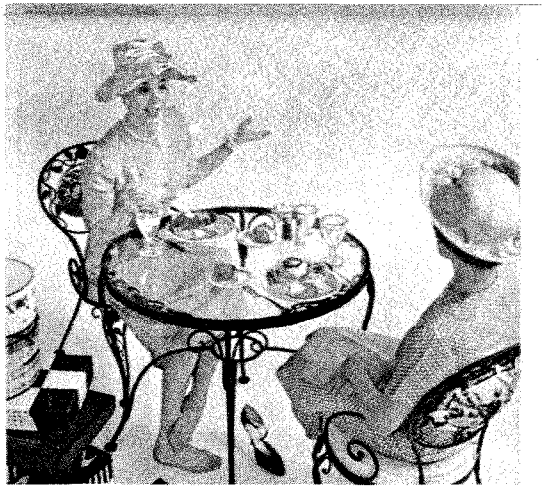
"You bus drivers threaten to strike if you don't get higher wages. Well, my husband drives a meat-company truck at the same pay you get, but he isn't continually threatening to strike."

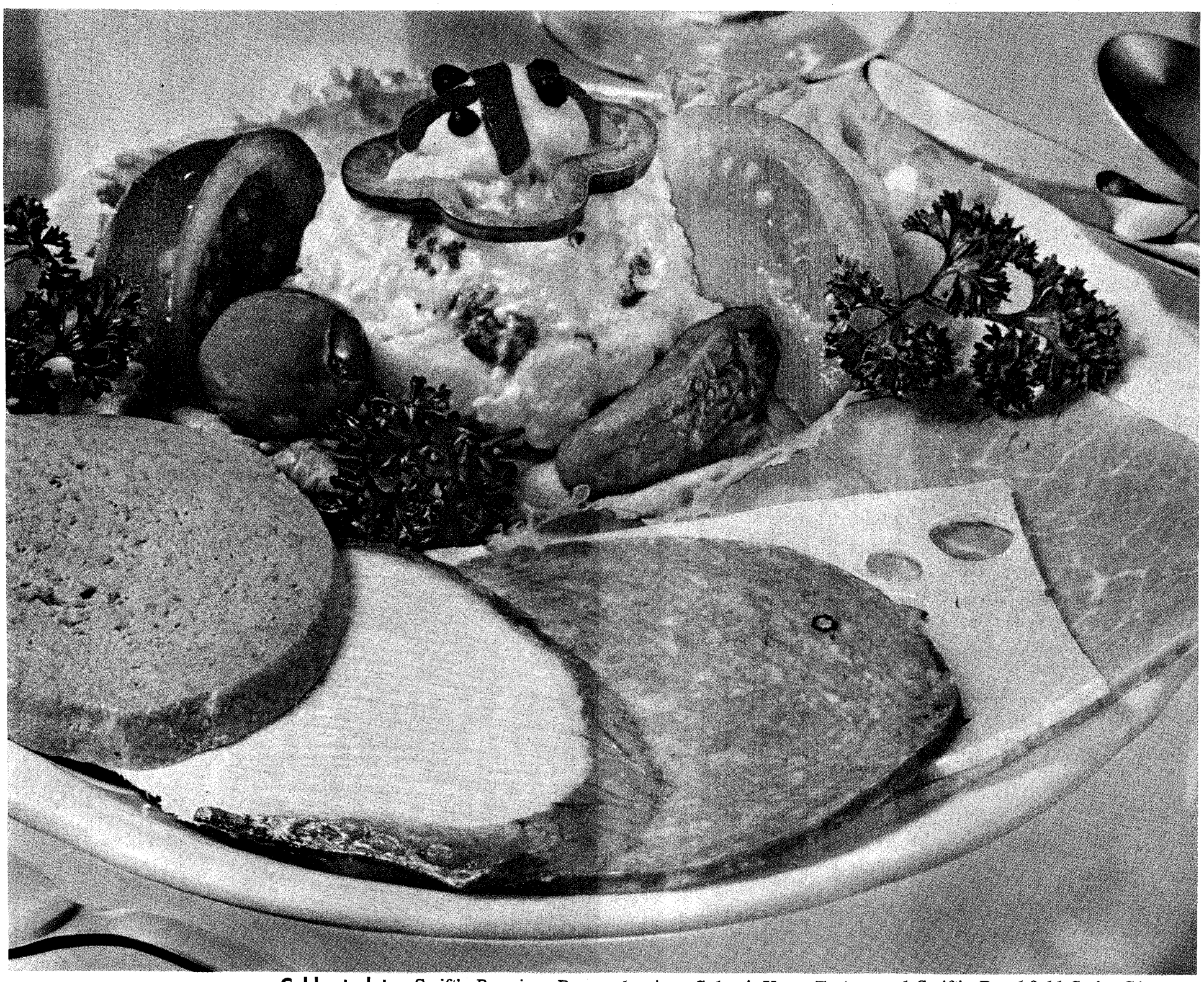
"Yes, ma'am," the driver replied calmly, "but *his* hams can't talk."

**Joan Brown**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Eating out gives shoppers life a lift!





**Cold-cut plate:** *Swift's Premium Braunschweiger, Salami, Ham, Turkey and Swift's Brookfield Swiss Cheese.*

"Darling, this *was* an inspiration . . . to stop here for lunch! Much as I adore shopping, it's absolutely *exhausting!*"

*"Well, getting home at 3 or 4 with tired feet and an empty tummy is not for me! It's such a treat to relax in a restaurant and enjoy wonderful food I didn't have to fix."*

"Mmmm . . . these cold cuts look delicious! So refreshing for a warm day!"

*"Speaking of warm days, that swim suit you bought this morning is simply sensational!"*

"One more reason why I'm loving this lunch! When you're counting calories, *meat* works wonders for your figure!"

*"It's certainly true . . . meat makes the meal!"*

P.S. And Swift makes the meats . . . especially delicious cold cuts (poultry and cheese, too)!

IN COOPERATION WITH National Restaurant Association

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Company in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association

**Good eating places put quality first...so does**

**Swift**

104TH YEAR

*To Serve Your Family Better*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

It doesn't take much to remind you of why you want peace. You know it in your heart every time you look at your daughter. You know we *must* keep the peace.

But knowing isn't enough. It takes *doing*. Fortunately there is something you can do.

Peace costs money. Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals to help keep our economy strong.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is peace. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying as many as you *might?*

**HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH SERIES E SAVINGS BONDS**
***(in just 8 years, 11 months)***

| If you want about | $2,500 | $5,000 | $10,000 |
|---|---|---|---|
| save each week | $4.75 | $9.50 | $18.75 |

## HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

# BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

*The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the magazine publishers of America.*

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Island of Hate (Continued from Page 38)

They're sure to find out. And then they'd treat you as a spy."

"But information could be used."

"They are violent about spies."

She was silent.

"What you learn honestly would be enough."

"I want to fight them," she said.

"It's not your fight."

"It is now."

"No," the captain said. "They didn't want you—they wanted me. You were unlucky, the innocent bystander. A burden to them, and I'm surprised you're alive. Now they'll let you go when they can."

"What about you?"

"Don't trouble yourself about me."

"Will they keep you a prisoner?"

He looked at her steadily. "Yes—a prisoner."

A shadow fell across them then. Jill did not turn to see who had cast the shadow. A foot nudged her hip, and not gently; a voice spoke in Spanish. "American slut," the voice said. "Stand on your feet and let me see the shape of you."

The words were enough to bring the blood to Jill's face, and there was more than words—the tone was straight out of the gutter. And yet the blood did not come. A coldness came instead, and a clarity of mind. She turned her face to look up and saw Vilar. His thumbs were hooked into his belt under the bulge of his belly, his expression was deliberately lecherous. Jill turned back to speak to the captain in English. "What did he say?"

After a moment of looking into her eyes, the captain said, in English, "He asked you to stand up." And to Vilar, in Spanish, "She does not understand our language."

"Clearly," Vilar said, grinning wisely. "Which is the thing I wanted to discover." He nudged Jill again with his boot, no less gently. "Stand up!" he said in English.

Jill got slowly to her feet.

Vilar made a deliberate insult of the business of looking her over. Then he grinned at her. "You are surprised I speak English?" he asked.

"Nothing you did would surprise me!" Jill said. Her tone was an insult as clear as his own, but it had no effect on Vilar.

Vilar laughed, then looked down at the captain, pretending to notice the captain's injuries for the first time and pretending great sympathy about them. "You have hurt yourself!" he said in Spanish.

The captain said, "Filth!"

Vilar was pained. "But I am your host!"

Captain Córdova cursed Vilar then. He did not lift his voice, his expression did not become angry, but he described Vilar with great obscenity. Vilar only grinned.

"You waste your time," he said. "You cannot provoke me into killing you."

Then Vilar's face suddenly became firm, and he turned away to shout the men to their feet. They moved quickly and without protest, for the command in Vilar's voice when he chose to sound it was as clear as the crack of a whip. The corporal and another man hauled Captain Córdova to his feet and shoved him onto the path. They took a place in the file, maintaining the same wide interval as the others, and moved out with them, following the path along the ridge. Angela came forward, and Vilar spoke to her sharply.

"You began with her," he said, jerking his head at Jill. "Continue with her, and remember this well—we are more important. If it becomes necessary, kill her. Do you have that clearly in your head?"

"I have it."

"Without weakness?"

Angela's dark eyes flashed angrily. "I am as strong as you are, Vilar. I have proved it many times."

"Move out then."

Angela made a motion, and Jill went ahead of her down the path. The boy, Carlos, carrying a small pack, walked beside his mother. Two other soldiers followed in their turn. O'Brien and the sergeant and their two men were left.

"As before!" Vilar said to them.

"Yes," O'Brien answered.

"And give us some distance!"

Vilar went after the others, breaking into a trot. He passed down the line and, reaching the head of it, did not slow his pace. The others matched his pace without protest. There was not need to explain the urgency to them. They had killed the president's troops before; they had experienced the pursuit and knew of the reprisal.

The path followed the mountain ridge closely, plunging down and leaping up where the terrain rose and fell, working in and out among the giant rocks, threading through the heavier undergrowth that lived in the bottom of each ravine. Some of the ridge was dangerously barren. The tall royal palm could not live here because of the hurricanes. The palmetto, the Spanish myrtle and the sisal were stunted and scattered, and some of the distances were bare of any growth at all. But here was the path, the quickest way to complete safety, and they had to risk it for a certain length of time.

The sun was hot. For Vilar and his men, who had been conditioned, the exertion of running under it was difficult enough. For Jill Corby and Captain Córdova, it was torment. The captain ran doggedly, silently enduring. Jill ran with many protests, honestly sure she could not endure the effort.

Behind them a quarter mile O'Brien was running also. The sergeant was in the lead, finding the path and maintaining the interval with the main groups. His men were spaced a few yards behind him. O'Brien moved between them. The pace was not too difficult for him. He was jointed, shuffling gait was suited to the work.

The jet planes came upon them from the rear. O'Brien's shout drove the sergeant and his men from the path and into concealment. The planes passed over them very low, leaving a thin trail of dark smoke, blasting the ground with enormous racket. They were going very fast, but there was time to see the pods of rockets on the wing tips. They passed over Vilar's position without flaring. Far off, they lifted, wheeled and came back. This time they went into a screaming climb above the broken truck on the road, turned lazily and came down.

Now the slope of the mountain above the truck was in their sights. The rocket pods flamed, and the long streaks of rockets reached out and touched the slope. Dirt and trees and rocks and clouds of dust and smoke leaped upward, the earth shook, and thudding, slugging sounds burst upon the eardrums. The wide track of the explosions walked up the slope, from the road to the ridge, and anything alive there must have died—if not under that attack, surely under the next.

But all of it was more than a half mile away from O'Brien—and of no great importance at the moment. He left his place of hiding and moved up to share the place of the sergeant and his men.

They looked back to watch the planes make a fourth pass at the slope above the truck. The men admired the grace with which the planes moved and the beautiful destruction they left behind them.

"You Americans build good planes," the sergeant said.

"And we provide them only for the protection of friendly countries against invasion by an aggressor," O'Brien said.

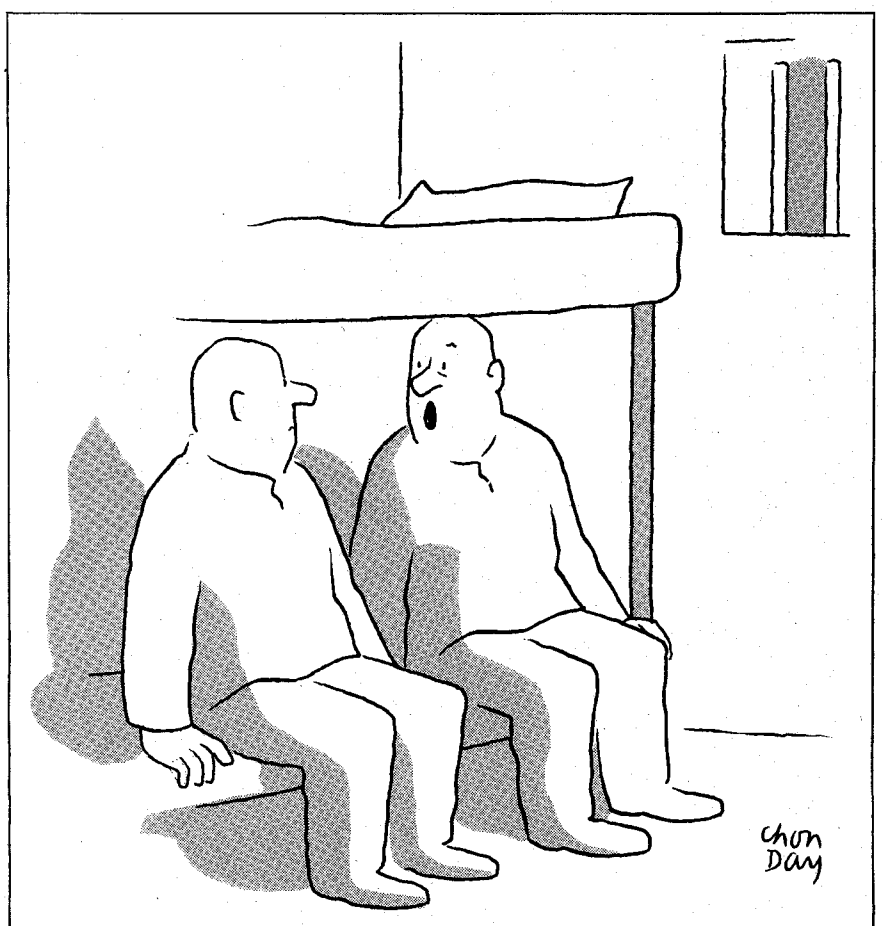
"You would not, for example, support a dictator?"

O'Brien said, "Not for one small moment."

"Or meddle in the internal affairs of any country?"

"That, least of all."

"It comforts me to hear this," the sergeant said. "Otherwise I would believe my eyes."




"It was an all-female jury. They were out for four months."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The planes made one more pass over the road, rolling in what was clearly a salute. O'Brien said, "The troops have arrived at the truck." He got to his feet. "Young men, well rested, they will come fast. Move the pace up as much as you can, Julio. Vilar will be doing the same thing."

In the distance there was safety. Each mile contained a number of possible turnoffs to confuse and possibly divide the troops behind them. Each mile brought them closer to wilder hills where pursuit would become more difficult and finally impossible. O'Brien, knowing Vilar's destination, estimated that if they could avoid serious contact until noon, they would be all right. He had made this estimate—and had permitted himself a small hope—when he heard the chopping beat of a helicopter.

"Damn!" he said. Then he called to the sergeant, "Julio! Wait there!"

The sergeant waited. He, too, had heard the machine and had understood the significance of it correctly. His young and handsome face wore a look of weary resignation. "There is nothing like good equipment," he said.

"Nothing under the sun," O'Brien agreed.

He was looking at the immediate terrain. The path had come through something of a defile, and here there were rocks as high as a man's chest to afford something like concealment and protection. Here, then, they could make something of an ambush—but only something. "Do you know a better place?" O'Brien asked.

"There is less ahead."

O'Brien looked at the sergeant. "There are certain things I would do if I were in command. But Vilar is in command. And I cannot say what he will do."

"Vilar is Vilar," the sergeant said. "He is different every time."

"Whatever he does, we must cover him. This is a position we can hold for a little while. We will hold it until we hear from him."

The sergeant shrugged.

O'Brien said, "You and a man take that side, I and a man will take this. If we are here when they come, let them come close and take as many as you can."

The sergeant jerked his head, and one of the men went with him to a place behind rocks. The man who remained with O'Brien could not have been more than twenty-two, a slim youth, dark even for his race, and shy about being alone with rank. He did not look at O'Brien, but he followed him without question. O'Brien gave him a good position. And when they were situated, waiting, he saw that the boy needed help.

"How are you called?" he asked quietly.

"Alfonso Corrales," the boy answered.

"Alfonso Corrales," O'Brien said, "you are much man. On the road, with the thing about the American woman, you were very brave. Here it is the same. I have fought with the best and against the best, and I say no man has ever worn a uniform with more honor than you wear yours now."

"I am afraid now," the boy said.

"Fear of this kind is courage," O'Brien said.

They were silent then. The sun was hot on their backs, the rocks hot beneath their bellies, their throats were dry. The helicopter passed five hundred yards above them and to their left five hundred yards. Without lifting his head O'Brien could see two men in the cockpit. Their faces remained intent on the distance ahead, and the machine held to its speed and direction. O'Brien lifted up then. He saw the sergeant had also lifted up. "What can any man do against a machine like that?" the sergeant asked.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTDOOR LIVING is TWICE the FUN when you do it yourself with

**SAKRETE**

Picture your own backyard with an attractive patio, an outdoor grill, a handsomely-rugged planter. You'll be so proud of the "professional look" to these and many other permanent improvements to your home when you make them yourself . . . easily and economically . . . with SAKRETE! With SAKRETE Ready-To-Use Cement Mixes, you just add water according to directions on the bag . . . then follow the easy steps in the SAKRETE booklet for your favorite project. *Anyone* can build, patch or repair with SAKRETE!

**FREE!** From your lumber, building material or hardware dealer . . . 32-page booklet with step-by-step illustrated directions for six popular home projects.

*there's no substitute for*

**SAKRETE**
**CEMENT MIXES**
IN THE BAG WITH THE YELLOW DIAMOND ©1959

**Protect YOUR HEART!**

**VIOBIN Wheat Germ Oil**

**HELPS HEART ACTION**
**GIVES MORE STRENGTH**
**• STAMINA • VIGOR •**

9 Years University Experiments, 500 Persons PROVE VioBin Oil helps heart action - increases endurance.
*Liquid - Capsules*

Send — FREE BOOK No. 7
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Refuse substitutes. Only VioBin proved effective.

**MONEY**

***In Your Free Time***

Spare-time income can be yours easily. Write today for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**754 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.**

**BUNIONS**
**SUPER-FAST RELIEF!**

*Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve painful pressure on sensitive spot, soothe and cushion it. Enjoy real relief as millions do with Dr. Scholl's — world's largest-selling foot aids.

Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads


"Curse," O'Brien answered.

That Vilar cursed was indisputable. But he did more than curse. As the helicopter came over his position, a machine gun clattered viciously. The helicopter tipped quickly and fell away from the fire, sliding down into the valley. O'Brien prayed hard that it was struck, but it was not. It skimmed the treetops to a distance that was out of range, then climbed again, holding the distance, and came back to hover high above the ridge.

"Why did he fire?" the sergeant asked angrily. "He exposed his position—nothing more!"

"If he had a position to expose," O'Brien said. "And the gunner might have been lucky."

"There is no luck for us!"

O'Brien looked at the machine in the sky, a beacon there, a pointing finger, and could not argue.

He settled himself again to watch the path. He had six spare clips for the carbine and two for the forty-five, and he placed these on the rock close at hand. It was a small amount of ammunition, surely, but the fact did not trouble him. He did not believe he would be able to use even this amount. He smiled at Alfonso Corrales, whose young face was pale and tense. "We could use a tank, Alfonso."

Quietly the boy said, "I could use a priest."

And they heard the sound of feet coming toward them, slapping the path hard. The sound came from behind them—the man had to be one of their own. He came into view in a moment, sweating a cascade, breathing in gasps. "Vilar orders you forward—he will not wait long!"

Vilar had been caught in an area of very poor cover. It was a flat space, a half mile in diameter, with thin and scattered growth no higher than a man's waist. This was the reason he had fired on the helicopter; this was the reason he was making no effort at concealment now—none was possible. He was walking back and forth in great anger, spitting on the ground, shouting curses at the machine hanging so relentlessly above him.

The others were on the ground, resting, as much in view as Vilar. The American woman was a collapsed heap of brightly colored clothes, motionless. Angela and Carlos were sitting beside her. Captain Córdova was sitting beside the corporal, knees up, letting the blood from his broken nose drip into the dust. The American woman and Córdova did not look up at all when O'Brien appeared.

"We scatter now," Vilar said to O'Brien. "I do not like it, but there is nothing else. Together we are like a wart on the nose of those accursed spies up there. You know where to go?"

"Yes."

"And how to get there?"

"I will find it without too much difficulty."

"With much difficulty!" Vilar's machine pistol had come into his hands, he jabbed the muzzle of it into O'Brien's belly. "You wanted the American woman alive, you will have her alive—you and my mutineers! You will see how it is to run with a chicken tied to your neck!" The muzzle jabbed again. "If you live, bring her through to me—on your back if she dies. I will want to know you have not set her free."

"I will bring her."

Vilar pointed to the west. "Below that edge is a valley. There is a stream to follow into the next valley, go left there at the joining of two streams. You will come finally to familiar ground. Be at the place of Pedro Redondo tomorrow at nightfall. If I am not there before you, I will not come—and you will be in command. Boca Rio will be yours to manage alone. Is it all clear and understood?"

"Yes."

"Then go at once."

Vilar divided his band into three more groups. Angela, Carlos and two of the older men were sent into a ravine that would swallow them quickly. Four others were sent to the slope that would take them down toward the road. Vilar, Córdova, the corporal, the men with the machine guns, mortars and radio were to continue on in the original direction. Though Vilar took the best men and equipment, it had to be conceded he took the greatest burden also. The main force of the pursuit would be directed against him.

O'Brien got Jill Corby to her feet with the sergeant's help, and they ran with her to the edge of the plateau. The first of the descent was a small cliff, almost vertical, and they could not be gentle. They passed Jill down hand to hand, and once it was necessary to suspend her whole weight on one wrist. The rest of the slope—more than a quarter mile—went down at an angle of sixty degrees, and this was only a little less difficult, for there was no time to choose an easy way.

The men went down in giant strides, first one and then another in the lead. They thrust their boots deep, then turned to catch Jill's weight as she was dropped down from the one above. She was twisted and bruised and scratched deeply, but they could not stop or even slow. They were still fifty yards from the fringe of good cover when they heard a yell at the top of the slope.

Turning, O'Brien saw three men outlined against the sky. They wore the helmets and neat uniforms of government troops. The girl came into O'Brien's hands at that moment. He slung her across his shoulder and managed most of the distance to good cover before the first of the bullets passed close above him with a sound like slapping boards. The rest of the distance he covered on his back, sliding feet first, holding the girl against his chest. The sergeant and the two men came into cover a moment later.

Only O'Brien was bleeding. His shirt had been ripped open and his back cut on rocks in the last few yards. The cuts were full of dirt, and there was pain, but he did not think the injury serious. The bullets that still hunted them—these were serious. They slashed and snapped and whined through the trees, hunting flesh, and not caring in the least if the flesh was male or female. Still carrying the girl, O'Brien worked deeper into the cover to a cup where there was some safety. There it was necessary to stop for a moment.

"Julio!" O'Brien spoke quickly between deep, gasping breaths. "We must know if they follow us—and how many!"

"I will count them."

"Count them and come straight on," O'Brien said. "We will stay against that slope on the right, away from the stream and the obvious paths."

"I will kill a few ——"

"No, Julio!" O'Brien said. "They would send more men then. Let them think we are afraid to fight, and they will send only a few. A few we can manage later on. Count them—nothing more!"

The sergeant shrugged and went back.

Then, in English, O'Brien spoke to the girl. He spoke with great urgency, holding her by the upper arms, forcing her to look at him. "Tell me your name!"

She said, "Jill Corby. And I ——"

"I'm O'Brien," O'Brien said. "Listen to me, Corby. Those people back there don't care a damn if they kill you. They'll blame it on us and send regrets. To live, you've got to do what I tell you to do."

"Let me go!"

"I can't!" O'Brien tightened his grip on her arms. "You've got to come with us, and I can't carry you. You've got to walk—and run!"

"I won't do it!"

O'Brien shook her. "Listen! Argue with me later, but listen to those bullets now! Do they care who you are or what you are?"

She would not listen. He held her near the top of the small depression until she heard the wicked howl of a ricochet go through the palm trees close overhead

"How does it feel to be retired from the railroad?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then she understood. Her eyes became wide and her face became sober.

"All right?" O'Brien asked.

"Yes," she said.

In Spanish O'Brien said, "Alfonso! Find the way—and stay against the foot of that slope!"

The undergrowth was thick enough to give them good concealment, but not so thick it blocked their way. Only the girl limited their speed. She had little strength, but worse, her thin sandals were worn almost to nothing, and her feet pained her. O'Brien watched the coming apart of the sandals with deep concern. With feet bare this girl could not walk a hundred yards.

They did not know how many followed or how near they were until an hour had passed. Then the sergeant appeared, suddenly and without warning, at a moment when they had been forced to give Jill Corby time to rest. "There are seven after us," he told O'Brien.

"How do they seem?"

The sergeant rinsed his mouth with water from his canteen and spat the water upon the ground. "As usual. Except for one, they are scum from the city on a rabbit hunt. They have machine pistols and a great thirst for killing."

"Do they follow us or the stream?"

"They follow us," the sergeant said. "The one exception is a man from these mountains. He leads them—with a nose like a bloodhound or the eyes of an Indian. I do not know which. In any case he makes no mistakes."

"How far back?"

"Less than a half mile."

O'Brien took off his soiled Panama. He wiped the sweat from his beak of a nose, from his lean, brown cheeks and his long corded neck, using this time to think. Then he placed the Panama back on his head, setting it firmly, a decision reached. "We will attend to them now," he said.

The sergeant said, "I could delay them."

"A delay is not enough." O'Brien stood erect and shed his light pack.

"It would be a long delay, I promise."

O'Brien said, "Another time I may ask for your life. But not this time. This time there is special need. Do you see the girl's feet?"

The sergeant looked at the shreds of sandals Jill Corby wore. "A delay would not be enough," he agreed. "But what of her while we are gone?"

"I will tie her."

O'Brien tied Jill's wrists and ankles with stout cord, securely, but with some consideration. She did not resist him. She only looked at him with hatred and accusation. He was much aware of her look—and of her silence.

"You'd run away if I didn't tie you," he said. "Then you'd get lost and die before you found a way out. This way you'll be all right. I'll be back in half an hour."

"And if you don't come back?"

"I'll come back," he said.

He tore a strip of cloth from her skirt and made a gag of it between her teeth. Then he got to his feet, took up his carbine and led the three men back the way they had come. He did not look back at Jill Corby again.

The sergeant, following close behind O'Brien, wore a deep frown. "It will be bad for her if we are killed."

"If we are killed, one of them will find her."

"Are you certain they would even look?"

Angrily O'Brien said, "I am certain there is risk for everyone from the day of birth. If this is the day of her death, she will die—a thousand like us couldn't keep her alive. Now leave it alone, Julio."

They went back to a place a hundred yards in length, where the face of the slope came against jungle growing almost as thick as a hedge. They had passed this way because there was no other place to walk, and the government soldiers would pass this way for the same reason. O'Brien knew their number, and he knew from experience the interval men on patrol would allow themselves to be separated in file. He was able thus to space his men in the hedge of jungle so they were extended over a slightly greater distance. The sergeant, at the far end, was to allow six men to pass and kill the seventh. At that signal the others were to be killed as quickly as possible.

"With special attention for the one with the bloodhound's nose," O'Brien said. "How will we know him?"

"He is short and older than the rest, and has a long mustache," the sergeant said.

They waited in the hot shadows, with the burden of their task heavy on their minds. The government troops came as expected. They came relentlessly, eager for a kill. The older man who led them was carrying a rifle equipped with a telescope. He was within ten yards of O'Brien when the sergeant killed the last man in the file.

The older man dropped with a suddenness equal to being struck down, and O'Brien's bullet passed over his head. The second man in line began spraying the jungle with his machine pistol, and it was necessary for O'Brien to kill him at once. In the interval the older man disappeared. He was there one moment and gone the next, and the business of the rabbit hunt was left to the younger men.

They stood in the open, under the hot sun, yelling curses above the fearful racket of their machine pistols, while carefully placed bullets cut them down one by one. They took one of O'Brien's men with them—not Alfonso Corrales; the other—and looking down at that lifeless body, O'Brien thought vacantly, *I did not even know his name.*

"Julio!" he called. "The bloodhound got away!"

The sergeant came forward at a run. He had been bending over to help Alfonso Corrales, who was sick, and when he reached O'Brien it was clear he was having trouble with his own stomach. But the matter of the bloodhound was of great importance, and he swore a loud and vile oath to divert himself. "That one loose makes all this a waste!"

O'Brien was also shaken. His way of diverting himself after killing was to make an appearance of being unaffected, cold and methodical. The sham was sometimes more effective than at other times. This time it was not very effective. The corners of his mouth seemed to be dragged down by hooks.

"I will go after him," he said. "You and Alfonso take what we need and go back to the girl—and hurry. He will know we have left her somewhere."

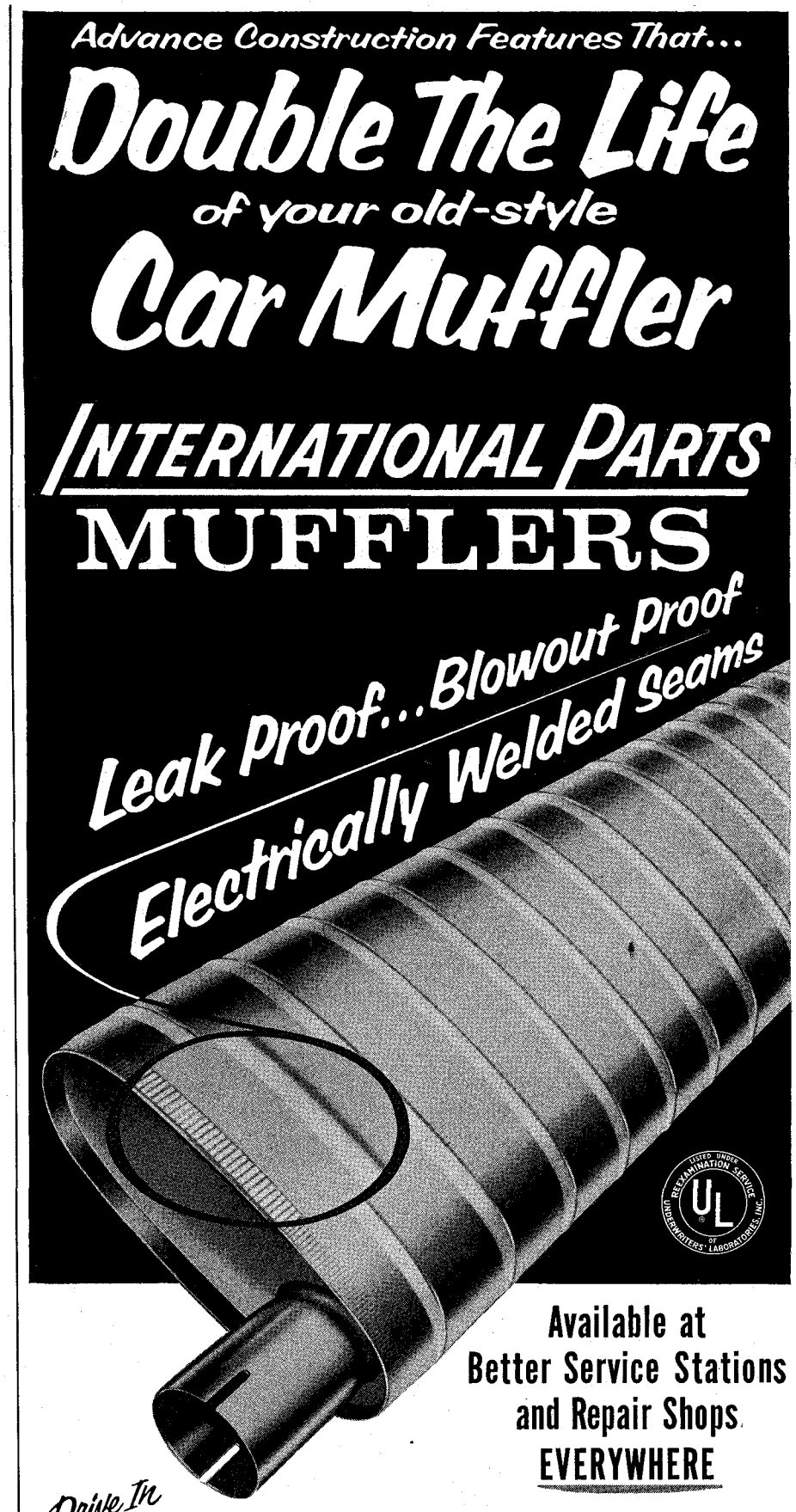
Jill Corby had struggled hard against her bonds before she heard the guns firing. In the silence that had followed the gunfire she had struggled even harder. She had worn the skin from her wrists beneath the cords; she had cut her hand trying to fray the cord against the ragged end of a broken branch. The sergeant and the youngest of the men came back finally. The sergeant was carrying two machine pistols slung with his rifle and a wet uniform wrapped in a bundle. He removed the gag from Jill's mouth and untied her wrists.

"Where is O'Brien?" she asked.

The sergeant knew only a few words of English, but he had understood the question. Or he had expected it.

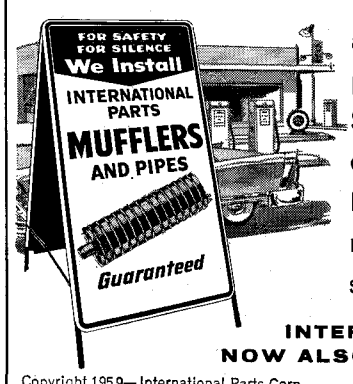
"O'Brien O.K.," he said.

When he had freed her wrists and ankles, he used his few English words and a


Available at
Better Service Stations
and Repair Shops
EVERYWHERE

Drive In where you see this sign




International Parts Mufflers...with continuous electrically welded seams, heavier gauge steel, double wrapped construction, all welded internal baffles...are blow-out proof and leak proof. In addition they are Silikote® coated for added protection against corrosion. This is why an International Parts Muffler can double the life of your car muffler! Available for all cars at better service stations and repair shops everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL PARTS MUFFLERS ARE NOW ALSO AVAILABLE FOR FOREIGN CARS

Copyright 1959—International Parts Corp.

International Parts Corporation

4101 West 42nd Place, Chicago 32, Illinois

West Coast Warehouse: Los Angeles 11 • International Parts, Ltd., (Canada) Scarboro, Ontario


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crude sign language to tell her what had happened—one of them had gotten away; O'Brien had gone after him.

Jill drank from the sergeant's canteen and used a little of the water to wash her face and her cut hand. Infection, she had heard, came quickly in the jungle. The sergeant went to sit beside the younger man. He lighted a cigarette and offered it to the boy. The boy refused, shaking his head; his face was miserable, his eyes sick.

"This will pass," the sergeant said.

"It will not pass," the boy said.

"It has each time."

"No—no, each time it gets worse." The boy put his head on crossed arms supported on his knees. "Each time is added to the others," he said. "The men I have killed ride upon my back, Julio—all of them. There is room for no more."

Jill Corby heard and understood this much before she realized she was eavesdropping—they did not know she understood Spanish. She gave very close attention to the cut on her hand, pretending to be unaware of them.

The sergeant's voice was chiding. "What kind of talk is that from a soldier?"

"I am also a man." The boy lifted his strained face to look at the sergeant. "Do you understand that, Julio?—I am a soldier, but I am also a man and responsible to God!"

"He will understand."

"What is there to understand? I kill!"

"For a reason that is good, Alfonso," the sergeant said. "There is no evil when you kill to put an end to killing. You destroy evil, and this is good."

"It is?"

"I say it is. Your priest will say it is."

"If I were a priest, I would consider the cost. Killing is killing, and if destroying evil requires too much killing, then it becomes evil, and where is the gain?"

"This will end before there is too much killing."

"When, Julio?" The boy put a hand on the sergeant's arm. "Look behind you—how long have we been at this? And look ahead—how long is there left?"

"How can I say?"

"I can say, Julio! Right now I can see the whole thing clearly. What we have done today—this is nothing. We have had much worse many times before."

The sergeant said nothing.

"Two weeks ago we killed a convoy," Alfonso said. "Eight trucks and forty-five or fifty men. That was much worse. And a week before that we attacked the landing field, and we killed seventeen. There have been many others, but compared with only those two, today is nothing."

"Then why does today concern you?"

"Because it is here, and I feel it," Alfonso said. "And I know that it is nothing to what has gone before and what lies ahead." He picked up a stick and broke it angrily.

The sergeant drew on his cigarette and said nothing.

"Eight days from now, on the twenty-eighth of the month," Alfonso said, "we attack Boca Rio. And that will be a big thing. Fifty of us will die, and a hundred of them will die—if it goes well. But Boca Rio is not the end. It is not even the middle. We unload a ship at Boca Rio, we get new guns and ammunition—and then we go on. We go on to many more like the landing field, many more like today, many more like Boca Rio. Julio, the end is so far out of sight I doubt if there is any end at all."

"There is an end," the sergeant said. "But we may not reach it." He drove a hole in the ground with his boot heel and covered his cigarette butt. "We may not reach the end because of men like you, Alfonso. Your blood is turning to milk."

"Am I a coward, Julio?"

"I did not say that."

"Because I am tired of killing, my blood is milk?"

"Because you talk of quitting."

"Did I say I wanted to quit?"

"What else are you saying?"

"I say I am tired of killing."

"You want to fight a war without killing. What kind of a war would that be?"

"A very good kind, I think."

"Fought with switches?"

"With words."

"Obscene words surely. At least name calling."

Alfonso turned to stare at the sergeant. "Julio, does it please you to make fun of me?"

"When you make a fool of yourself—yes."

The sergeant was smiling, and the boy suddenly became angry about it and cursed the sergeant. The sergeant did not respond. Finally tired of the cursing and unable to think of anything else to do, the boy took up his rifle and began wiping it.

Jill Corby tore a small piece of cloth from her skirt and made a bandage of it for her cut hand. Her hand did not need a bandage, but making the bandage gave her the appearance of being busy and preoccupied. Her mind was very busy. She was thinking, *Eight days from now, on the twenty-eighth, they are to meet a shipment of arms in Boca Rio. . . .*

O'Brien came back in a little while. There was no need to ask if he had found the bloodhound. He had not. He was still hunting him as he approached the people who waited; his eyes searched the jungle carefully all around before he set the safety on his carbine and put it down beside his pack.

The sergeant took up one of the machine pistols and got to his feet to watch the jungle. "He may have gone back," he said.

O'Brien was drinking from his canteen. "No such luck," he said afterward. "He will stay with us—I know that much about him." O'Brien's shirt and trousers were stained through with sweat, his lean face and corded neck were slick with it. He looked down at the bundle the sergeant had brought. "Will these things fit?" he asked the sergeant.

"One of them was small," the sergeant said. "And she is tall for a woman." He was giving all his attention to the task of being on watch. More, in fact, than was necessary. "The boots will be all right, because American women have large feet. I do not mean that as an insult."

"You did not try them on her?"

"No."

"Or suggest that she try them?"

"I do not speak the language," the sergeant said.

"A thing you regretted deeply, I am sure."

"If you wish the truth," the sergeant said, "I did not regret it for one small moment. It is a matter that requires diplomacy, and I am a soldier, not a diplomat. You are much better equipped."

"It is a lie," O'Brien said. "I am not equipped."

He picked up the bundle and went to Jill Corby. She did not look up. She was absorbed in trying to fasten a bandage on one hand, using her other hand and her teeth. O'Brien put the bundle on the ground and knelt before her. "Let me do that," he said.

"I can manage," she said coldly.

He took the cloth from her and threw it aside. Then he took regulation bandage and a small bottle of antiseptic from the first-aid kit he wore at his belt and treated her hand. She did not resist.

"Were you very frightened while I was gone?" he asked.

"Wouldn't I be?"

"I promised I'd come back."

"And the men you killed?—d'you think they might have promised someone they'd come back?"

"There was risk," he admitted.

"A risk I'd be left tied up to die," she said. "That's some risk!" Her voice was cutting, bitter. "What happens when people die like that. Do they die of fright? Or do they last for days and die of thirst? And who finds their bones?"

Finished with the bandage, O'Brien sat on his heels, pushed back his hat and looked at her. He was not as concerned about her as he had been before. If she had strength to be angry, she had strength to endure. He placed the bundle of clothes in her hands. "Put these on," he said.

She knew where the clothes had come from—there was only one place they could have come from. "Where did you get them?" she asked in spite of knowing.

"Don't think about it," he said. "I can't get you out of here alive in the clothes you're wearing. You've got to have shoes, a pair of pants and a shirt."

"Did you murder to get me shoes?"

"We had to kill the soldiers, or they would have killed us," O'Brien said. "We needed the clothes of one of them—yes. But it was the smallest reason. But I'm not going to argue with you about it. Just put the clothes on."

"If I won't?"

"I'll put them on you."

Jill stared at him, coldly furious, hating him more than she had thought it was possible to hate anyone. And she hated herself a little, too, for being helpless. He would put the clothes on her—there was not even a shred of doubt about it.

"I'll pay you back, O'Brien," she said fiercely. "I promise you that—I'll pay you!"

O'Brien shrugged and turned his back.

Her threat must have seemed childish to him. It had sounded childish to her. But she did not care. It was not childish, and knowing it was not gave her a cold satisfaction. She would be released, or she would escape before the end of the month. And then they would learn how childish her threats were. They would learn at Boca Rio!

TO BE CONTINUED

> Most men do not hide behind women's skirts. Neither do most women.
>
> JACK HERBERT

## The Untold Story of Little Rock (Continued from Page 30)

the atmosphere of hysteria mounted, the worst possible example of adult citizenship was presented daily to students at Central High School, and there was so much confusion that it became impossible to provide an atmosphere conducive to proper education.

In addition, it was difficult merely to continue physical operation of the school. On the first day, the guardsmen had refused to permit Negro janitors, cooks and other personnel to enter the building, and several members of my staff and I had worked throughout Monday night on emergency arrangements so that lunch could be served and classrooms could be cleaned. Next day the Negro employees were admitted, but there was so much to be done that I did not get to bed for a period of four days and nights.

Later, looking back on that first week of September, it would not be easy to explain exactly how or why our high hopes of peacefully inaugurating a minimum plan of gradual integration had so quickly turned to despair. Yet, one of the factors was obvious. When the Supreme Court had delivered its judgment and the time came to act on a problem of great national concern, the Federal Government had no plan and no policy for enforcing the law or even for assisting the Little Rock School Board in its efforts to obey the law of the land.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation kept its reinforced Little Rock staff busy investigating and investigating, but the Department of Justice did nothing constructive—and two years later had done little except complain that it was hamstrung by weak provisions of the civil-rights laws. The Arkansas state government evaded and wavered and finally yielded to segregationist pressure. No southern leader arose to offer a forward-looking solution. And, most important of all, almost every politician—national and state—tried to evade the responsibility of enforcing the court's decisions. Even after the situation at Central High School had become so chaotic that it threatened destruction of the public-school system, the Federal Government provided no leadership or planned action that could lead to a solution or even to enforcement of the law.

This unhappy future could not be clearly foreseen during the opening week of school, but after a few days the confusion had become so great and the possibility of getting Negro students into the school had become so slight that drastic action had to be taken. On Thursday the school board decided it would have to appeal again to Federal Judge Ronald N. Davies—this time for a temporary postponement in starting integration.

The board's petition said that tension was developing inside the school, that parents were forming antagonistic groups, that under existing conditions education was impossible, and that the court was requested temporarily to stay its order for integration until calm was restored to a point where intelligence could be substituted for emotional agitation.

Two days later Davies heard arguments on the petition in a crowded courtroom. No sooner had the attorneys concluded than he immediately picked up a sheet of paper from his desk and began reading his decision. "There can be nothing but chaos if court decrees are flouted," he said in announcing he was refusing any delay. He said the board's argument was "as anemic as the petition itself," and he added that he did not intend to shrink from performing his "Constitutional duty."

The decision put the school board and me right back on the same old merry-go-round, under orders to integrate, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with no power to do it. Actually, our outlook was more hopeless than ever because segregationists were quick to assert that the judge had written his decision even before he heard the arguments and was determined to ram integration through at any cost. The abruptness of the decision also angered many moderate friends of the board, and anti-integration sentiment gained ground.

The board itself now felt that all hands were raised against our honest and carefully prepared program for observing the Supreme Court decisions in very difficult circumstances. We had had no help from any branch of government. The segregationist minority had intimidated many persons who might have cooperated with us but remained silent bystanders. And now the Federal court had denounced us in humiliating and arbitrary fashion. By failing to show any human understanding of our problem, the court had publicly slapped those who attempted to uphold the law, while those who sought to overthrow the law were able to demonstrate and agitate despite a court restraining order. I began to think that the school board and I were about to touch bottom for the third time.

Meanwhile, there had been action on other fronts. We were told that Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, had arrived from New York to consult with the Arkansas chief counsel, Wiley Branton, and NAACP officials had been in touch with the United States District Attorney's office, presumably in an effort to get Federal officials to act.

Governor Faubus was busy issuing a statement or two every day. He told reporters he had heard that Federal authorities were planning to arrest him. He indicated belief that his telephone had been tapped. He created the impression he was in some kind of danger by having the governor's mansion surrounded on all sides by National Guardsmen. He sent a telegram to President Eisenhower to the effect that the whole crisis had been caused by a Federal judge who misunderstood "our problems." Then he sent another telegram to the President, apparently in an effort to show that he was not really defying the Supreme Court, offering to turn over his "evidence" that violence was imminent when he called out the troops and that the danger was still growing. This argument—that he had acted legally and only to maintain public order—had become the keystone of the governor's official position.

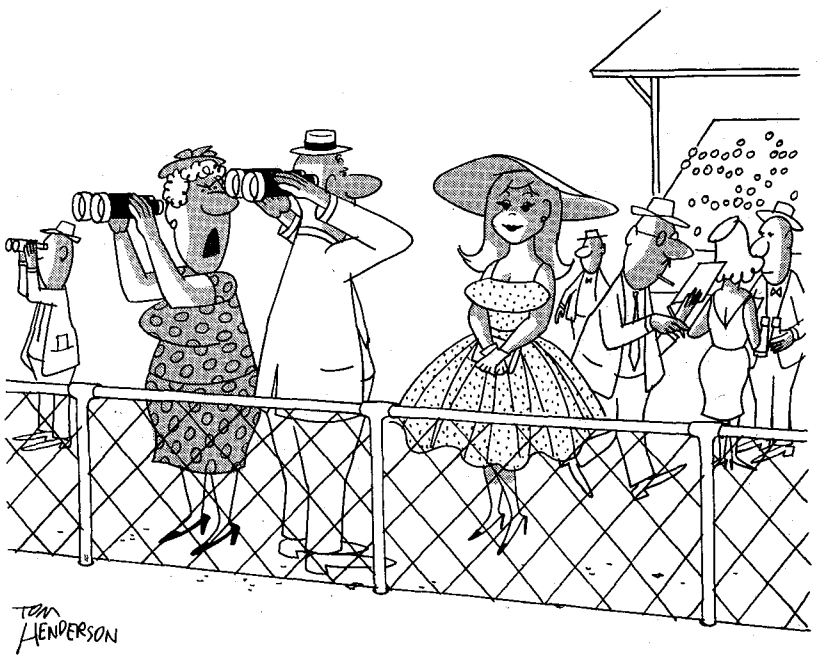
It was not a very solid keystone, but it was one that the segregation extremists were eager to support by staging threatening gestures when necessary. Mayor Woodrow Mann of Little Rock, a moderate, attacked Faubus for staging "a political farce" to prevent school integration. He said there had not been "a shred of evidence" that justified calling out the troops, but that he was now receiving reports of "planned, manufactured racial incidents" that would be started by "rabble-rousers who will try to give credence to Governor Faubus' stand." That night the extremists made his words ring true by burning a fiery cross on the mayor's lawn.

The weekend of September seventh and eighth was tense, with Faubus going on a national television network to criticize the Supreme Court as highhanded and with dispatches from Washington predicting early action—details unspecified—by the Department of Justice. On Monday, six Negro students, accompanied by four Negro ministers, attempted to enroll in North Little Rock High School. A score of white youths, none of whom the school principal recognized as students, pushed the Negroes back from the entrance. Police and a few state troopers took up positions at the school, and the Negroes abandoned their efforts to enroll.

About the same time, the crowd of around 150 persons that continued to collect daily outside Central High School threatened a Negro reporter for a New York newspaper. Guardsmen protected the reporter, and an officer later took him away in an automobile while the demonstrators shouted:

"Let us at him! We'll take care of him!"

The crowd also heckled or threatened white reporters from various newspapers in northern states, including Benjamin Fine, education editor of The New York Times, who had been reprimanded by Lt. Col. Marion E. Johnson, National Guard unit commander, for "inciting to riot" when he went about his job of interviewing various anti-integration demonstrators. Members of the mob threatened news photographers on occasion and shouted at the reporters to "go back where you belong."




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Clarence!"


1859 world's first

One hundred years ago in Pennsylvania, Colonel Drake brought in the first oil well. This oil had a unique molecular structure.

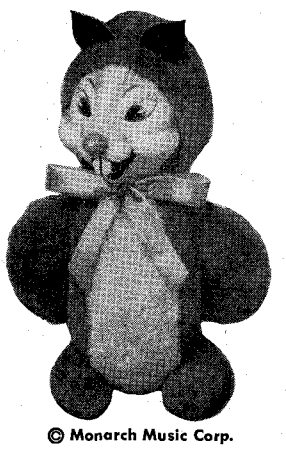
1959 world's finest

Nature's Miracle Molecule makes Pennsylvania Motor Oils different from all others. This natural superiority is why good dealers recommend Pennsylvania... better lubrication for your car.

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil ...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



© Monarch Music Corp.

ALVIN!

What fun you can have with your very own "Alvin the Chipmunk" stuffed toy! He's a big rascal . . . 12" high, made of brown and tan plush, a vinyl face and a big red bow around his neck.

Get yours now by selling two 1-year LADIES' HOME JOURNAL subscriptions at $3.50 each or two 1-year JACK and JILL subscriptions at $3.50 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail, together with your name, address and check or money order for the total amount, to the address below.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until September 30, 1959. Sorry, we can't sell Alvin for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
756 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.*®

Distinctive Anodized Aluminum

md KING SIZE MAIL BOXES

Big enough for the Post!

Never rusts or tarnishes. Choose from 6 color combinations. Name plate engraved Free!

At Hardware & Lumber Dealers

MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Look for SPRINGMAID COTTONS in work shirts, and work pants


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later, word came from President Eisenhower's vacation headquarters at Newport, Rhode Island, that legal proceedings would be initiated to force Faubus to cease interference with integration of Central High School. At the same time, the FBI's formal report on its investigation into responsibility for the developments at the school was delivered by United States Dist. Atty. Osro Cobb to Judge Davies.

The judge promptly ordered Cobb and Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell, Jr., to file a petition for an injunction against the governor, Maj. Gen. Sherman T. Clinger, the state adjutant general, and Lt. Col. Marion E. Johnson. Faubus and the two National Guard officers were ordered to appear in Federal court on September twentieth for a hearing. In Washington Deputy Atty. Gen. William P. Rogers made it clear to newspapermen that the Federal Government's participation was strictly at the behest of the judge.

For the next ten days classes continued in nightmarish fashion at Central High School, while the politicians and the propagandists and the newspapers had a field day. Everybody wanted to get into the act. President Eisenhower was quoted as saying that "patience is the important thing." Secretary of State John Foster Dulles warned that Communists abroad were using the Little Rock crisis as propaganda to make the United States look bad. Governor Faubus declared the Federal Government was alarming many Americans by usurping rights reserved to the states. Gov. Marvin Griffin of Georgia declared that segregation and nothing else was the issue and that Faubus was on sound ground. Segregationist leader Jim Johnson, who was later elected to the Arkansas Supreme Court, advised Faubus not to weaken his stand. Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota called on Mr. Eisenhower to go to Little Rock and "personally take those colored children by the hand and lead them into school where they belong." A crowd of several hundred persons outside Central High School jeered at a Jewish reporter, shouting that he was a "nigger lover writing for those nigger papers up north." A previously dignified theater audience at Westbury, New York, disrupted a stage performance of the musical, South Pacific, by booing vigorously when the heroine, Nellie Forbush, reached a line in the script that required her to say she came from Little Rock, Arkansas.

On Wednesday, September eleventh, after consultations with Congressman Brooks Hays of Little Rock, Governor Faubus sent a telegram to the President saying that "all good citizens must, of course, obey all proper orders of our courts" and suggesting that they "counsel together" in determining his course of action as chief executive of Arkansas. Mr. Eisenhower invited Faubus and Hays to confer at Newport that weekend.

I had no personal knowledge of the conferences between the President and Governor Faubus other than what I read in the newspapers. On Saturday, after what was called a "constructive" meeting, the governor issued a statement saying that, with certain reservations, he had assured Mr. Eisenhower of his desire to be co-operative and that he regarded the Supreme Court decisions on integration of schools as "the law of the land" and the law "must be obeyed." "The people of Little Rock," he added, "are law-abiding and I know that they expect to obey valid court orders. In this they shall have my support."

The President announced that Faubus had stated his intention "to respect the decisions . . . and to give his full co-operation in carrying out his responsibilities in respect to these decisions."

These statements at first glance seemed encouraging, but in fact they solved nothing. One veteran White House reporter, Merriman Smith of the United Press, wrote that Faubus had asked the President for a one-year "cooling-off" period, after which he would co-operate in preparing the people to accept integration. But the governor said that the National Guard would remain on duty around Central High School. And when Smith asked if the meeting with the President had changed the Little Rock situation, Faubus replied, "I wouldn't know."

Nobody knew, including Congressman Hays, who spent the next few days earnestly conferring with the governor in an effort to work out a compromise before the injunction hearing scheduled by Judge Davies for the following Friday. The effort failed, and Judge Davies opened the hearing on Friday by overruling a series of motions by attorneys for Faubus, who was not in court, to delay the proceedings or to persuade the judge to disqualify himself. A small, vigorous man with a square face and hair parted in the middle, Davies conducted the hearing briskly and with a kind of peppery sense of humor.

When one Faubus lawyer, Tom Harper, asked whether all preliminary matters had been disposed of prior to calling witnesses, Davies snapped, "Well, I think so."

"The position of the respondent, Governor Faubus . . . must be firm, unequivocal, unalterable," Harper then said, bringing up the legal grounds on which Faubus based his actions. "The governor of the state of Arkansas cannot and will not concede that the United States in this court or anywhere else can question his discretion and judgment as chief executive of a sovereign state when he acts in the performance of his constitutional duties."

This did not mean, he added, that Faubus would not comply—at least pending appeal—with any orders the court might give. But he said the governor's attorneys could proceed no further, and he asked the judge to excuse them. The unusual request was granted and they walked out. Thus they avoided having to try to answer witnesses who later testified in regard to the need for calling out the National Guard to maintain order.

The Justice Department attorneys, backed by a 400-page FBI report, called school officials, two Negro students, General Clinger, Police Chief Potts, Mayor Mann and others as witnesses. The testimony was summed up—correctly, I believe—by Judge Davies, who said "it is . . . demonstrable from the testimony here today that there would have been no violence in carrying out the plan of integration, and that there has been no violence." He declared that the court-approved plan for gradual integration had been "thwarted" by the governor's use of the National Guard. He granted the request for injunction and ordered the governor and the two National Guard officers to cease interfering with integration at Central High School.

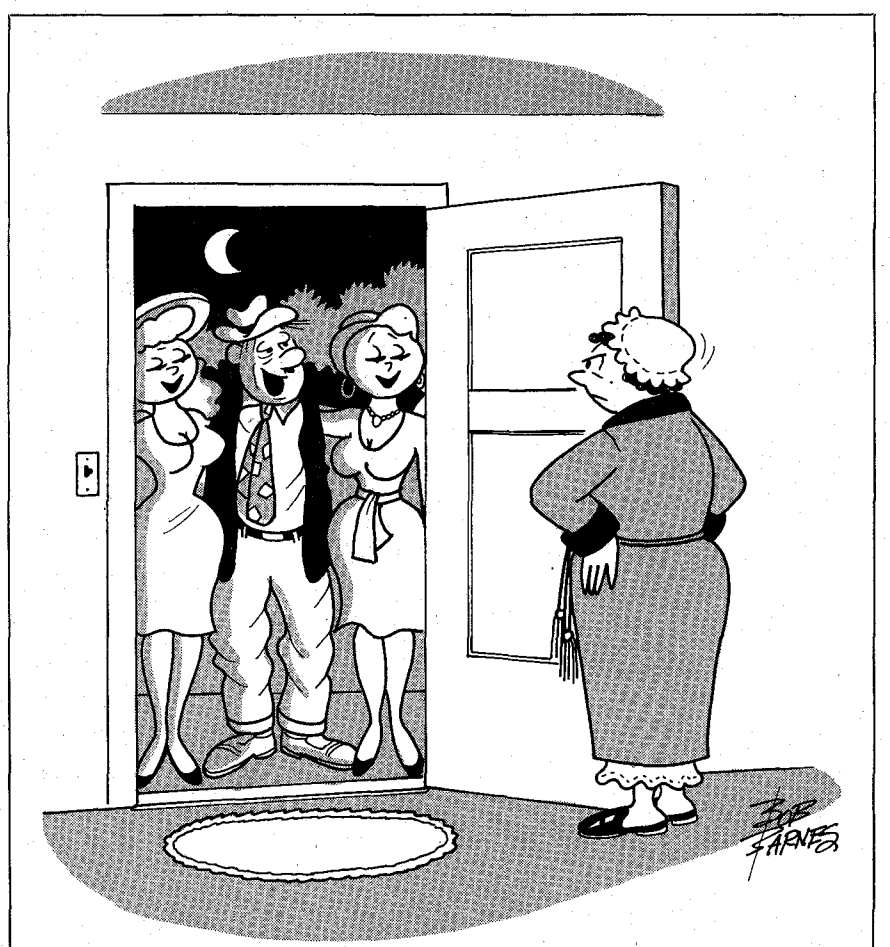
Late that afternoon—Friday—the National Guard moved out of the grounds of Central High School on orders from Governor Faubus, who promptly left town to attend the Southern Governors Conference at Sea Island, Georgia.

We had until Monday morning—less than three days—to prepare for nine Negro students to enter Central High School, which meant a weekend of hard work for my administrative staff and Chief Potts. With the approval of the school board, I issued a formal statement asking all adults not employed there to remain away from the school on Monday. "We do not know when the Negro students will come to classes," I added. "The school will be open to all on Monday."

Mayor Mann, taking up the role of "preservator" of the peace, urged all citizens to accept integration peacefully and warned that city law-enforcement officers would be ready to deal firmly with those "who might try to create trouble." Seventy city police and fifty-four state police were detailed to the school area, which meant some city patrolmen would be virtually on day-and-night duty.

The school board instructed me also to seek the assistance of United States marshals. I telephoned Judge Davies, and he told me such a request should be made through United States marshal in charge of the Eastern Arkansas district, Beall Kidd. I then advised Kidd that the board requested the presence of enough marshals to assure that the children could safely enter the school. He said he would take up the request formally with Judge Davies. About an hour later Kidd telephoned to tell me that it would not be possible to provide any marshals for duty at the school. In other words, the Federal Government was still handing out court decrees, but doing nothing to assist local efforts to enforce the court's orders.

This attitude was further emphasized by two statements from President Eisenhower, who said he was confident that any violence by extremists would be vigorously opposed by the people of Little Rock and that the matter "is now in the hands of local enforcement authorities." Governor Faubus told reporters at Sea Island that he hoped all would be well, but he thought there would be violence if Negroes entered Central High.



"Thanks a lot, fellas—I can make it O.K. from here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Little Rock newspapers carried strong editorial appeals to citizens to remember that the world would be watching their conduct. Ministers throughout the city offered prayers for peace. Leaders of the Capital Citizens' Council said they were opposed to violence. In fact, it was a quiet, if nervous, weekend except for an anonymous note received by the mayor: "See you later, Integrator!"

Early Monday morning I drove past Central High School en route to my midtown office. The police were on duty under direction of Assistant Chief Gene Smith, and a crowd was beginning to form outside the barricades erected at strategic points. I had arranged to keep closely in touch by telephone with Smith and with Principal Jess Matthews as well as with the mayor and Chief Potts, who were at City Hall, and I received a running account of developments during the day.

By eight o'clock—as I learned later from police and press reports—the crowd had grown to more than 1000, and Smith noted that many of them arrived in automobiles bearing license plates that showed they came from counties elsewhere in the state. The atmosphere was ominous as the early white students passed through the police barricades and entered the school building, which is set well back from the street on grounds that cover two city blocks along Park Avenue. At a quarter to nine, just as classes were starting, a local news photographer saw a Negro boy and a Negro man walking along an adjacent street toward the school.

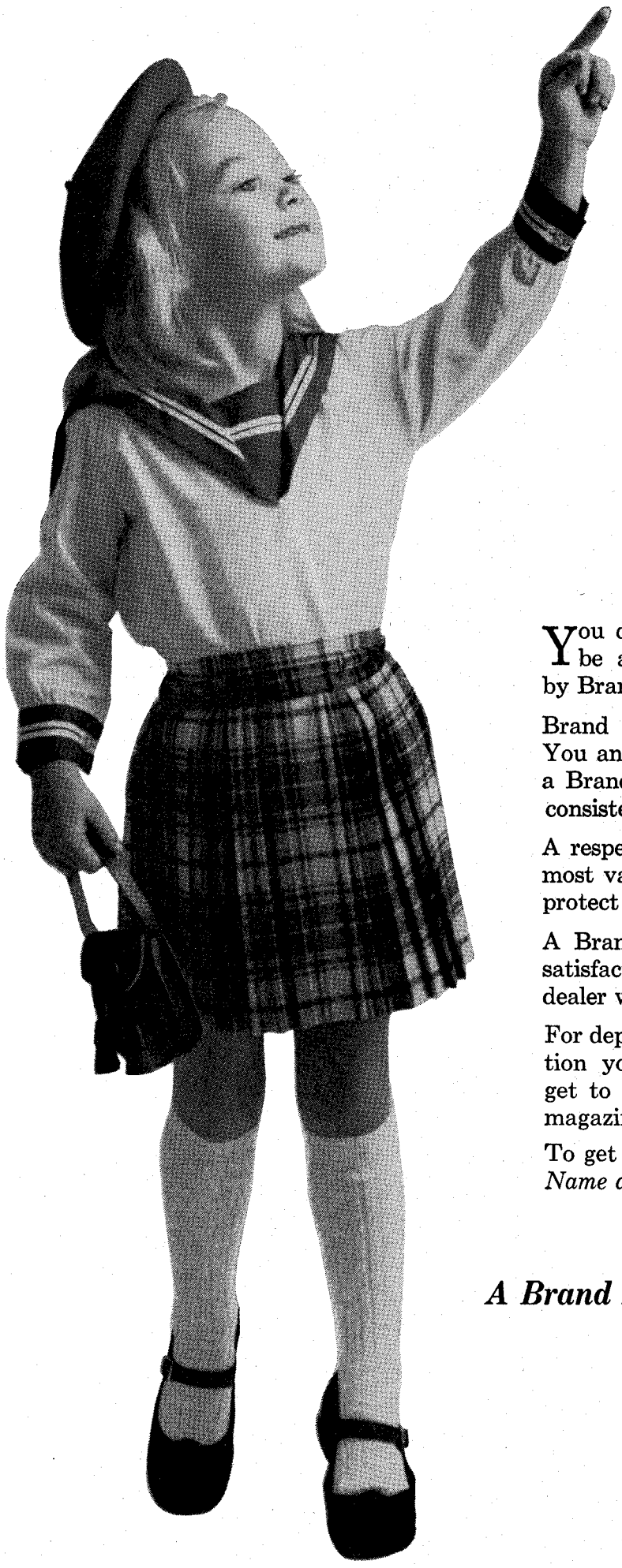
"Here they come!" a white man near the corner yelled. He and several companions ran toward the Negroes. The boy ran away, but the Negro man did not run. He was knocked to the street, and a white man kicked him in the face as the photographer watched. The group forced the Negro back down the street and a white man carrying a heavy rock said, "I'm going to give you three minutes." The Negro never said a word.

At the same time several Negro newspapermen appeared near the school and the mob surged around them. There were no police near.

"Go home, you —— nigger!" somebody shouted. (*Continued on Page 102*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Brand Names make wise buying easier!



You don't have to be an expert shopper to be assured of satisfaction when you buy by Brand Name.

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to deliver consistently the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction which is *doubly endorsed* by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you do better with brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money *buy by Brand Name and be sure!*

***A Brand Name is a maker's reputation***

CONFIDENCE
**BRAND NAMES**
SATISFACTION

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC., 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 100*) The reporters turned to leave, but as they did so a white man shoved one of them and a moment later the Negroes were being pummeled and kicked. Two white men dragged one of them into some high grass, kicked him and slugged him and smashed the camera he was carrying.

"Get a rope," the crowd roared. "Let's hang 'em!"

"I can get one in a hurry," one demonstrator yelled.

The punching and kicking continued—one Negro was knocked down several times—as the victims retreated a block or more. Then the mob's attention was attracted away from them as a yell went up from in front of the school building, "Everybody, here! The niggers are already inside. Let's go get them!"

The eight Negro students—one who was eligible stayed away—had arrived quietly in automobiles at the south entrance of the building, accompanied by their parents. The adults drove away after the children had gone inside without being seen by the crowd.

Angrily shouting, "Let's go in!" the mob ran around the building and surged against the police lines. A woman screamed, "I want my child out of there!" There was confusion at several points as the most vociferous agitators—some of whom Smith definitely identified as being from other towns—encouraged the demonstrators to break through the police barricades. Slowly the police fell back to the sidewalk in front of the school, but there they began using their clubs when necessary. One man grabbed Smith by the collar.

"What about it, Gene?" he yelled. "Did you let the niggers in when you were in school here?"

"Let's go home and get our shotguns," another man suggested.

"I hope," a woman shouted, "they drag out eight dead niggers!"

Smith and his men stood firm. "I don't want to hurt anybody," the assistant chief said, but when one of the out-of-town demonstrators—a big, roaring man—charged the police so hard it took four men to stop him, Smith grabbed a club and knocked him down. The felled man and another agitator were loaded into a police van and driven away. The firmness of the police quickly cooled off demonstrators who wanted to get into the school, but the shouts and jeers continued as the crowd was forced back and one man was arrested.

"You Communists!" some bystanders yelled at police. Two officers asked a middle-aged woman to move back and, when she twice refused, they bundled her into a police car. Whenever the demonstrators saw white students at the windows, they shouted for them to walk out of school. One city patrolman, presumably unhappy with his assignment, turned his badge over to his lieutenant and walked off the job.

"You all ought to do the same," spectators shouted to the police and began taking up a collection for the man who quit his job. Part of the crowd chased and struck two news photographers, who were rescued by police. About twenty-five persons were arrested during the day, and others were taken into custody that night and the next day.

Despite the uproar on the outside, there was no serious trouble when the Negro students attended classes inside the building. In one class, two or three white students walked out when a Negro student was seated. In another class, almost half of the white students walked out. There was a good deal of noise in the halls. Slurring remarks were occasionally made to the Negro students, and sometimes several boys would block the passage of a Negro boy or girl through a doorway. One white girl slapped a Negro girl, who turned and said, "Thank you," and then walked on down the hall. A dozen white girls walked out when a Negro girl signed up for their gym class. On the other hand, many students spoke words of welcome and encouragement to the Negro children and urged them to "stay and fight it out." One white girl later told reporters there was "very little trouble at all" and that most of her classmates were "disgusted" with students who walked out. The great majority of students acted with dignity and tact.

About an hour after classes started I received a telephone call from Mayor Mann expressing alarm and suggesting the Negro students be removed.

"Why?" I asked.

"There'll be a riot," he said.

"Let's get Gene Smith's opinion," I said. "If he says the Negroes should be removed for the safety of all, I'll agree."

An hour later the mayor called again and renewed his suggestion. I telephoned the assistant chief of police at the school about eleven-thirty.

"We've got things under control," Smith told me, "but if the crowd keeps on growing it could be difficult."

"What about the lunch hour when classes are out—or after school?"

"That's what is worrying me," Smith replied. "Some of these people might try to follow the Negro students home. It might be wise to take them out now."

"All right," I said. "Go ahead and do it."

Just before noon, school officials told the Negro students it had been decided to take them home for safety's sake. None objected. They left by a back door and were driven away before the crowd knew what was happening. In fact, the demonstrators refused to believe the police announcement that they had gone, claiming it was some kind of trick. Some drifted away that afternoon after the school registrar came out and announced through a megaphone that the Negroes had been "sent home and have withdrawn." But there were still quite a few in the street when school was dismissed, and several groups of white children came out singing:

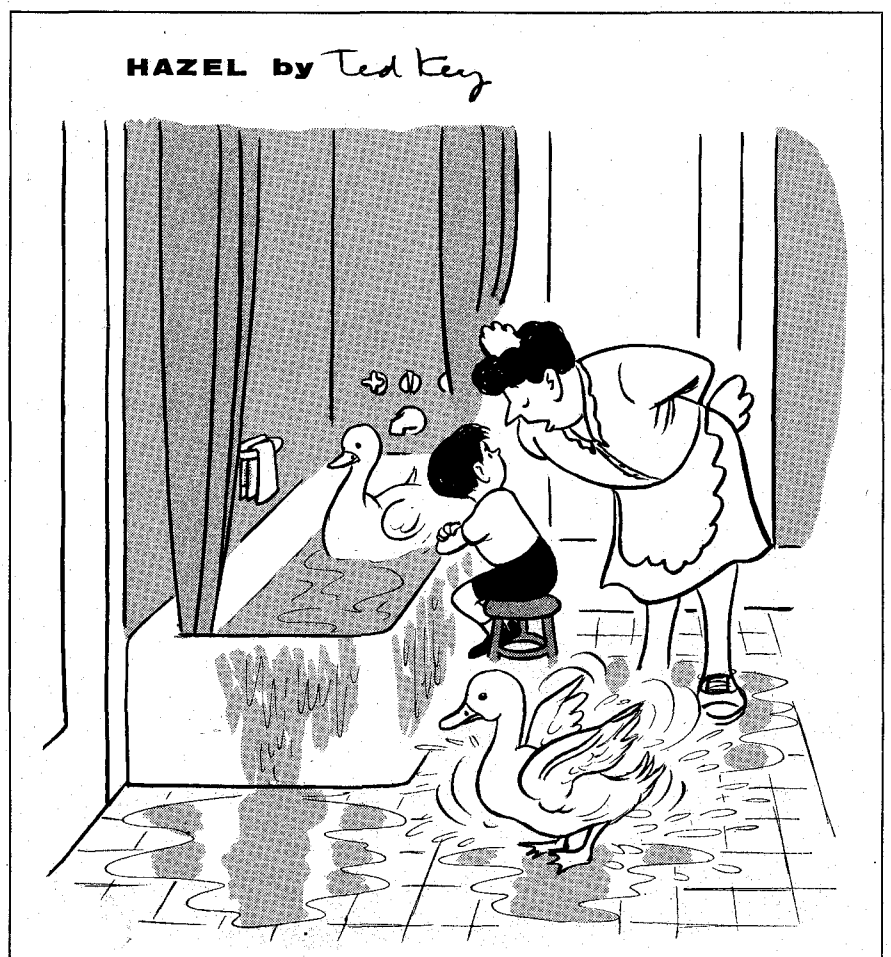
*"Two—four—six—eight,*
*We ain't gonna integrate!"*

Checking later, we found that 450 students were absent or walked out that day. The normal number of absentees among 2000 students was about 100.

Late in the day—Monday—President Eisenhower denounced the "disgraceful occurrences" at Little Rock and signed a proclamation commanding all persons engaged in unlawful assemblages, combinations and conspiracies to obstruct justice to "cease and desist." He said he would "use the full power of the United States, including whatever force may be necessary, to . . . carry out the orders of the Federal Court."

Anticipating drastic Federal action, Governor Faubus at Sea Island and Sen. John L. McClellan in Washington, challenged the authority of the President to use Federal troops to enforce integration. Faubus added that what had happened "was the thing I sought to prevent." Gov. Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, also at Sea Island, commented that Faubus "wrote the book, set the stage and directed the play for today's unhappy occurrences. Even across the miles from Sea Island he gave the cues to his players in screaming headlines predicting violence." Mayor Mann charged that the mob was "agitated, aroused and assembled by a concerted plan. It bore all the marks of the professional agitator."

On Tuesday morning, about 400 persons again gathered outside Central High School, but the Negro students did not appear. About 700 white students also were absent. Police arrested nine persons—two carrying weapons—at the school.




"Friends of yours?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

During the morning the President took a first ominous step by issuing an order federalizing the Arkansas National Guard—removing it from the control of Faubus and putting it under Army direction. Then, late in the afternoon, I received a call from the office of the Arkansas Military District of the United States Army, asking me to come there at five-thirty o'clock. Just before dusk I arrived at the offices, which are in the center of town near the Broadway bridge over the Arkansas River. The place was buzzing with activity as an aide to Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, chief of the district, escorted me to the general's office. A man in civilian clothes was with Walker.

"This is General Bus Wheeler," Walker said, and I later learned he was Maj. Gen. E. G. Wheeler, assistant deputy chief of staff of military operations at the Pentagon. Wheeler wasted no time in giving me the facts.

"A detachment of the 101st Airborne Division is moving in on orders directly from the President," he said. "They have already started landing at Little Rock Air Force Base and will soon be coming along there."

He pointed out the window to the Broadway bridge, a glimmering streak of lights in the growing darkness.

"Couldn't their entry be postponed at least until Thursday?" I asked. "The atmosphere here might be a bit calmer by then."

"No," Wheeler replied, "the orders from the President are to open the school for Negro students tomorrow and we will do it tomorrow. It is too late to try to get anything changed now.

"As we see it, this problem has two phases. One is psychological and one is real. There will be a certain number of what might be called sight-seers to handle. But there will be others ready to cause trouble. We have come with a lot more men than we will need and we will be able to exert absolute control of the situation. We don't want anybody hurt. We hope they will realize the extent of our strength and not try anything. But if some people have to be hurt I assure you we will make it as few as possible."

There was a rumble of heavy wheels outside in the darkness and we turned to the window again. A city police car was leading a dozen jeeps and seven trucks carrying fully equipped white and Negro paratroopers—the men of the elite Screaming Eagle Division—across the Broadway bridge. Behind them came staff cars and other vehicles. The paratroopers brought everything with them from rifles and bayonets and billy clubs and gas masks to bedding and field kitchens. There was no doubt they meant business.

The grim procession could be seen in sharp outline as the vehicles lumbered past a huge and brightly lighted commercial billboard on which there was a map of our state and the words: WHO WILL BUILD ARKANSAS IF HER OWN PEOPLE DO NOT? I was thinking about those words when General Wheeler spoke again.

"How long," he asked, "do you think we will have to stay here?"

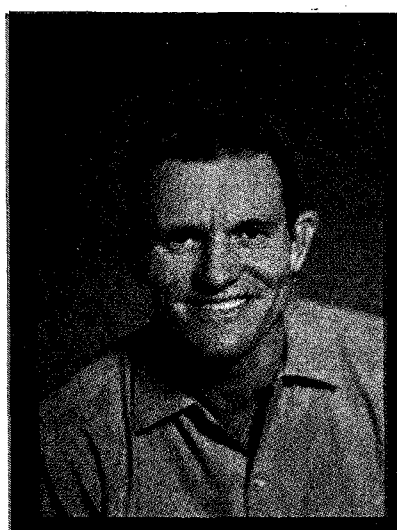
"Until such time," I replied, "as the persons who have made your presence necessary are indicted and brought to justice."

There was a brief silence in the room broken only by the distant noise of traffic across the bridge.

"O.K.," General Wheeler said gravely. "We don't want to hurt anybody, but those Negro students are going into that school. Where will we find them tomorrow morning?"

Next week Mr. Blossom describes the bomb scares at Central High and the attempt on his life. —THE EDITOR

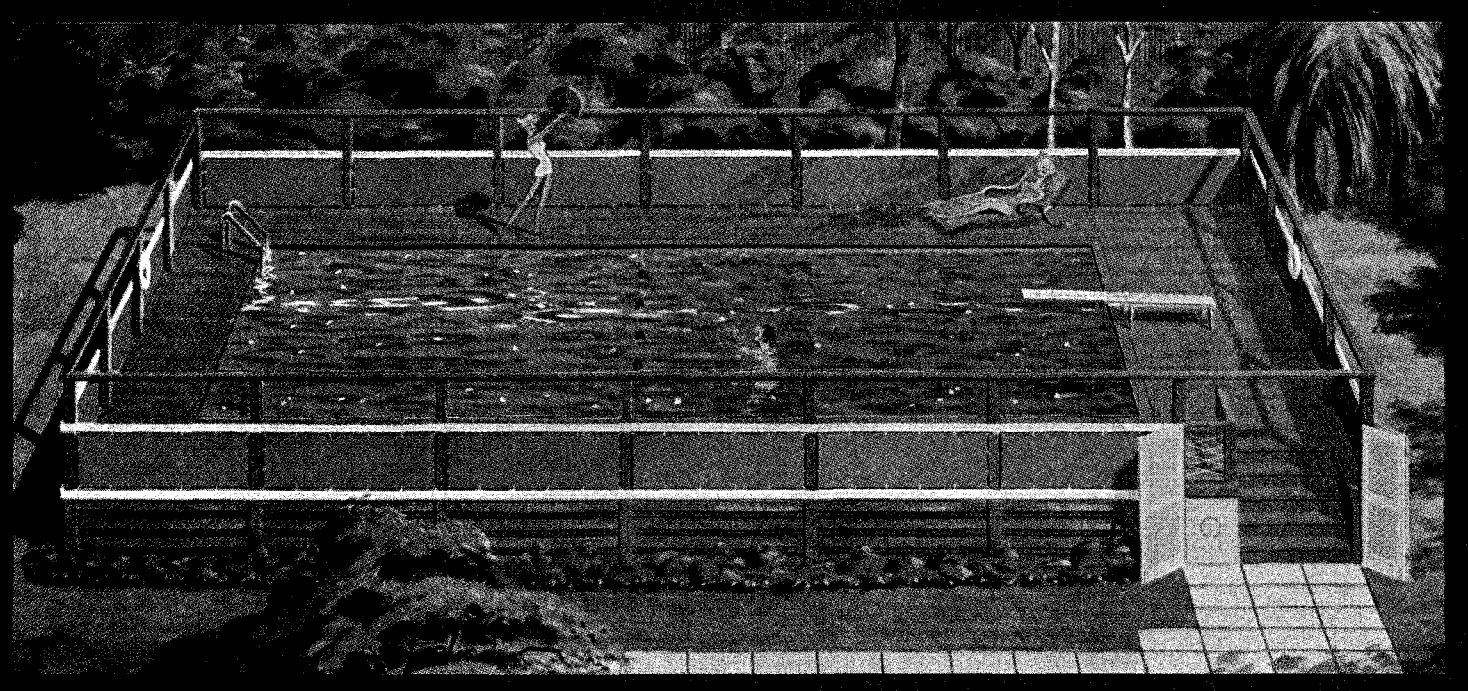
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



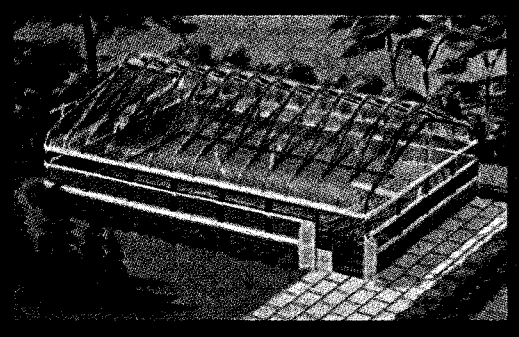
*Bob Richards, Director, Wheaties Sports Federation*

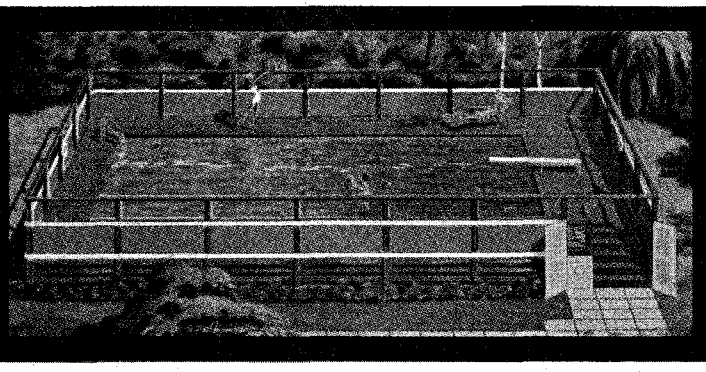
## Bob Richards says:

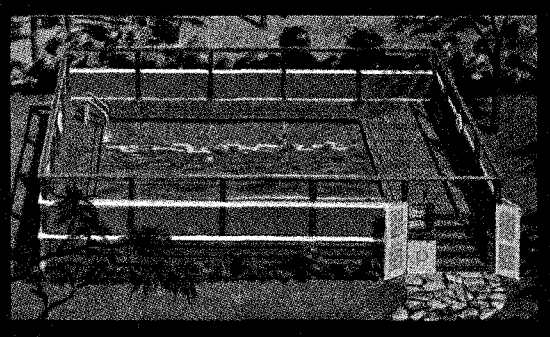
# WIN an Esther Williams Swimming Pool in WHEATIES LUCKY DRAWINGS!



## A total of 1215 prizes! 405 in each drawing!







**1st Prize**—The Penthouse III, 16′ x 32′ Esther Williams Pool, with spacious sundecks, Solaroof® enclosed, and heated for year round swimming fun, constructed with prime redwood, structural steel and enduring vinyl poolskin.

**2nd Prize**—The Penthouse II, 16′ x 32′ Esther Williams Pool, for family swimming and diving enjoyment in privacy, with many safety features.

**3-3rd Prizes**—The Penthouse I, 16′ x 20′ x 3½′, perfect for all-family swimming and recreation, can be dismantled and taken with you if you move.

**400-4th Prizes** of inflatable aquatic air mattresses. Fun for all the family!

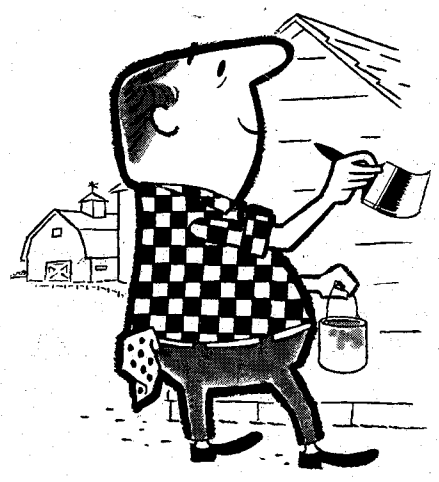
All Esther Williams Swimming Pools come complete with filtration system, stainless steel ladder, underwater light, and all accessory equipment.

**There's a drawing with a complete set of prizes for each of three Wheaties' handy sizes!**

*No jingles to write—no box tops to mail!* Three sizes of Wheaties—Regular, Large, and Family Economy Size—each has its own drawing. Enter today! Enter all three! Rules on side panel of specially marked Wheaties packages, or write for rules to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 6, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Subject to Federal, State, and local laws.

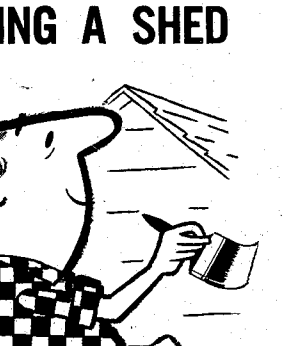
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAINTING A SHED



STAINING A TREAD

You can apply any finish using brushes made with Du Pont tapered TYNEX®



You'll be proud of results when you apply any finish, including water-base paints, with a well-made brush containing tapered TYNEX. In addition, tapered TYNEX picks up loads of paint. Spreads a smo-o-oth, even coat on any surface. And when you're done . . . cleans in a jiffy. Remember, good results require a good brush. Ask your dealer for an assortment of quality brushes with the trademark TYNEX on their handles.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET:** Tells you how to select the proper brush—paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. Write TYNEX, Room 376, Du Pont Building, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

TYNEX®
NYLON FILAMENT

**TYNEX** is the registered trademark for Du Pont nylon filament

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

# Keeping Posted

## How Fast Is Fast?

**Prof. Fred Hoyle.**

In an Adventures of the Mind article titled WHEN TIME BEGAN (February twenty-first), astrophysicist Fred Hoyle, of Cambridge University, spoke of the possibility of distant star galaxies moving faster than the speed of light. In a later Adventures article—WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT PHYSICS (April fourth)—Nobel-prize winner Sir George Thomson, also of Cambridge, discussed "principles of impotence," an example of which is "that nothing can go faster than light." Could these gentlemen be at loggerheads?

The paradox isn't real, says Professor Hoyle, who is receiving "quite a flood of mail" asking how his thesis squares with the Einstein assertion that a material body cannot exceed light speed. "The paradox springs from readers misunderstanding what Einstein said. No material body in our particular locality can move faster than light, but a distant body can." Textbook statements refer to flat space-time, and space-time is only flat locally. Actually, the velocity of a distant body is not uniquely defined at all. It depends on how one elects to measure time and space. "Cosmologists," says Hoyle, "do this so as to agree with ordinary common sense—as intended in my article. Under this proviso, a distant body's velocity certainly can exceed the speed which we measure light to have in a terrestrial laboratory."

The newest intellectual adventure, on page 36, is conducted by Stanley Edgar Hyman, well-known educator and essayist.

## Best of the Post

This is a tale about a number of authors—twenty, in fact. While some of these men and women sometimes write nonfiction, all of them specialize in fiction. Many of them are world famous. Some are masters of suspense or mystery or adventure; others are artists at the delicate touch of fantasy or humor; still others excel at tracing the course of romance; but they all have one thing in common, all of them appeared last year in the Post. Now they are appearing in The Saturday Evening Post Stories 1958, an anthology just published by Doubleday. Here, chosen by Post editors, are the best of the best: H.E. Bates, David Walker, William Saroyan, Robert Standish, Charlotte Armstrong, Robert Murphy, William Holder, Brian Cleeve, Prentiss Combs, Hobert Skidmore, Joel Townsley Rogers, Paul Darcy Boles, Fred McMorrow, Jacob Hay, Don Tracy, Frank Harvey, Margaret Bonham, Kenneth Kay, Ray Bradbury, and, counting collaborators as one so as to make an even twenty, John and Ward Hawkins.

## Tales of the Authors

**Raymond Burr and Barbara Hale of Perry Mason TV series.**

**Bill Chamberlain** regrets that in his World War II story on page 31 he couldn't present the full scope of the famous air raid on Ploesti, Rumania, for he agrees with a group commander who once wrote that it is as worthy of immortalization in song and story as The Charge of the Light Brigade. On that raid from Africa in 1943, 177 big bombers knocked out temporarily 42 per cent of the Ploesti oil plants, but fifty-four of the planes didn't return. "Those men, riding up the narrow valley through murderous AA fire from flanking hills and bucketing through exploding oil tanks, surely were of the same breed as Tennyson's wonderful Six Hundred."

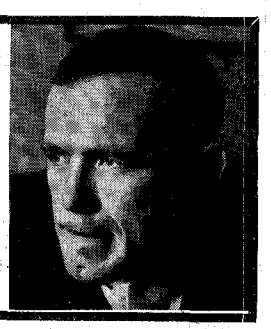
When the annual television Emmies were awarded on May sixth, **Erle Stanley Gardner's** latest Perry Mason serial was running in that week's Post—as it still is on page 42. So it was gratifying to have Raymond Burr and Barbara Hale, stars of the very popular Perry Mason TV series, chosen respectively as the best lead in a dramatic series and the best supporting actress. The Mason mysteries are a capital example of the way TV benefits from Post fiction material.

**Peg Bracken,** see page 25, and Roderick Lull, see him in a later issue, are wife and man, and they are long-time Post contributors. "As you know," Rod says, "beginning writers are always in search of The Word—the key that opens the door to the big magazines. If a person with any success tells them there is no such animal, he is a big, selfish, secretive prevaricator." Rod and Peg never believed in The Word, but now, suddenly, they know better. Recently they were talking about going abroad this fall, but the problem of money reared its homely head. So Peg wrote an article titled TAKING A FAMILY VACATION? and Rod did a short story provisionally called TRAVELER IN THE SNOW—and the Post accepted both the same day. Thus The Word is Travel.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

'A Visit With Ingemar Johansson"

Europe's heavyweight king battles champion Floyd Patterson June twenty-fifth.



Printed in U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED